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Y Cymmrodor.

JANUARY 1878.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.

By JOHN THOMAS, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia).

In the mythological traditions of Pagan nations we find the invention of their music and musical instruments attributed to their gods, or to superhuman beings of a godlike nature; which may account for the art being called to this day—the divine art. Some of these traditions are not only interesting but highly amusing; and the following legend, as given by Carl Engel, in his *Myths and Facts*, is worthy of notice:—"In the Finnish Mythology, the divine Vainamoinen is said to have constructed the five-stringed harp, called Kantele, the old national instrument of the Finns. The frame he made out of the bones of the pike, and the teeth of the pike he used for the tuning-pegs. The strings he made of hair from the tail of a spirited horse. When the harp fell into the sea and was lost, he made another, the frame of which was of birchwood and the pegs of the branch of an oak-tree. As strings for this harp he used the silky hair of a young girl. Vainamoinen took his harp, and sat down on a hill near a silvery brook. There he played with so irresistible an effect that he entranced whatever came within hearing of his music. Men and animals listened en-

raptured; the wild beasts of the forest lost their ferocity; the birds of the air were drawn towards him; the fishes rose to the surface of the water, and remained immovable; the trees ceased to wave their branches; the brook retarded its course, and the wind its haste; even the mocking echo approached stealthily, and listened with the utmost attention to the heavenly sounds. Soon the women began to cry, then the old men and the children also began to cry; and the girls, and the young men—all cried for delight. At last Vainamoinen himself wept, and his big tears ran over his beard, and rolled into the water, and became beautiful pearls at the bottom of the sea."

There was also the same tendency to immortalise those who displayed transcendent genius in the art of music.

At the death of Pythagoras, the celebrated Greek philosopher and musician, so great was the veneration of his countrymen for him, that he received the same honours as were paid to the immortal gods; and his house became a sacred temple.

Blegwryd ab Seisyllt, a British king, who flourished about 160 years before the Christian era, being a great musician and performer upon the harp, received the appellation of "God of Music".

With regard to the source whence Britain derived her music and musical instruments, there appears very little doubt but that they were brought from the East, either by the inhabitants, in their original migration, or by the Phœnicians, who, as is well known, had commercial intercourse with Britain from the earliest times.

The Greeks are said to have derived their music, with other arts and sciences, from Cadmus, a Phœnician, and from Cecrops, an Egyptian, who settled in Greece about two thousand years before the Christian era. Consequently, as I have already suggested, if we did not bring our music

and musical instruments with us, in our original migration from the East, in all probability, we are indebted for them to the Phœnicians, who were of Hebrew origin—and were supposed to be none others than the Canaanites.

It is a remarkable circumstance, in support of this supposition, that the Welsh word *Telynu*, "to play upon the harp", is said to signify precisely the same in the Phœnician language. This might go far to account for the harp of David being our national instrument.

The harp, of all instruments, is the one which has been held in the most general esteem, and has for ages been the inseparable companion of prophet, king, bard, and minstrel. From the days of Jubal—"the father of all such as handle the harp and organ"—it may be traced through all generations as holding the highest place among the Israelites, as is testified by the Holy Scriptures. For example, Laban reproaches Jacob, his son-in-law, in the following words:—"Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me? and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp."

Samuel, in his instructions to Saul, after having secretly anointed him king, says: "And it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city (Bethel), that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them."

Later on, in the days of King David, with whose eventful life, from beginning to end, it was associated in a remarkable degree, we find the harp occupying a still more prominent position. The advice given to Saul by his servants, will show the high estimation in which this instrument was held in those days, especially in the hands of a skilful performer:—"Behold now an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants,

which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player upon the harp, and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well."

On the very first occasion upon which David is presented before Saul, we have the following account of the effect he produced upon that monarch, through the medium of his harp:—"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." As a proof that the harp was David's constant companion in his worship of the Almighty, it is only necessary to quote a few, out of the innumerable instances to be found in the Psalms:—"Awake up, my glory, awake lute and harp, I myself will awake right early." "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God." "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, for they that carried us away captive required of us a song. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." The last sentence evidently alludes to playing upon the harp, and the whole of this beautiful passage shows that such was the love of the Israelites for this instrument, that it accompanied them even in their captivity, although they had not the heart to awaken its sweet sounds. Even up to the time of the Christian era, the harp was regarded with peculiar veneration; for we find John the Apostle making frequent mention of it in the Revelations, from which we select the following remarkable passage: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harp-

ing upon their harps." It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Welsh, as a people, should have retained their fondness for their national instrument, if my conjecture, as to the source from which they derived it, be correct.

Recent discoveries made in Egypt and Assyria, by Bruce, Layard, and others, show that the harp was equally popular in all these countries in ancient times; and it is to be found in every Eastern country, even to this day, in one form or another. It is generally found *without* the front pillar; but Bruce, in a letter to Dr. Burney, also alludes to the representation of a harp upon a basso-relievo at Ptolemais, in Cyrenaicum, a city built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, where it is twice represented with fifteen strings or two octaves, and *with* the front pillar; the use of which he attributes to the additional strain of the extra strings — most other harps having less than that number.

Greek historians clearly show that the ancient Britons and the ancient Greeks were well known to each other; and they mention Abaris, a British druid and philosopher, who visited Greece in the time of Pythagoras.

Himerius, a Greek orator, gives the following description of him: "Abaris came to Athens, not clad in skins like a Scythian, but with a bow in his hand, a quiver hanging from his shoulder, a plaid wrapped about his body, a gilded belt encircling his loins, and pantaloons reaching from his waist to the sole of his feet. Moreover, he addressed us in our own tongue."

On the other hand, the Greeks appear to have been acquainted with the British Isles, from the following description given by Diodorus Siculus, half a century before the Christian era. He says: "There is an Island over against Gaul, the size of Sicily, under the Arctic pole, inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so called because they lie far north. They say that Latona was born there, and therefore that they

worship Apollo above all other gods, because they daily sing songs in praise of this god, and ascribe to him the highest honors. They say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were the priests of Apollo, who has there a stately grove and renowned Temple of a circular form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing upon the harp, chaunt sacred hymns to Apollo in the Temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The Hyperboreans use their own natural language; but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians; and more especially for the Athenians and the Delians; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents (or things dedicated to the gods) inscribed with Greek characters; and that Abaris formerly travelled thence into Greece and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians."

Julius Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, states that the Druids made use of the Greek characters and gives reasons for their doing so. In explaining the system of education adopted among their disciples, he says: "They are taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spend twenty years therein, for it is deemed unlawful to commit their statutes to writing; though in other matters, whether public or private, they make use of *Greek* characters. They seem to me to follow this method for two reasons,—to hide their mysteries from the knowledge of the vulgar, and to exercise the memory of their scholars."

It may be a circumstance worthy of remark that *Abaris* was a name peculiar to Arabian kings in ancient times, as much so as Ptolemy was to Egyptian monarchs.

In the fourth century, Ammianus Marcellinus relates that the British bards celebrated the brave actions of illustrious

men in heroic poems, which they sang to the sweet sound of the harp.

In this respect they resembled the Grecians, as is shown by Homer, in the 9th book of the *Iliad* (v. 245). In the embassy sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, during his retirement, after he had quitted the Grecian camp, he gives the following description:

> "Amus'd at ease, the God-like man they found,
> Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound;
> (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
> Of polish'd silver was its costly frame);
> With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
> Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings."

The most remarkable feature of all, in comparing the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks with those of the ancient Britons, is to be found in the singular similarity between the Olympic games and the Eisteddfodau, which have been periodically held in Wales from time immemorial, and continued up to the present. It is true that athletic games are no longer included in the programme of the Eisteddfod—in addition to music and poetry—as was the case in the Olympic games; neither have we any instance of a challenge of skill between two musicians, and its being mutually agreed that he who was defeated should be tied to a tree and flayed alive by the conqueror, as was the case between Marsyas and Apollo; but the particular trials of strength mentioned in the Grecian contests, such as running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, and throwing the quoit, are all included in the four-and-twenty games of the Welsh; and in all probability, they were encouraged at the Eisteddfodau in former times, and until the more civilising influence of music and poetry caused them to be discontinued.

The first Eisteddfod of which we have any historical record, was held in the middle of the seventh century, pre-

sided over by King Cadwaladr;—as it was a prerogative peculiar to the ancient kings of Britain to preside at the Eisteddfod or Congress of the Bards.

A curious circumstance is related by two Welsh historians, Dr. John David Rhŷs and John Rhydderch, as having occurred upon that occasion:—"King Cadwaladr sat in an Eisteddfod, assembled for the purpose of regulating the bards, of taking into consideration their productions and performances, and of giving laws to music and poetry. A bard, who played upon the harp in the presence of this illustrious assembly in a key called *is-gywair, ar y bragod dannau* (in the low pitch and in the minor or mixed key), which displeased them much, was censured for the inharmonious effect he produced. The key in which he played was that of *Pibau Morvydd* (*i.e.*, 'Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y bragod gywair'—'The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key.' He was then ordered, under great penalties, whenever he came before persons skilful in the art, to adopt that of *Mwynen Gwynedd*, 'the pleasing melody of North Wales,' which the royal associates first gave out, and preferred. They even decreed that none could sing or play with true harmony but with *Mwynen Gwynedd*, because that was in a key which consisted of notes that formed perfect concords, whilst the other was of a mixed nature."

I am strongly impressed with the conviction that the above incident arose from a general desire to suppress an attempt to introduce into Wales the pentatonic, or so-called Scotch scale, where the fourth and leading notes of the key are omitted, which accounts for the peculiar, not to say startling effect, produced upon a cultivated musical ear by the Scotch bagpipe of the present day, upon which, the music written for it passes from major to minor, without the least regard for the tonic and dominant drones of the original key, which still continue to sound on to the end of the performance.

The relation of the above incident also shows that the Welsh were already in possession of a scale or key, which, by their own showing, consisted of notes that formed perfect concords; whereas the other, which they objected to, was of a mixed nature—neither major nor minor, but a mixture of the two, which is not altogether an inapt way of describing the pentatonic, or Scotch scale.

I shall require to allude to this incident in connection with a subject to be mentioned later; but there is a word used in the relation of this account, in the original Welsh, which I may as well point out at once, as having a signification peculiar to the Welsh language. In ancient Welsh works, "to *play* upon the harp" is expressed "to *sing* upon the harp" —*Canu ar y Delyn*. It is also the same as regards the *crwth*, an old Welsh instrument, which was so popular in Britain in olden times as to have been mistaken, by historians of the sixth century, for our national instrument. This form of expression we appear to have derived from the Israelites; for we find in Habakkuk, iii, 19, that the Prophet dedicates his last prayer—"To the chief *singer* on my stringed Instruments".

At this period, the seventh century, according to the Venerable Bede, the harp was so generally played in Britain that it was customary to hand it from one to another at their entertainments; and he mentions one who, ashamed that he could not play upon it, slunk away lest he should expose his ignorance.

In such honour was the harp held in Wales that a slave might not practice upon it; while to play on the instrument was an indispensable qualification of a gentleman. The ancient laws of Hywel Dda mention three kinds of harps: the harp of the king; the harp of a pencerdd, or master of music; and the harp of a nobleman. A professor of this favourite instrument enjoyed many privileges; his lands were free, and his person sacred.

It was the office of the ancient bard to sing to his harp, before and after battle, the old song called *Unbeniaeth Prydain*, or the "Monarchical song of Britain", which contained the exploits of the most worthy heroes, to inspire others to imitate their glorious example.

Diodorus Siculus also says: "The bards stept in between hostile armies, standing with their swords drawn and their spears extended ready to engage, and by their eloquence, as by irresistible enchantment, prevented the effusion of blood, and prevailed upon them to sheath their swords."

In the eleventh century, Gryffudd ap Cynan, king of North Wales, held a Congress for the purpose of reforming the order of the Welsh bards; and he invited several of the fraternity from Ireland to assist in carrying out the contemplated reforms; the most important of which appears to have been the separation of the professions of bard and minstrel—in other words—of poetry and music; both of which had hitherto been united in one and the same person. In all probability, it was considered that both poetry and music would be greatly benefited by the separation, each being thought sufficient to occupy the whole and undivided attention of one person.

The next was the revision of the rules for the composition and performance of music. The twenty-four musical measures were permanently established, as well as a number of keys, scales, etc.; and it was decreed that from henceforth all compositions were to be written in accordance with those enactments; and, moreover, that none but those who were conversant with the rules should be considered thorough musicians, or competent to undertake the instruction of others. All these reforms were written down in books, in the Welsh and Irish languages; as is shown by a manuscript now in the British Museum, copied in the fifteenth century from another book dating from the time when the

above reforms were instituted. In this manuscript will also be found some of the most ancient pieces of music of the Britons, supposed to have been handed down to us from the ancient bards. I have carefully studied the contents, and find that the whole of the music is written for the *Crwth*, in a system of notation by the letters of the alphabet, with merely one line to divide bass and treble.

Dr. Burney, after a life-long research into the musical notations of ancient nations, gives the following as the result:—"It does not appear from history that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, or any ancient people who cultivated the arts, except the Greeks and Romans, had musical characters; and these had no other symbols of sound than the letters of the alphabet, which likewise served them for arithmetical numbers and chronological dates."

The system of notation under consideration resembles that of Pope Gregory's in the sixth century, and may have found its way into this country about that period, when he sent Augustine and a number of musicians into Britain to reform the abuses which had crept into the services of the western churches.

The circumstance of Irish names being attached to the twenty-four musical measures in the ancient manuscript, has led many historians to the erroneous conclusion that Wales derived the whole of her music from Ireland, at the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan; when, as is alleged, the measures were constructed. Even Welsh chroniclers, such as Giraldus Cambrensis, Caradoc, Powel, and others, have made this statement in their works upon the strength of the circumstance alluded to; therefore, it is not surprising that modern writers, such as Gunn, Walker, Bunting, Sir John Hawkins, and others, should have been deceived by relying upon such apparently good authority. But, independently of the extreme dissimilarity of the Welsh and Irish music that

has been handed down to us, it so happens that other parts of the same document bear ample testimony to the contrary. The Welsh had their twenty-four metres in poetry as well as their twenty-four athletic games; and the following circumstance will show that they also possessed their twenty-four musical measures centuries prior to the Congress held by Gryffudd ab Cynan.

Among the ancient pieces included in the manuscript, is one bearing the following title, *Gosteg yr Halen* ("Prelude to the Salt"), and at the end is the following account concerning it: "Tervyn Gosteg yr Halen, yr hon a vyddid yn ei chanu o vlaen Marchogion Arthur pan roid y Sallter a'r halen ar y bwrdd." "Here ends the Prelude to the Salt, which used to be performed before the knights of King Arthur, when the Salter was placed upon the table."

As one part of the manuscript must be considered as authentic as another, the above composition takes us as far back as the middle of the sixth century—the time when King Arthur flourished; and the composition is written in one of the twenty-four measures—*Mae Mwn byr*—as may be seen by the copy which I have deciphered and published in the second edition of the *Myvyrian Archæology*. It is also asserted that even the keys used in Welsh music were brought over from Ireland at the same time as the twenty-four measures—that is, in the reign of Gruffydd ab Cynan. There are five keys mentioned in Welsh music:

1. *Is-gywair*—the *low* key, or key of *C*.
2. *Cras-gywair*—the *sharp* key, or key of *G*.
3. *Lleddf-gywair*—the *flat* key, or key of *F*.
4. *Go-gywair*—the key with a flat, or minor third; the remainder of the scale, in every other respect, being major.
5. *Bragod-gywair*—called the minor or mixed key.

Another piece included in the manuscript is *Caniad Pibau Morvydd*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes," the composition already alluded to, as having been performed on the harp by a bard at the Eisteddvod presided over by King Cadwaladr in the seventh century; and it happens to be in one of the above keys; *Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y Bragod dannau*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key." It is hoped, therefore, that the insertion of the above historical note may be considered a conclusive reply to such a mis-statement.

The twenty-four measures—which consisted of a given number of repetitions of the chords of the tonic and dominant, according to the length of each measure—do not appear in the music of Wales after the date to which the manuscript refers (A.D. 1040), a circumstance which may be considered most fortunate; for, although most ingeniously contrived and well adapted to the purpose for which they were intended at that early period, viz., for the guidance of performers on the harp and crwth — the latter being used as an accompaniment to the harp — had such rules remained in force, they would have had the effect of rendering our national music intensely monotonous and uninteresting, and would have thoroughly destroyed all freedom of imagination in musical composition; whereas, the national music of Wales is remarkable for its beauty of melody, richness of harmony, and variety of construction. It is also exceedingly diatonic, which evidently arose from the difficulty of modulating upon the ancient harp, which had but one row of strings; although it is said that the performer had a method of producing an occasional accidental, by pressing the string with the thumb and first finger.

Davydd ab Gwilym, who flourished about the fourteenth century, alludes, with much enthusiasm, in one of his poems, to the harp strung with glossy black hair; supposed to

have been the instrument upon which the undergraduates were obliged to study until they took a degree. He also mentions an Irish harp which had found its way into Wales in his time; and he speaks disparagingly of it, on account of the ugliness of its shape and the harshness of its tone—being strung with wire and played upon, to quote his own words, "with a horny nail of unpleasant form". The Irish harper allowed his nails to grow long, and cut them to a point, like the quills of a spinnet. Therefore, the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him, was to cut his nails short, as it took a considerable time for them to grow long enough to admit of his playing again.

Between this time and the sixteenth century a great improvement took place, in the invention of a harp with two rows of strings, consisting of the diatonic scale on the right side from the upper part down to the centre of the instrument, with another row of accidentals on the opposite side, to be played, whenever required, by putting the finger through; and the diatonic scale continued on the left side, from the centre to the lower part of the instrument, with the accidentals on the other row on the opposite side. This arrangement shows that the harp was held on the right shoulder, and played upon with the right hand in the treble and with the left hand in the bass.

Vincentio Galilei, in his *Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Music*, published at Florence in 1581, states that the double harp was common in Italy in his day; and that it was derived from Ireland.

It is very difficult to conceive how the Irish could possibly have ever possessed such an instrument, inasmuch as it has left no trace whatever upon their music, the peculiarity of the scale of which consists in leaving out all accidentals and notes which indicate the least modulation from key to

key, but which notes would have been available upon the instrument alluded to.

A circumstance which has recently come under my notice, goes far to show that it might have originated in Wales. A bronze bas-relief by Donatello, forms part of the high altar in the Church of St. Antonio, in Padua. The date is about 1450. One of the figures is that of an angel playing the harp, and the shape of the instrument is precisely that of the Welsh triple harp. I accidentally discovered a plaister cast of the original bronze at the Kensington Museum, where it may be seen.

In any case, whether the double harp originated in Ireland or in Wales, the invention of the Welsh triple harp, with three rows of strings, naturally followed; for, as music advanced, the inconvenience of being circumscribed within the limited compass of only half the diatonic scale on either side of the instrument would soon be felt; therefore, it was extended on each side to the full extent of the instrument, with a centre row of accidentals, accessible from either side.

It is worthy of remark that the Welsh triple harp is the only instrument of the kind that has ever been known with the strings on the *right* side of the comb; thereby necessitating its being tuned with the tuning-hammer in the left hand, which is exceedingly awkward to anyone who is not left-handed. This circumstance may also explain why it is held on the left shoulder, and played upon with the left hand in the treble and the right hand in the bass, so as to have a full view of the strings; otherwise the comb would inconveniently intercept the view, as is the case when Welsh harpers in the present day attempt to play upon the modern English pedal harp,—holding it on the left instead of the right shoulder, with the strings on the *left* side of the comb.

The science of music having so rapidly advanced within

the last century, rendered it absolutely necessary that still further improvements should be made in the harp, that it might keep pace with other instruments. The difficulty of playing upon the inner row of strings of the triple harp in rapid passages, and the impossibility of playing in any other key than the one in which the instrument was tuned, gave rise to the invention of the pedal harp, which is an immense improvement, in a musical sense, upon any former invention; as it admits of the most rapid modulation into every key, and enables the performer to execute passages and combinations that would not have been dreamt of previously. In the double-action harp, perfected by Erard, each note has its flat, natural, and sharp, which is not the case with any other stringed instrument; and this enables the modern harpist to produce those beautiful enharmonic effects which are peculiar to the instrument. Another remarkable advantage has been attained by this invention—the reduction in the number of strings to one row; which enables the performer not only to keep the instrument in better tune, but to use a thicker string, and thus attain a quality of tone, which, for mellowness and richness, may be advantageously compared with that of any other instrument in existence.

To return to the Welsh triple harp. The increased resources attained by the invention of that instrument, as being so far in advance of any other instrument of its kind, up to that period, gave a powerful impetus to the progress of music in the Principality; and may go far to account for the superior beauty, in an artistic point of view, of the national music of Wales over that of any other country. This fact is admitted by the most eminent writers on music; and, lest I should be considered too partial, as a Welshman, with regard to the music of my native country, I venture to quote Dr. Crotch, a distinguished composer and learned historian, and, for some time, Professor of music in the Univer-

sity of Oxford, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. In the first volume of his *Specimens of Various Styles of Music,* referred to in his course of lectures, he writes as follows :—

" British and Welsh music may be considered as one, since the original British music was, with the inhabitants, driven into Wales. It must be owned, that the regular measure and diatonic scale of the Welsh music is more congenial to the English taste in general, and appears at first more natural to experienced musicians than those of the Irish and Scotch. Welsh music not only solicits an accompaniment; but, being chiefly composed for the harp, is usually found with one; and, indeed, in harp tunes, there are often solo passages for the bass as well as for the treble. It often resembles the scientific music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and there is, I believe, no probability that this degree of refinement was an introduction of later times."

Further on, he continues :—

" The military music of the Welsh seems superior to that of any other nation. In the German marches, the models of the English, most of the passages are noisy, interspersed with others that are trifling, and even vulgar. In those of France also there is much noise, together with chromatic and other scientific passages. The Scotch Highland marches, called *Ports,* are wild warbles, which might (and, indeed, upon many occasions did, in a remarkable degree) inspire courage, but which could not answer the purpose of regulating the steps. But in the Welsh marches, 'The March of the Men of Harlech', 'The March of the Men of Glamorgan', and also a tune called 'Come to Battle', there is not too much noise, nor is there vulgarity nor yet misplaced science. They have a sufficiency of rhythm without its injuring the dignified character of the whole, which, to use the words of the poet, is—

"... Such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes of old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd."

Par. Lost, Book I, line 551.

Dr. Crotch, in his eulogium on Welsh music, specially mentions military music only, whereas I think he would have been sure to have alluded to our plaintive music, had he been better acquainted with such melodies as "Davydd y Garreg Wen" (David of the White Rock), or "The Dying Bard to his Harp", "Morva Rhuddlan" (The Plain of Rhuddlan), "Torriad y Dydd" (The Dawn of Day), and many others of the kind. I consider their great fondness for the minor key to be a very marked characteristic of the Welsh people. Some writers have attributed this peculiarity to the influence of the circumstances under which their music was composed; but, inasmuch as the same tendency exists in the present day, after centuries of peace and prosperity, I am inclined to lay it to the strength of the emotional feelings of the Welsh as a people; for I have frequently witnessed their being so touched by the performance of one of their own plaintive melodies, as to shed a tear of delight,—even in the presence of others, of a different nationality, who did not appear to have been affected in the same degree. Nor are our pastoral melodies less worthy of admiration,—their varied characteristics being equally striking.

The Eisteddvodau have afforded the greatest encouragement to the study of music and poetry; and the contests on those occasions have been the means of recognising real merit, and of suppressing mediocrity. The result being, that music occupies a much more elevated position in the Principality at the present time than it has ever done at any former period. In proof of this, it is only necessary to call attention

to the wonderful progress made in choral singing alone, and to the great number of choral societies formed throughout the Principality. It would hardly be credited that, at an Eisteddvod held at Abergavenny on Easter Monday, 1874, as many as ten choirs, each numbering, on an average, between four and five hundred—making a total of between four and five thousand voices—competed for a prize of a hundred pounds; and, as one of the adjudicators upon the occasion, I have no hesitation in stating their singing was in no way inferior to that of the choir which came up to London in 1872, and successfully competed for the prize of a thousand pounds at the Crystal Palace. I believe I am correct in saying that the ten choirs belonged to almost the immediate neighbourhood of Abergavenny; in every case within a radius of twenty miles.

What other country in Europe, of the extent of Wales, can boast of as much activity in the cause of music? The consequence is, that our choirs carry everything before them; our young vocalists carry off the scholarships at the principal institution of this country, and perhaps of Europe,—the Royal Academy of Music; our musicians are beginning to take their musical degrees at the great Universities of the Empire; we have established a University of our own in the Principality, and musical education has been included in its programme.

We are thus, I trust, proving ourselves worthy descendants of the bards and minstrels from whom we have inherited THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.

[The foregoing paper was read by Mr. Thomas before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion on the 13th of March, 1878, in the Music Hall of the Royal Academy.—*Ed.*]

CAN GWRAIG Y PYSGODWR.

GAN Y PARCH. JOHN BLACKWELL.

GORPHWYS Don! dylifa 'n llonydd,
Paid a digio wrth y creigydd;
Y mae Anian yn noswylio,
Pam y byddi di yn effro?
Dwndwr daear sydd yn darfod,—
Cysga dithau ar dy dywod.

Gorphwys Fôr! Mae ar dy lasdon
Un yn dwyn serchiadau 'nghalon;
Nid ei ran yw bywyd segur,
Ar dy lifiant mae ei lafur;
Bydd dda wrtho, Fôr diddarfod,
Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Paid a grwgnach, bydd yn ddiddig,
Dyro ffrwyn yn mhen dy gesig
A pha esgus iti ffromi?
Nid oes gwynt yn mrig y llwyni;
Tyr'd a bad fy ngŵr i'r diddos
Cyn cysgodion dwfn y ceunos.

Iawn i wraig yw teimlo pryder
Pan bo 'i gŵr ar gefn y dyfnder;
Ond os cyffry dig dy donnau,
Pwy a ddirnad ei theimladau?
O bydd dirion wrth fy mhriod,—
Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

REST, O wave, within thy deeps,
  Nor on angry rocks be breaking;
Twilight falls and Nature sleeps,
  Why shouldst thou be ever waking?
    Stillness broods o'er all the land,—
    Sleep, then, on thy golden strand.

Rest, O Sea! On thy blue wave,
  Tossed with ever ceaseless motion,
Toils a spirit frank and brave,—
  Lord of all my heart's devotion;
    Gently rock him on thy breast,
    Hush him to his evening rest!

In the forest, on the plain,
  Not a zephyr now is breathing;
Chafe not then, O Sea; restrain
  Thy wild waves' tumultuous seething;
    Night is darkening o'er thy strand,
    Bear his light-winged barque to land.

Startles oft the tender wife
  As she scans the smile of Ocean;
In its darker hour of strife,
  Who can tell her heart's emotion?
    Sleep in peace, tempestuous Sea;
    Bring my loved one back to me!

Byddar ydwyt i fy ymbil,
Fôr didostur! ddofn dy grombil!
Trof at Un a all dy farchog
Pan bo 'th donnau yn gynddeiriog;
Cymmer Ef fy ngŵr i'w gysgod,
A gwna di 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Note.—The Welsh poetry of the present century is of two kinds. The one, Cymric in diction, is also Cymric in thought. The other, though similar in its outward dress of language and form, draws its inner life from more diversified and wider sources. The former, homely and oftentimes simple, is yet replete with pathos and grandeur; while the latter, of a broader and more universal character, and gathering its wealth from the literature and languages of nations, is equally rich in all that constitutes genuine poetry. Between the beauties of the two kinds, the educated Welshman finds it often difficult to decide.

Of the former, Lewis Morris (*Y Llew*) may be regarded as the representative. How beautiful, and yet how truly Welsh, is his 'Caniad y Gog i Feirionydd'! The following verses are especially a model of the idiomatic poetry of the language:—

"Eidion du a dyn ei did,
Ond odid i ddyn dedwydd,
I dorri ei gŵys ar dir ac âr
A braenar yn y bronnydd;
Goreu tyn, fe 'i gŵyr y tad,
Morwynion gwlad Merionydd.

"Pwy sydd lân o bryd a gwedd,
Ond rhyfedd mewn pentrefydd?
Pwy sy 'mhob hyswiaeth dda
Yn gwlwn gydá 'u gilydd?
Pwy sy 'n ymyl dwyn fy ngho'?
Morwynion bro Meirionydd.

"Glân yw 'r gleisiad yn y llyn,
Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;
Glân yw 'r fronfraith yn ei thy,
Dan daenu ei hadenydd;
Glanach yw, os d'wedai 'r gwir,
Morwynion tir Meirionydd."

Pitiless, insatiate Sea,
  Thou but mock'st my bitter weeping;
There is ONE who rides on thee,
  And has all thy storms in keeping;
    He will hear me and command
    Thee to rest upon thy strand.

Of the latter kind of poetry, Blackwell is, perhaps, the chief exponent. While the language of his effusions is pure and idiomatic, the thoughts bear all the impress of a high education and of acquaintance, not only with Celtic literature, but with that of other peoples and languages. He has ransacked the storehouses of English poetry and transferred much of their wealth into his own Cymric tongue—not in its crude, undigested state; but, by fusing it in his alembic and moulding it into new forms, he has given us creations that, retaining all the characteristics of their original condition, are yet new in our Welsh literature.

The poem before us will, if carefully examined, prove our assertion. We must caution our readers not to form their judgment of the truth of these remarks from the translation. A right opinion can be formed only by an exact criticism of the original.

The two kinds are concentred in the poetry of Goronwy Owen, and in an extraordinary degree. After ranging through the wide fields of Grecian, Roman, and English literature, he writes his strains in a purely Cymric idiom—fusing thought and language into one compound in his crucible.

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF THE WELSH IN DAYS GONE BY.

By the REV. ELIAS OWEN, of Ruthin.

In the more secluded parts of Wales, up to a time remembered by the living, the evening devotions of the people consisted of prayers in rhyme, with the repetition of the Creed and Lord's Prayer. These were usually uttered audibly in a reverent manner, and in a kneeling posture. One of the most common of these rhythmical prayers commenced with "*Mam wen*". It is known as *Breuddwyd Mair*, Mary's Dream. I have collected several readings of this hymn, and, as it is curious, it is worth perpetuating.

The first copy of *Breuddwyd Mair* I met with in 1863. It was given me by John Parry, a shoemaker, of Aber, in Carnarvonshire, an intelligent man who was fond of talking of old times, which he continued to regard, notwithstanding modern inventions, as the "*good* old times". He was taught it by an old female neighbour forty-one years before, when he was a child; and she also taught him his *Padar* (Pater), the Lord's Prayer. But I will give his own words:—"Dyma i chwi riw beth ac ni wn i ddim o ba le y tarddodd e na phwy yw ei awdwr, ac a ddysgodd hen gymdoges i mi 41 mlynedd yn ol gydar padar iw ddweud cyn myned ir gwely bob nos ac yr oedd y pryd hynn yn beth cyffredin." He says:—"Here I send you something, but I do not know whence it sprang, nor who its author was, that was taught me by an old female neighbour forty-one years ago, together with the *padar*, to say nightly before going to bed, and it was then a common thing." And then he writes as follows:—

Mam wen Fair wyt ti 'n huno?
Ydwf anwyl Fab yn breuddwydio.
Be ti 'n weld yn dy fryuddwyd?
Gweld dy ddal ath ddilyn ath hoelio ar y groes
Ac un dyn dall wedi 'r fall ei dwyllo
Yn dy bigo dan dy fron aswy,
Y gwaed anwyl bedigedig yn llifo;
Gwir yw bryuddwyd mam wen Fair.

. . . .

Pwy bynag ai gwypo ac ai dywdo
Dair gwaith bob nos cyn hyno
Y breuddwyd drwg ni nyith niwed iddo,
Tir uffern byth nis cerddo.

I have adhered to the orthography; in fact, have given a perfect copy of my friend's letter. The Welsh is that of Carnarvonshire, and this will account for some of the verbal differences between the above and the versions that are to follow. He ends his letter as follows:—"A dyna fel y bydda pawb ar ol dweud ei badar drosdo 3 gwaith ac yn wir i chwi pan y bydda y dywydd yn oer byddwn i yn rhedeg drosdo yn o fuan ond mae yr hen dy sofl a gwell(t) yna wedi myned ar dan ers dalm gan lawer ar ysbrydoedd yn gadwedig drwyr anhywsder;" which, rendered into English, is as follows:—"And thus did everyone, after repeating the *Pater noster* three times,—and, to tell you the truth, when the weather was cold, I ran over it pretty quickly,—but that old stubble-built and straw-thatched house has long since been burnt by many, and the souls saved through difficulties." The concluding remark shows the estimation of such prayers by a generation but one remove from that in which they were common.

Without attempting to turn these lines into English verse, I will give a translation thereof, following the verses as given in Welsh:—

Mary, mother pure, art thou asleep?
I am, dear Son, I am dreaming.
What seest thou in thy dream?
I see thee caught, and followed, and nailed to the Cross,

And one benighted man, deceived of Satan, piercing thy left side,
And thy dear, blessed blood flowing.

. . . .

True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

. . . .

Whoever it knows, and repeats it
Three times each night ere sleeping,
The wicked dream shall not him hurt,
Hell's domains shall he ne'er tread.

There is poetry in the picture which these lines bring before us. The Saviour sees His mother in a troubled dream; and, child-like, inquires whether she is asleep; she, alluding to the horrors caused by her dream, informs her Son that she had been asleep, and that she had had a dream. Then He affectionately inquires what that dream might be that caused her those throbs of mental pain; and she, in answer, informs Him, that she, in her dream, had seen him, her dear Son, taken prisoner, rudely followed by the mocking crowd, nailed to the Cross, and His side pierced with a spear, and that His precious blood spurted from the cruel wound. She had had portrayed to her mind the whole scene of the Crucifixion. Then she is told that her dream was to be a fact. The picture is drawn by an artist, and the thoughts of the dying Saviour, which the repetition of this would suggest, are such as might well be our last, after a busy day's labours. But the latter part of the piece is greatly inferior to the former portion.

The next version that I shall give was taken down from the lips of an old woman in Flintshire, a good while ago, by a cousin of the Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, who kindly gave me a copy thereof a few months ago. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, wyt ti 'n ddeffro?
Nac ydw, nac ydw, f' anwyl fab.
Yr ydwyf fi yn huno ac yn breuddwydio.
Mam wen Fair beth a weli di
Yn dy freuddwyd i mi?

Nie welaf dy ddilyn, dy ddal,
Dy roi ar y groes, ar wialen wen
Yn dy law, a choron o ddrain ar dy ben.
Gwedi i'r Fall fawr dy dwyllo,
Dy daro di â ffon o tan dy fron,
Dy waed gwirion bendigedig sydd yn colli.

Sawl a'i d'wetto ac ai medro
Tair gwaith cyn y'i cysgo,
Dwy waith cyn y'i cotto,
Breuddwyd drwg byth na thrwblo,
Tir uffern byth na cherddo—
Gwir yw 'r gair, amen ac amen.
A felly fydd.

Since there are so many slight differences between this and the first, I will give a translation of this also :—

Mary, mother pure, art thou awake?
I'm not, I'm not, my dear Son;
I am sleeping and dreaming.

Mary, mother pure, what dost thou see
In thy dream that concerns Me?
I see Thee followed, caught,
Placed on the Cross, a white rod
In Thy hand, a crown of thorns on Thy head,
After that the great Deceiver has tempted Thee,
I see Thee pierced in Thy side,
Thy innocent, blessed blood flowing.

Whoever says it, and knows it,
Three times before sleeping,
Twice before rising,
The bad dream will not trouble him;
He shall never walk hell's land.
It is true, it is true, amen and amen.
And so it shall be.

Both these readings are substantially the same. But the verbal differences are many. In the first line of each, the Virgin is addressed as "*Mam wen Fair*". Both begin alike. *Wen* I have translated *pure*, though, primarily, the word means *white*. I think I am justified in so translating it. After the

first three words, there comes a difference. In the Aber rendering we have the question, "*Wyt ti 'n huno?*" "Art thou *asleep?*" and in the Flintshire version it is, "Wyt ti 'n ddeffro?" "Art thou *awake?*" There are not two lines alike throughout the whole, and yet they resemble each other strongly. They are the same, changed by being carried along and learnt by heart, it is true; but, nevertheless, they are one hymn. Few, in days gone by, could read, and what was committed to memory would be varied by each one who learnt it; and hence the difference of these two pieces. Upon comparing the language of these readings, we see that in the Flintshire one, the word *trwblo* (trouble) comes in, intimating that there English words were creeping in amongst the Welsh words, and ousting the equivalent Welsh word. As a comparison of language, the differences in these renderings are very interesting; but it was not for this purpose that they were penned, and so I go on.

The following version of "Mary's Dream" was taken down from the lips of an aged man who lived on the hill above Penmaenmawr, near Llangelynin old church, by Mr. Richard Wynne Parry. The person who repeated it was ill at the time, and died shortly after Mr. Parry saw him. He stated that everybody used it when he was a child. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, a wyt ti 'n huno?
Nac wyf, fy anwyl Fab, yr wyf yn breuddwydio.
Beth a welaist ti yn dy freuddwyd?
Gweled dy hel, a dy ddal, a dy ddilyn,
Dy roddi ar y groes a'th groeshoelio;
Yr Iuddew du dall oedd y fall a dy dwyllodd.

. . . . .

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.

. . . . .

Sawl a ddywedo hon bob nos dair gwaith cyn huno,
Dim breuddwyd drwg wna niwed iddo. Amen.

This, the Llangelynin version, is more imperfect than the

other two; but it contains one line of which they are deficient, viz.:—

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.
Wine to feed, water to cleanse.

Alluding probably to the Sacraments.

There is also one pretty line in the Aber version which is not in the rest, viz.:—

Gwir yw 'r breuddwyd mam wen Fair.
True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

In the Flintshire version, also, there is one thing not to be found in the other two, viz.:—

Dwy waith cyn y i cotto.
Twice before he rises.

And this line shows that, as the day ended, so it was to begin with the repetition of the hymn—with this difference, however: that it was said there three times before going to bed, and twice in the morning when lying on the bed.

All these differences show that the copies are all incomplete; but if a number large enough could be picked up, it would appear that one would help the other, and by-and-by a perfect copy might be procured.

With one other version, I will bring *Breuddwyd Mair* to a close. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans wrote the following out from memory; and, as far as it goes, it is very perfect, but it is only a part of the whole:—

Breuddwyd Mair.

Mam, wen Fair, pam rwyt ti 'n wylo?
Nid wylo roeddwn, fy Mab, ond breuddwydio.
Mam, wen Fair, beth oeddit yn freuddwydio?
Gweld dy ddal, fy Mab, a'th groeshoelio,
A dyn y fall, wedi dallu a'i dwyllo,
Yn rhoi pig ei ffon dan dy fron,
Nes oedd dy waed sanctaidd yn llifo.

The number of renderings of this hymn shows how univer-

sally it was used; but it is not found in Montgomeryshire, and possibly it had its home among the hills.

The Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, remembered another rhythmical prayer, that I have never met with. The reverend gentleman writes:—"When I was a small boy, parish apprentices were the rule; and I remember that a little fellow used to come to the parlour door at Nant Meliden, and kneel down, on his way to bed, and repeat the following, ending with *Y Pader*:—

'Yn enw Duw i'm gwely yr af;
Duw a gadwo 'r iach a'r claf;
Mi rof fy mhen i lawr i gysgu,
Mi rof fy enaid i Grist Iesu,
Ac yn enw Duw mi gysgaf.

'Pan ddelo dydd y foru
Yn amser i mi godi,
Rhag i'r gelyn yn ddiffael
Gael arnaf ail i bechu.'

There seems something defective, but this is what I recollect."

The child's hymn is as follows:—

In God's name to my bed I go;
God keep the hale and those in woe;
I'll lay my body down to sleep,
I'll give my soul to Christ to keep,
And in the name of God I'll sleep.

The second verse is incomplete; it contains a wish to be kept from sin on the following day.

I now know a farmer's wife who is in the habit of rehearsing the Creed in her private nightly devotions; and, a few years ago, an old woman, who had seen upwards of eighty years, told me that she had daily said her *Pader* and *Credo*[1]

[1] The use of the *Pader* and *Credo* is confirmed by the following anecdote:—

"An old woman of Aberdovey, while crossing the part of Cardigan Bay that lies between Aberystwith and Aberdovey, in an open boat,

from infancy, and that, as long as she lived, she intended doing so—that she could not *abide* the new-fangled ideas of the present days. The old lady has gone to her long resting-place, and with her has died the old habit of repeating the Creed of an evening after the Lord's Prayer.

I do not for a moment suppose that these peculiar forms of devotion belong exclusively to Wales. They are in use in the present day in Catholic France, with a slight difference. Instead of the Saviour, the angel Gabriel is made to question the Virgin. The same answers, however, are returned in the French as in our Welsh versions.

In certain parts of England, too, some of these devotional rhymes are used with but little variation. The following is in common use in many parts, and answers to the boy's prayer in page 30:—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

If no other lesson is taught us by these "Devotions", they prove how truly the sayings and doings of ages long gone by are borne downwards on the stream of tradition. Remains, as they are, of Roman Catholic times, they are deserving of record, not only, as I have stated, for their curious character, but for the lesson they teach us with regard to tradition. They prove how accurately it hands down to our day the transactions and even the sayings of long centuries ago. Wales has renounced the faith of Rome for upwards of three hundred years; and yet these echoes of her former creed are

found the passage so stormy, as to cause her to resort to earnest prayer for deliverance. When she landed at the latter place, she exclaimed with great delight:—'Moliant i Dduw am y ddaear las unwaith etto; nid oes achos am na *phader* no *chredo* ar hon.' 'God be praised for the green earth once more. There is no need of either *pater* or *credo* on this.'

still heard in her mountains and valleys. We are invited, consequently, to give tradition the importance it claims at our hands, nor deny it the authority which narratives like these so strongly uphold.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 2.

Y BRADWR.

O gwelwch ddyn a golwg
Isel drem, yn selu drwg,
A thafod esmwyth ofeg,
I'r byd yn doidyd yn deg,
Ac aml wên ar ei enau,—
Heb wad ef wna frad yn frau.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

Read at the Meeting of the British Archæological Association at Llangollen, August 29th, 1877.

BY PROFESSOR RHYS, of Oxford.

OTHERS may be trusted to point out to the members of this learned Association the material remains of archæological interest in this charming district of Llangollen; but there is a sense in which tumuli, earthworks, and cromlechs are no more facts than are words, and especially names. It is by directing attention to two or three of the tales supplied by this part of the country, that I would attempt to do my part in welcoming this Association on its first visit to North Wales.

One might begin by dwelling on the history of some of the neighbouring churches, more than one of which commemorate the names of St. Germanus and St. Bride or Bridget, such as Llanarmon and Llansantffraid. One of the lessons to be learned from those names seems to be that there has been a fashion in the case of saints, as in everything else.

Whether any of those alluded to are the oldest names of the churches now so called, may be doubted; at any rate, there are reasons for doubting that the churches called Llanarmon received that name during the period in which St. Germanus lived. But in the case of the church after which this parish is called, it is not so, for the Welsh have never allowed oblivion to cover the memory of the man who seems to have been the first missionary that laboured on the banks of the Dee, to turn our pagan ancestors to Christianity, and the name of Collen will be remembered as long as this place continues to be called Llangollen.

This is not the time for a lesson on Welsh phonology, but I always feel glad of an opportunity of learning a new sound; and perhaps some of those attending the meeting of the Association would be glad to acquire the sound of the Welsh *ll* before returning to England. The directions need not be long. Discard the grotesque accounts of that sound in English books, place your tongue in position for pronouncing *l*, and blow a good deal harder than need be for that consonant, then you have our *ll;* so long, however, as you hear *thl,* or *chl,* you may be sure you have not hit it, as it is a single consonant and not a combination.

To return to St. Collen, it would be needless to trouble you with the legends usually attached to his name; but I would call your attention to one which I have never seen published in English. I am indebted for it to one of our best Welsh archæologists, the Rev. Owen Jones, of Llandudno. The following is the substance of a Welsh letter with which he favoured me about a fortnight ago:—

"I have long been of opinion that our early Welsh legends are to be regarded as allegorical descriptions of historical facts; and on one occasion, several years ago, I happened to be lodging at a farm house near Pentref-y-Dwfr, at the foot of Bwlch-y-Rhiw-felen. In the morning the farmer, Mr. John Tudor, accompanied me over the Bwlch on my way to Llandegla, and in answer to my enquiries he related the following legend, which he had heard when a boy engaged as a shepherd on the mountains there:—In some very early period there used to live on the top of this Bwlch a giantess, who used to mutilate and kill all who came that way; at last, a man from the neighbouring Vale of Llangollen, made up his mind to rid the country of her; he sharpened his sword in order to go to fight with her. After he had climbed to her court, she came out to converse with him, and the result was that they engaged in a severe combat. By and

by the man succeeded in cutting off the right arm of the giantess, but she continued to fight as strenuously as ever. This went on until he managed to cut off her left arm also, whereupon the giantess began to call aloud to Arthur in the rock of Eglwyseg, entreating him to come to her rescue, as the knave was murdering her. The end, however, was that she was killed, and that the man hurried away to wash himself clean from her blood in a spring on the mountain, which is to this day known as Collen's Well. The explanation," continues Mr. Jones, "which I ventured to give Mr. Tudor was the following:—By the giantess was meant a cruel and oppressive system of religion, which prevailed here before the introduction of Christianity; it was the missionary who first brought the Gospel into those parts, and to whose memory Llangollen was consecrated, that was represented by the man who came to fight the giantess. It was with the sword of truth that he broke the force of her influence, partially at first and more completely afterwards, and in spite of her appeal to the secular power, here represented by Arthur, she was killed so as to rid the country of her violence and cruelty. Perhaps," adds Mr. Jones, "the legend was invented by one of the monks of Valle Crucis Abbey, which is in that neighbourhood."

So far his explanation is highly ingenious, as applied to the legend in its present form. However, I am inclined to think that it dates long before the time of Valle Crucis Abbey, and that most of the materials out of which it was constructed are even older than Christianity; perhaps one might characterize it as a pagan legend fertilized by Christianity. I doubt whether we might venture to compare the giantess with the sphynx; but if we substitute for her a dragon, we can connect it with a well-known class of legends, and at the same time discover a motive for the victorious slayer of the giantess hurrying away to a well to wash himself clean from her blood,

for that may, as in some of the dragon legends, have been poisonous. It is hard to say, whether the reference to the well partakes more of the nature of a solar myth or of Christianity, but certain it is that St. Collen, who by implication is the hero, represents Christianity. Consequently, Arthur appears as one who might be appealed to on the pagan side. This is, I am inclined to think, the original character of Arthur as the Solar hero of Kymry and Bretons; and it is easy to understand how, when they became Christians, he had to follow suit, so as to become the good knight we find him in the *Mabinogion;* as such, one cannot without some difficulty think of him as paying no heed to the cries of a female in distress. On the whole it would seem that an Arthur who was neither Christian nor chivalrous was an older and more original character than the one pictured in mediæval romance.

The foregoing legend probably did not stand alone. Within the last few days I have succeeded in collecting a few shreds of a nearly parallel one at Llanberis. Between Llanberis church and the pass, nearly opposite the house called Cwmglas, under a large stone called *Y Gromlech,* on the left hand side as you ascend, was the abode of a giantess called *Canrig* (or *Cantrig*) *Bwt,* which seems to have meant Canrig the Stumpy, and to have indicated that her stoutness was out of all proportion to her stature. Now *Canrig Bwt* was a cannibal, and especially fond of feasting on children. So when the man came who was destined to put an end to her, and challenged her to come out and fight, she coolly replied, "Wait till I have scraped this young skull clean." In the meantime he placed himself on the stone under which she was to come out, and chopped off her head with his sword when she made her appearance in quest of him. He is said to have been a criminal sentenced to death, who had the alternative of trying his luck in conflict with the giantess,

and the name of *Canrig Bwt* has come down to our time only as a means of frightening naughty children; but I am not sure that this is a sufficient proof that her ravages were confined to infants.

I would call your attention next to the name of the river you have lately crossed and re-crossed so frequently, the Dee; in Welsh it is called *Dyfrdwy*, a word which analyses itself into *Dyfr-dwy*, whereof the first syllable is a weakening of *dwfr*, water. But what is the other syllable? Two answers are given. It is sometimes crudely guessed to be the same as the Welsh *du*, black, which is phonetically impossible, and deserving of no further mention. The more popular etymology identifies it with Welsh *dwy*, the feminine of *dau*, 'two', and treats the entire name as meaning the water *of two*, that is of two rivers; and the two rivers supposed to form the Dee are pointed out in the neighbourhood of Bala. It would perhaps be no serious objection to this etymology, that *Dyfrdwy* would accordingly be a name which could be literally applied to almost all the rivers in the world; but a little fact suffices to dissolve a great deal of conjecture. The former offers itself in one of the ways in which Giraldus Cambrensis spells the name of the river, namely as *Deverdoeu*, where *doeu* is the same as the old Welsh *doiu* or *duiu*, the genitive of old Welsh *diu*, a god. It is not altogether unknown in its full form in later Welsh, as for instance in *dwyw-ol*, divine, now written and pronounced *dwyfol;* but more commonly *duiu* or *dwyw* is shortened into *dwy* as in *meudwy*, a hermit, literally *servus dei:* similarly an old name *Guas-duiu*, which also means *servus dei*, appears later as *Gwas-duy*. So the phonology of *Dyfrdwy* is perfectly plain and simple, and the word would have to be regarded as meaning *aqua dei*, but for other evidence which makes me prefer treating *dwy* as here meaning goddess, whence *Dyfrdwy* would be *aqua deæ*. Who was the goddess I do not know,

but most probably she was a personification of the river. In later Welsh poetry the latter is personified under the name of *Aerfen,* which would seem to mean a war divinity, or simply war; and we learn from Giraldus, that in times when our ancestors and the English were at war, the Dee had still some traces of its divinity preserved, as it seems to have been treated as the arbiter of victory and defeat: if the Dee ate away its eastern bank, it betokened defeat to the English, and vice versa. The words alluded to occur in the 11th chapter of the second book of the *Itinerarium Kambriæ;* they run thus:—"Item, ut asserunt accolæ, aqua ista singulis mensibus vada permutat; et utri finium, Angliæ scilicet an Kambriæ, alveo relicto magis incubuerit, gentem illam eo in anno succumbere, et alteram prævalere certissimum prognosticum habent."

Now, according to the rules of Welsh phonology, the old Welsh *duiu,* the later *dwyw,* stand for an early Welsh stem *dey* or *dēw,* which is the same whence the Romans had their *Dēva,* and the English their *Dee.* It is not my intention to dwell on river worship among the Celts; and I would merely refer you to a valuable paper by M. Pictet in the *Revue Celtique,* entitled "De quelques Noms Celtiques de Rivières qui se lient au Culte des Eaux", in which the learned Celtist, who is now no more, not only calls attention to Gallo-Roman votive tablets to such water divinities as Dea Sequana, Dea Icaune, Dea Bormonia, Deus Borvo, and the like, but finds traces in Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland of rivers bearing the same names as the Dee in the forms of Dēva, Dīva, and Divona, and nearly related ones. (*Rev. Celtique,* ii, pp. 1-9.)

In the same paper he notices the rivers known in Gaul as *Matra* and *Matrona,* that is, names intimately connected with the Gaulish form of the word for 'mother', and recalling the numberless Gaulish divinities entitled *Matres* in Gallo-

Roman inscriptions. This leads me to suggest a possible explanation of the name of the principal point in the Clwydian range of hills, namely, *Moel Famau*. Now *moel* means bald, without hair or without horns, and as applied to a hill it signifies one with a round top, such, in fact, as Moel Famau is, but for the unfortunate Jubilee Tower on it. *Famau* is a regular mutation of *Mamau*, apparently the plural of *Mam*, 'a mother', thus *Moel Famau* would mean the 'moel of mothers', which sounds, however, somewhat more indefinite than the majority of Welsh names of the kind, and suggests that the definite article here, as in so many other instances, has been dropped; the name would then in full be *Moel-y-Famau*, but that could only be a relic of the use of a dual number in Welsh, and should be rendered into English 'the Moel of the two Mothers'. But who were these mothers, whether two or more in number? I am inclined to think that they were no human mothers, but imaginary beings, possibly associated with, or personifications of springs of water rising in the *Moel;* but whether further acquaintance with the ground would tend to confirm this somewhat vague conjecture, I am unable to say, as I have never had an opportunity of examining it. On the other hand, it would be evidently unwise to neglect any traces in this country of cults which, it may be presumed, were once common among the Celts, both in the British Isles and on the Continent.

THE EISTEDDFOD OF THE FUTURE.

By Mrs. A. WALTER THOMAS, and DAVID THOMAS, Esq.

Following on the lines of *Gwalchmai's* lucid historical explanation, which appeared in the last number of the *Cymmrodor*, of the purposes of the Eisteddfod of the Past, it may not be unworthy of consideration whether the time has not arrived when one of the main features of the Eisteddfod should be developed and adapted to meet an acknowledged want of the present day.

As we have seen, the Eisteddfod originally exercised three functions: first, that of a *legislative* assembly, for the enacting of laws: secondly, that of a *judicial* body, which interpreted and enforced them: thirdly, that of a *learned* body, which aimed at the advancement and encouragement of learning, and notably of poetry, music, and art. By the statute of Rhuddlau in the reign of Edward I, the two first functions were absorbed by Parliament and the Courts of Justice respectively; but the last function, for fulfilling the duties of which no special legal provision was made, has never been superseded, and it may therefore fairly be argued that the powers of the Eisteddfod, *quoad hoc*, still remain unrepealed and only in abeyance. They are, therefore, *a Constitutional right belonging to the Principality.*

Some recognition has been extended from time to time by British Sovereigns to the National Eisteddfod of Wales, but the *authority* of an Eisteddfodic body has long ceased to exist, although the popular feeling in its favour has increased.

The national acceptableness, the purposes, the prevalence

of Eisteddfodau, indicate that so peculiar an institution should no longer exist without more marked recognition; and that it should be enabled to carry out its mission for the benefit of the Principality in accordance with the advanced requirements of this age.

While costly and complex machinery of every kind is proposed or utilised for advancing the civilisation and culture of the Welsh people, here is at hand an admirable engine, capable of being utilised for the purpose. Every county, every town, every village even has its literary meetings (generally under the name of *Eisteddfodau*), where music, poetry, art, and literature form subjects for healthy emulation. Once or twice a year the whole culminates in a more imposing and general meeting under the name of *Yr Eisteddfod*, or *Yr Eisteddfod Genedlaethol*, the popularity of which is attested by the numbers and character of those who attend, or who take an interest in it, either as competitors for prizes, adjudicators, visitors, or patrons. Such a gathering, and for such a purpose, as was seen last year at Wrexham, and this year at Carnarvon, indicates a vast amount of intellectual activity in which the Welsh language plays no mean part.

Our Saxon friends have been told often, and told truly, that the English language is rapidly spreading in Wales, and that not a single day-school teaches the Welsh language. It might perhaps surprise them, were they further informed that, in spite of all this, there are issued in the Welsh language in the Principality no fewer than two quarterly and sixteen monthly periodicals, and thirteen weekly newspapers; that Welsh is now spoken by a number of persons greater probably than in the days of the Heptarchy; and that its vocabulary is enriched daily by the addition of new words.

These facts and statistics sufficiently indicate a reading public in Wales; and not only is this the case in the present day, but the whole nation is panting for improvement, and

looking out for some hand that will guide this intellectual activity which finds its vent through the medium of the Welsh language. That ruling power should be found in the Eisteddfod, for, as has been well said by a German writer (Möser in his *Osnabrück History*), all laws should be the outcome, not of abstract theories, but of the history of a people; and that institution which has so deep a hold on the hearts of the Cymry is surely best adapted to guide their minds.

The Eisteddfod is the natural as well as the national institution of Wales. "The study of modern history", says Shelley,[1] "is the study of kings, financiers, statesmen, and priests. That of the history of ancient Greece is the study of legislators, philosophers, and poets: it is the history of men, compared with the history of titles." And to this latter description the Eisteddfod may proudly lay claim. High as the clamour may rise outside of political and religious strife—so high, alas! as almost to justify the old proverb, "Ni bydd dyun dau Gymro"—within her walls it is hushed, and men are content to forget their differences for a time, that each may sprinkle his incense on the altars of those

"Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring."

If the Eisteddfod possesses such powers when, by those outside the Principality, its existence till lately has only been recognised to be scoffed at, what would not be its influence when surrounded by the prestige of State authority?

And here may be pointed out the one great disadvantage under which the Eisteddfod labours. It lacks one chief element of success—*authority*. Any body of men, in any part of Wales, may claim Eisteddfodic powers. They may forthwith collect funds, announce prizes, hold meetings, and

[1] Fragment of an essay on the literature, arts, and manners of the Athenians.

confer rewards, irrespective of their qualifications for the task. That under these circumstances so much unanimity should reign, and so many qualified persons should be willing to undertake Eisteddfodic duties, is highly creditable to the nation, and forms a just claim for the extension and consolidation of the power of the Eisteddfod.

It is not surprising that under the disadvantages we have mentioned, Eisteddfod committees should become too local in their management, and too commercial in their actions. Local bodies have a tendency to identify the interests of knowledge with the commercial interests of their own town or locality. They are more anxious to attract visitors, in order to cover the pecuniary risks that they guarantee, than to advance any permanent object embraced within the scope of an Eisteddfod proper. Nor is it to be supposed that the world will be ready to bow to such a self-elected body, changing as the scene changes. Dissatisfaction with, and disputes concerning, the adjudications and the disposal of surplus funds are too often the unfortunate but unavoidable results of the present system.

To sum up these arguments. If the Eisteddfod of the present, in the hands of varying and self-constituted bodies with no authority and very little responsibility, is a useful and a popular institution, how much more so might be the Eisteddfod of the future, with disorder reduced to order, anarchy to government, isolated efforts to centralisation ?

NID DA, LLE BO GWELL. Many of the warmest friends of the Eisteddfod have long felt the force of this proverb, and have directed their efforts to the creation of a permanent and central committee.

The time is ripe for change : for a change that shall give full effect to our aspirations. But how can this be accomplished ? Surely, by giving *authority* to the Eisteddfod. We conceive that this result might be brought about as follows.

The Eisteddfod might be incorporated as a society under a royal charter, for the performance of the third function already alluded to, viz., the encouragement of poetry, music, and art (understanding art in its widest sense).

Sufficient permanent funds should be provided for working the machinery. A constitution, following on historical lines as far as possible, should be drawn up, defining the duties and powers of the Eisteddfod and regulating the appointment of its central governing body.

This governing body or council should be carefully chosen from individuals of *mark sufficient* to give weight to their decisions. On questions of music and philology there are certain Welsh names that at once present themselves, whose owners would anywhere be accepted as fully competent and valuable members of such a council. Nor would it probably be difficult in time to form a *Ford Gron*, a round table, capable of doing good and honest service to the cause of Welsh literature generally. Other branches of literature might also be brought, for the benefit of Wales, within the scope of the Eisteddfodic Council: and there is no fear that the task of finding competent members of the council or worthy adjudicators would prove difficult, with the whole world to choose from. The London or Scotch Universities (or any of the bodies incorporated for special objects) have never been at a loss for persons able to perform similar duties, while they have money to command their services.

In this way security would be taken that the prizes and degrees conferred—the mintmarks of approval—should guarantee the work as standard gold, above suspicion (and this would necessarily be the case if competent adjudicators were elected by the central authority).

The second point to be carefully considered is, that room should be left within these safeguards for the play of that liberty enjoyed by local committees in the selection of the

place for holding the Eisteddfod, and even the method of conducting it, and the management (or mismanagement) of local funds.

Nor (and surely this is important) should the working man be discouraged—that class which in Wales takes so unique an interest in Eisteddfodau. The standard of excellence in the republic of letters is high and difficult of attainment by those who earn their daily bread by the labour of their hands. Bearing also in view the important fact that every degree conferred should be worthily conferred, and no sham, the Eisteddfodic Council might institute degrees of various order, so giving to all merit due recognition, whether it flourish in sunshine or in shadow.

Thus, whether in poetry, in art, in science, in classical or modern language, in mathematics or philology (for all these and more might be subjects for competition), the distinction given would be what it professed to be. In this way, room would be left for the action of the general and local bodies respectively. The distinction of higher and lower degrees was not unknown to the historic Eisteddfod: witness the grades of Druid, Bard and Ovate: and, coming from the source which we have indicated, there would be no gainsaying them.

An authoritative centre—such a centre as would command at once the confidence of scholars and of the country—is an absolute necessity.

It is obvious therefore that some organised body must be appointed to act with effect in discussing and defining the constitution of the Eisteddfod of the future, its objects and duties, its general and local action: in a word, in furthering the appointment of a properly constituted Eisteddfod authority. By such a proceeding, order would arise out of chaos, real merit be honoured, pretentiousness discouraged, learning promoted, Welsh literature receive due recognition; and

last, but by no means least, care would be taken of the Eisteddfod exchequer, that funds might not be lacking for its various purposes. Obtaining this, Wales would obtain what it has long sought. Such a body responsible for the collection and employment of public and private funds would thus inspire confidence.

It would be presumptuous to attempt detail or to lay down dogmatically what range of subjects should be embraced by the Eisteddfod, and whether its sweep should be broader or narrower than at present. Enough, if the writers have succeeded in indicating a real necessity in connexion with our country's peculiar and honoured institution ; and in suggesting that some organised body would best set about its consolidation.

It will be for such a body as we have indicated to consider, as a preliminary step, the desirability of seeking a Royal Commission, which should make enquiries and collect into one focus information as to the requirements and claims of the Principality, the ancient uses of the Eisteddfod, and its adaptability to modern purposes : or whether it would be better, on the other hand, to seek at once a Royal Charter of Incorporation, from which would arise a duly constituted body, having authority, " a local habitation and a name."

LETTERS

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.

(*Continued from* Vol. i, p. 170.)

TO EDWARD RICHARD.

"Penbryn, June 22nd, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—We have flies that are begot, come to perfection and play, engender their kind, and lay their eggs and die in one day, and the next day a new brood comes, and goes on the same for the whole summer, generation after generation; and these do as much, and to as much purpose, as most of us that annoy and distress one another, as if we were to live for ever. How many ages of those flies is it since I have heard from you and my little ones? Is your library almost finished? and when will you put up the books? God send that it is not ill-timed, for the taste of our age seems to be quite otherwise. If you had lived in the time of the Primitive Christians, some good might have been expected from such a thing, and the Church would have sainted you for it; but those days are over, and the like of them will never be, for our shepherds are turned wolves and foxes, and my son, perhaps, will see your successor incapable of reading the title pages of the books you collect. Thus our schemes, though ever so well founded, are very narrow and shallow; but an active mind must be doing of something, let it end where it will. Most of the ancient philosophers (except

Diogenes the Cynic) were lovers of society, and lived among the thickest of their fellow-creatures, and imparted their knowledge readily, as if you had lived at Aberystwith and taught the inhabitants of that place common civility and letters: few of them, or none, have run to the tops of mountains to instruct sheep and deer. Among the first Christians indeed, there were a surly kind of people who affected retirement and lived in caves, but they seldom did any good, except what they did to themselves in mortifying the flesh. Am not I a silly fellow for attempting to persuade you to leave Ystrad Meurig, and to live at Aberystwith? that was my scheme, but I am afraid to no purpose, for you seem to be like the plant Chamæmorus, who will live nowhere but on the top of Snowdon. My messenger who comes with shirts for the boys calls on me for the letter, and says it will be too late to stay longer. In my last meeting with Ieuan Fardd I have convinced him that it is in vain for him to attempt Nennius until he has a better copy than Archbishop Usher's Nennius in Llannerch library, which is far from being correct, and will lead the world into intolerable errors. Nothing will do it but Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt's copy, which hath been compared with all the ancient copies in the public libraries, the Cotton, Bodleian, Cambridge, the King's Library, and with Usher's own transcript from eleven MSS.; but the difficulty is to come at it, for Mr. Vaughan will suffer no man to see it, though his father hath suffered me to make some extracts out of it, which is the test I have to try all other copies by. That was the only man that understood Nennius, and that knew what he wrote about him, I mean Mr. Robert Vaughan, who was cotemporary with Usher. If you, who have so critical a knowledge of the Latin tongue, would take such a translation in hand, it would make you immortal, and the history loudly calls to be turned into English, being just expiring; but you have a thousand excuses, though indolence

is the real reason. I conclude this with my respects to your fireside, and am, "Dear Sir,

"Your Friend and Servant,

"Lewis Morris."

"Penbryn, July 4th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours of Dygwyl ffair fadr, with Dr. Philipps' and Mr. Pegge's letters, which made me stare, and I now return them. Their compliments are so high, that they made me turn about like the drunken woman, whose cloaths had been changed while asleep, and I asked myself, Ai fi ydwyf fi? doubting much whether the character fits me. Besides, there is an old proverb among us which says, 'A fynno glod bid farw'. According to this, either I am dead, or this is no praise. Last night I had no sleep, a summer cough (the worst of coughs) has seized me, and brought an inflammation of the pleura, which has been partly removed by bleeding, but am still very bad. Ped fai waeth i neb arall ond fy eppil fy hun.

"Our friend Ieuan has sent me some of Aneurin's works that is worth its weight in gold. O bishops, O princes, O ye fat men of the land, why suffer ye that man to starve? Do not flinch from your part of attacking Camden, or you will have a chance of being shot in the head. I will send you an account, when I have leisure, of some parts of his body that are not invulnerable, not about his heels, but about his head. Yours is the first edition of him, and therefore is the best, for there you have the author in his native simplicity before he hath called allies to his assistance. Have good courage, nid oedd ond dyn fal dyn arall. Pwy ond Dewi Fardd sy 'n dyfod ar llythyr hwn, ar ryw neges i Ieuan, ag i edrych noethni 'r wlad mae 'n debyg.

"Mr. Pegge and Dr. Philipps are welcome to copy my

letters, provided no use is made of them without my consent. During a correspondence of about two years I had with the late Mr. Carte, I had some disputes with him about our antiquities. He has printed in his book of the *History of England* whole paragraphs out of my letters, and never owned but one from whence he got the matter (which is in page 31), and even that without my consent or knowledge. It is dangerous to correspond with such antiquaries; but what is worse, some points which he had given up in his letters to me, he maintains in his book, to the dishonour of our Ancient Britons, and indeed to his own shame. I have annotations upon my interleaved British copy of *Tyssilio*, but I despair ever to have health to undertake a translation of it; besides that, my collection of Celtic Remains, to which I am almost intirely devoted, keeps me from everything else; and to encourage Ieuan to give us an English translation of *Nennius* is my great ambition. I am sure that neither Leland, Camden, Selden, Usher, Sir Simon D'Ewes, Dr. Gale, nor any of the moderns, ever understood him, though they have been all beating about the bush. All that we want is the great Usher's genuine transcript, which he collated with eleven MSS. We have a copy of it; but it is not correct.

"Yours sincerely,

"Lewis Morris."

"Penbryn, July 6th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Yours wrote yesterday I received by Dewi Ddifardd. He is but short indeed; ond rhaid i'r adar mân gael bwyd. He takes his flight to-morrow. Yea, yea, watch Camden, and give him a knock now and then when he slips. If I have a little leisure next week I shall send you a few notes on him for your guidance. Ask Mr. Pegge questions by all means, and exert yourself. Knowledge is not a native

plant of any one country more than another: it may be in your closet as well as Mr. Pegge's. Pray, let me see Morgan Herbert's epitaph. Let me also into the secret of the dispute you have about some passages in *Lilly's Grammar*, though I may not understand such high things. Well, now comes the *jest* of the cause. Lewis and John's mother longs for a sight of her sons for four days. Her pretence is, that they want to be patched and mended; but they had a sort of promise to come when the fruit grew ripe, and in the shearing season, when feasting goes on after the manner of the old patriarchs; and lo, here are horses to bring them this very day. You'll think it expressly against the rules of the Christian religion to send for them on the seventh day; but in the time of the primitive Christians they were not so nice, as I find by the *Gododin*, where Aneurin makes one of the greatest characters of his northern heroes in Cattraeth do it.

"Yn lladd Saesson y seithfed dydd.

"My cough is a little better to day. I had but three fits of it last night. "I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, July 13th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—The boys return after a stay of four days, and two days their mother kept them, for which I am not accountable: for though Scripture and the Church say man and wife are one, yet, if ever you are blessed with a wife, you will find yourselves to be two most commonly, especially in disputes about children. The bearer will bring me Morgan Herbert's epitaph, I suppose, and the song. Usher did not understand Nennius, because he was a Welchman; not because he wanted learning, &c. You say you are lazy, but that you are resolved to be honest in your calling. You may read Camden and give me a little help, and be honest too.

Well, I have now in my thoughts to write a letter, to be sent to Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge, by way of reprisals. It is not fair I should always be on the defence. It is about some Saxon affair. If coughing and death do not interfere you shall have it soon. I am really very bad as to my health, and jogg on by mere dint of strength of spirits only. Many an heroe would have sunk under such infirmities. If the materials of my body will hold out, I am now in a fit humour to write what I know of natural philosophy and antiquities: for I am not fit for any active part of life, which requires strength and motion. For God's sake, make no excuses. The world wants to know what you know, and are capable of knowing in a more exquisite manner than others. You that are arm'd with all manner of weapons can fight with more effect than a poor fellow with twcca carn corn, let him be ever so willing. Such a one am I. God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, July 27th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—By the nature of things I expected this summer, after my illness last winter, to be in tolerable health; but so it is that, considering everything, I am really worse than ever. I cannot sit down for half an hour to write; I cannot walk about for want of breath. Tho' I endeavour to be with my haymakers hitherto, I can scarce be said to exist anywhere, and live merely by art. This is my case. The Herbert inscription was designed by a good hand, but murdered either by the stonecutter or the schoolmaster that copied it. I thank you for your translation of it. The original should be, I think, as I wrote it in the inclosed copy. Pray, let me hear how far you have gone with Camden.

"I am, yours, whilst

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, July 28th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—The pleasure I had in meeting with agreement of sentiments with mine in perusing Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge's letters hath produced this. They had no occasion to apologize for taking copies of mine provided they go no farther. What I wrote in my late letters was an answer to some doubts of theirs about our ancient British antiquities, which was intirely within mine own sphere, and within my depth, having made it my study for many years, and consequently, I ought to be a tolerable master of it, having come at such materials and opportunities as but few men have met with, some lucky accidents conspiring to bring these things together. But as for my performing what they so earnestly wish—a translation of *Tyssilio's British History*—it is very uncertain, tho' I have been providing materials this 35 years. I thank Mr. Pegge for his hint about the giants. What I write now is, in a manner, out of my depth, and I apply to them as men of learning, as I was applied to as a Cambrian antiquary. I have met with I think a British MS., a very great curiosity, which regards the English more than the Welsh. The Teutonic language and its branches is what I never made my study, except by a transient view of it, as it is pretty much mixed in ancient time with the Celtic. The Celtic in all its branches, the Welsh, Erse, Armoric and Cornish, has been my study from my childhood, and for which I have the strongest inclination; but I never had proper materials or opportunities to study the Teutonic; and the slips of Mr. Camden, and his followers, who pretended to etymologize the British tongue, is a sufficient caveat for me not to meddle or pretend to any extraordinary knowledge in the Saxon, Danish, or any branch of the Teutonic language, which I do not perfectly understand. This must be left to the learned English, the descendants of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who have MSS. in plenty of the Teutonic language in their

public libraries, and the observations of learned men upon them, which I never saw. This is an advantage the English antiquaries have: they are many in number, and they have materials in great plenty, as far back as the time of Bede, who I reckon as their first author of whom we can be certain. My meeting with this MS., of which I shall give some account by and bye, confirms me in the opinion I have been long of, that the people of Germany, and all the North about the Baltic, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, spoke the same language (the Teutonic), except a colony of Cimbrians, that once inhabited the Cimbric Chersonnesus, who in process of time mixed with our unconquered North Albanian Britons, and incorporated themselves together under the name of Brython, (called) by Latin writers, Picti, by the English called Pights, and by the Welsh, Pichtiaid, but by their own people, Brython, derived from the Celtic Brith, particularised as their own poet Myrddin ap Morfryn, the Caledonian testifies—

'Brython dros Saesson Brithwyr ai medd'.

Hoianan Myrddin.

Our Tyssilio also gives us a hint of this incorporation, and the reason of it, as doth the *Triades*, so that the Pictish tongue, the language of these Cimbrian sea-rovers was Celtic, and nearly related to the British, tho' Bede, who was a stranger to both, thought otherwise; but the rest of the nations about the Baltic were certainly Teutons, and were, as we find in old MSS., called by the Britons Llychlynwyr, *i.e.*, Llychlyn men, and so to this day we, in Wales, call the inhabitants of Norway and Sweden; and the Irish call them Lochlonnach; but the ancient Irish made a distinction between some of the sea-rovers which came from those parts. The Danes they called Dubhlochlonnach, *i.e.*, Black Lochlyn men, and some other nation, the Finlanders perhaps, Fionlochlonnach, *i.e.*, White Lochlyn men. The word Lochlon-

nach among the Irish signifies also a mariner in general; but their antiquaries don't know the derivation of it to be from those Lochlyn men's being formerly masters of the sea; and this also gives a reason why our old English writers calls the Danes the Black Nation, and the Black Army. Llychlyn is an ancient British word, compounded of Lewch and Llyn. Lum in Irish is standing water; in Welsh, a lake or pool is called Llynn, so that the meaning of Llychlyn among the Gwyddelian Britons (now Irish), the aborigines of Britain, was a sea-lake; and among the Britons who succeeded them here, the Lake of Lakes, which comes much to the same purpose, a proper name enough for the Baltic. You know that in the beginning of the 11th century, Canutus, king of Denmark, who was called in his own language Cnut, after many years infesting the coast, and making use of the usual arts of princes, conquered England, and became king of England, Denmark, and Norway, and after many violent proceedings to fix himself on the throne, thought it the safest way to please the people, to encourage the country's religion. About the year 1030 he went to Rome, bribed the Pope with vast presents, and came to England to do the same by his sons, the bishops and abbots, by heaping gifts of lands upon them out of other men's estates, to wash away his former sins. I think there can be little doubt that he advanced his own friends to the profitable places in the Church, or that he propagated and encouraged the use of his own language, the Danish, in England. If there was a considerable difference between that dialect of the Teutonic and the Saxon, and one would think that the grants he made to the churches were wrote in the Danish language, these things are natural enough to an aspiring prince, who settled himself by bloodshed and force. Some learned men think that Danes and Normans, or Northmen, signified originally the same people, and it is said that Rollo, the Dane or Norman, first gave name to the

country called Normandy, in France, about the year A.D. 900. But the Pictish Poet Myrddin mentions Northmyn, *i.e.*, Normans, about the Baltic, about 300 years before this, and calls their country Normandi.

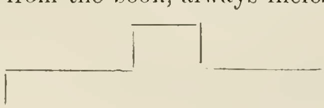
'Pan ddyffo Northmyn ar lydan lynn'.
Hoianan Myrddin.

i.e., when Normans or Northmen came from the broad lake, &c. By all which, it seems that the nations who from time to time infested Britain from the North above the Baltic, whether Danes, Norwegians, Frisians, Angles, Jutes, or Saxons, were all Teutons or Northmyn, and spoke the same language, tho' differing in dialects, which, as I take it, was not very different from our present English in its pronunciation. These things premised, I come to give an account of the MS. I mentioned. A friend of mine is in possession of a Latin MS. of the Four Gospels, on vellum, wrote in a most beautiful hand in the ancient British letter, now commonly called the Saxon letter. The MS. seems to me to be as old as St. Hierome's time, with whose version, as in print, I find it to agree in most places. There is a note in it, in capital letters, in Latin, which looks but modern in comparison to the book, signifying that it was expounded by Mæielbrith Macdurnam, and the book was given by Æthelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, to the Church of Canterbury; and in the margin, in (I think) a still more modern hand in figures, + 925, which probably was inserted about the 15th century, when figures were in use. I take the book to have belonged originally to the Britons, not only on account of the character (the same letters being to be seen on our ancient tomb stones in Wales, erected before the Saxons had the use of letters), but also because Mæielbrith Macdurn was also a Briton, as plainly appears by his name; and you may see in some copies of Gildas's *Nennius* that the Cambro-British kings used, on the first coming of the Saxons, the appellation

of Mac, instead of Ap and Map, tho' now entirely disused in Wales, and kept only in North Britain and Ireland (see *Nennius*, chap. 53, Gale's edition), tho' of late sunk into the surname there, as Macpherson, Macdonald, &c., so Ap and Map is also generally lost of late in Wales in the surnames among the gentry of Pryse ap Rhys, Powel for ap Howel, &c. For the better apprehending this affair, I shall insert here the said note faithfully copied with my own hand out of the said MS., every letter in its form :—

MÆIELBRIDVS· MACDVRNANI·
ISTV·TXTV· PER TRIqVADRV.
DO. DIGNE. DOGMATIZAT·
925 ASTAETHEL STANVS· ANGLOSÆXAA.
\+ REX· ET RECTOR· DORVERNENI·
METROPOLI· DAT· PÆVV :·

This note seems to be in the Saxon character used in the time of Athelstane; and that the Saxons had not taken as yet the old British letter (now called Saxon), tho' they had all or most of the Loegrian British libraries in their possession, which they found in the great schools and colleges on their conquest, or as many of them as they in their first blind fury did not destroy. I also think that Mæielbrith Macdurnam was not the writer of this note, but that it was some Saxon after the book was given by Athelstane to the Church of Canterbury, and who knew that it had been in the hands of Mæielbrith, and that he had wrote some explanations in the margin of the text. Now, that this may be better understood, the manuscript hath neither chapter nor verses, but there are references from one Gospel to another in the margin in red letters, done, I think with a pencil, in a good hand, but a little different from the book, always inclosed thus :—



which I take to be explanations or dogmas of Mæielbrith mentioned in this note. The meaning of which note I suppose is this, Mæielbrith, the son of Durnan, doth worthily expound this text by references, &c., but Athelstane, king and ruler of the Anglo-Saxons, makes a present of the book to the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury for ever. Here I call to my aid Dr. Philipps, Mr. Pegge, and yourself: for I fairly confess I don't know what to make of the words per triquadrum Dominum. So much for the note about Mæielbrith and Athelstane. Now to other matters in the said MS. In this letter I have given it as my opinion that the character in which Mæielbrith's note is wrote was the Saxon letter used by the monks of Canterbury in the time of Athelstane, about A.D. 900, and I suppose since the time of Augustine, under Pope Gregory; but I find that the old British letter (the character in which the MS. of the four Gospels was wrote) was, about a hundred years after this, taken in, not only by the Saxons, but by the Danes also, for there are some grants and instruments wrote about the year 1035, after King Canute had returned from Rome, on the void leaves in this MS. in this very character, called since, Saxon; and whether the language of this grant is Saxon or Danish, if there was any difference between them, I am yet to learn, and hope to be informed by your learned correspondents. I think I find some words in Cnut's grant which I don't remember to have met with in Saxon books; but I have not sufficient knowledge in the Teutonic language and its branches as to pretend to be any judge in the matter. Here followeth a copy of one of those grants which Cnut made to Christ Church in Canterbury, and which I presume was entered in this MS. of the Gospels, to give it the greater solemnity:—

> Cnut cyncȝ ȝpeꞇ ealle mine b7 mine eoplaf 7
> mine ȝepeꝼan on ælcepe fcıꞅepe æþelnoð aꞅceb
> ꝛle hiped æꞇ cpifcef, &c.

i.e.

Cnut cyneg gret ealle mine B and mine eorlas and mine gereffan on æl cere scire the Æthelnoth arcet and se hired æet cristes eyrceanland habbath Freondliec, and ie cythe eow that ic geunan hī that he beo his saca and socna wyrthe and gruth brycas and hamscone and forstealas and Infanges theoffes and flymena fyrmthe offer his agene men Binnam Bysig and Butan and offer Crystes Cyrcean and offer swa Stala thegna swa hic him to leetun hæbbe, and ic nelle that ænig mann aht thæron teo buton he and his wicneras for than ic hæbbe Criste halge rihta forgifen minre Sawle to ecare alysendness ac ic nella that æftve ænig man this abrecca be minum freondscipe.

"If your correspondents will favour me with an English translation, word for word, of the above grant, 'I Cnut, king, greet all my bishops, and my earls, and my rives,' &c., and also their opinion about Mæielbrith's note, and the other doubts of mine in this letter, I shall give them a further account of the MS., and of the other instruments in it.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, August 1st, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 28th ulto., and happened to read that part of it to my wife that related to the Wells; it made such an impression on her that she has not given me a minute's rest till I promised to go there next. Perhaps (says she) Dr. Richards, as he was so good as to prescribe gratis, may be so good as to meet you at Llan Drindod and see that you drink the waters, and that you do not drink too much strong artificial liquors. Well, but without joking, I am resolved to go there, and, please God, I intend to set out either Tuesday or Wednesday after dinner, and to be at D.

Jones's, of Cwmystwyth, that night. Who do you think, of all the men in the world, offered his services to come with me and keep me company there? No less a man than Justice Griffiths, who dined here yesterday. Now it happened in those days that a great fair is kept on the hills of Rhos, and most colleges and schools in those parts keep a sort of a carnival during the week this fair falls upon. My wife, who is my director in these deep things, says it is a fact, and that Mr. Edward Richard generally keeps a holy week on those occasions, and slips to Flynnon Cwm y Gof, or some such silent retreat, out of the noise of the crowd. If so, or if not so, cannot you come to Cwmystwyth a Tuesday or Wednesday night? If you cannot, will you come to Cwm y Gof a Wednesday or Thursday? Let me know if you can possibly. Griffiths cannot fix till Sunday whether Tuesday or Wednesday we shall set out. Let me know by the bearer if you will favour us with your company, how and where, and I will let you know by some one who goes to Rhos fair a Monday what day we shall be at Cwmystwyth. So much for the Wells. The Herbert inscription required a conjuror to understand it as the bungler had wrote it, and you are more like to be in the right than I am, for I am no conjuror at all. Cyfiawn is certainly better sense than Cyflawn; but if a man has a mind to write Cyflawn I cannot help it. Why do you say it is in indifferent Latin? Why did you not put some of your best stuff in it? You have enough of it. Digrif fydd gweled Pegge yn constrio Homer. What becomes of the 8th case? Surely it is a mistake of the printer's. There are too many cases already. However, bad as I am in health, you will see by a letter that comes along with this that I have not been idle, a bod gennyf ewyllys i daflu pel ar do er nad allaf daro neppell. You see I interlard my letters with Welsh, while men of learning adorn theirs with Greek and Latin quotations. But this is the highest pitch of my learning, except

I throw in a dish of geometry and algebra, which perhaps would be fitter for me than to meddle with any language. The art of writing and speaking any language seems to me a bottomless pit. I see no end of it. Custom has so high a hand over it that it is extream uncertain; and the whims of mankind in setting such arbitrary marks on our ideas hath made a sad jumble of things, and I think the confusion of Babel is acted over and over every day. To entice you to come to Fynnon y Cwm I shall bring some entertaining pieces of antiquity with me, &c., &c.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"Lewis Morris."

"Penbryn, Aug. 23rd, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Fair y Rhos draws near, at which time I must send you a letter in course, as either my wife or servants call with you to enquire how the children do; and as it is a rainy day, and the mangement of corn is not practicable, I have set down to my pen and ink to begin a letter, let it end where it will. News from the Wells is what you expect first. I have too many things to say, and therefore do not know where to begin or to end, but must leave them all for your entertainment when you come here, as you have promised. The upshot of all is, that I am cent. per cent. better in health after drinking the waters, which I can never enough commend, and must leave the sea-water to those that have drank less of it (and used it in other respects less) than I have. I brought with me a good microscope and proper apparatus to examine the salts of the different springs there before I ventured on either of them, and shewed the experiments to several gentlemen and ladies to their very great surprise. This determined my choice of the waters; and nature points each of them to their proper purposes from the

very figure and make of their salts, which are better guides than all the experience of an undirected multitude. It is a pity there was not a treatise wrote on the waters by an experienced natural philosopher: it would save thousands of lives. Delinden's book is a mere puff. I read it with great attention, but it made me never the wiser, nor will it make any body else, for he observes neither method, nor order, nor truth. If there was a practical treatise of the method of cure for the various diseases of mankind by these waters, it is my opinion these living waters would be the greatest panacea ever yet discovered by physicians. And what is all physic but a collection of experiments? I wish any man of ability would make a collection of the cures performed by these waters, which were performed without even the direction of common sense; it would surprise the whole world. As for my part, the inquiries that I have made in those few days that I was there astonish me; and the nostrums of balsams and pills seem to me to be mere squibs and meteors in comparison to these wonderful springs. The extraordinary cures performed on the poor who went there out of necessity and drank the waters in earnest, having been told by their neighbours, &c., that it cured them in the like cases; but the misfortune is, an opinionated fellow may drink of a water directly contrary to his distemper, and so destroy himself by not following the beaten road of his neighbours, or the well advised judgment of a skilful person. There is no house so convenient for a patient to have the benefit of the waters as Thomas Jenkins's, which you recommended to me. But alas, it was a shocking sight to me the evening I arrived there, and I was afraid I should not have been able to live there till morning: it looked as if Tischer's corps had been there raising contributions, and had taken all the household stuff away, except an old man and his old wife, a sickly daughter, a few old chairs without bottoms, three broken tables, and

had not left either glass on the windows or a pair of bellows. My companion and I consulted for our own safety, and by next morning we resolved to look on ourselves as patients in an hospital, or prisoners at one of the French spas, and that it was best under these circumstances to bear with the custom of the place. My servant, being a carpenter, was sent to mend the tables and chairs, and a glazier was sent for, and between the glazier and carpenter the windows were made. We wanted an upholster, but there was none within reach, and very few feathers in the country. But the vicinity of the Wells made amends for all: for we had the water as it came from the Creator's alembic, and we drank it at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper, and even in bed; and now I would choose it for its taste before the best spring-drinking water I ever saw. I drank of the waters but six days. The third, I put on my shoes and stockings, which I had not been able to do for six months past. The 6th day, I mounted my horse without a horse block, and almost on a flat, which I had not been able to do for many years. Urgent business called me home the 7th day; and I compute, if I had staid some weeks longer, I should have been 10 years younger for every week. Have you seen a copy of English verses wrote upon those waters some years ago? They please me much; but I could not find who the author was. There was a few copies of them printed and handed about; but as there was a little rub on the curate of Llandrindod, they were quashed. If you have not seen them I will send you a copy of them, that you may give me your opinion, whether there is not a strong poetical spirit through the whole. I met with nothing strange in that country, except a few Welsh names of fish, and a few uncommon plants. One piece of antiquity which I expected to have met with there is entirely lost with the common people, I suppose, which is a country, or tract of land there, once called Gwarthynion. I have enquired among

others of a man 102 years old, and he had never heard of such a territory; and yet in an ancient catalogue of the churches in Radnorshire I find Llanvihangel vach yn Gwarthynion; and in *Nennius* we find a country hereabouts (I think) given to St. Garmon by way of attonement for the sins of Gwrtheyrn, called Gwarthrynion, which the ignorant scholiast upon *Nennius* derives from gwarth union; but any body with half an eye may see that the land was called Gwrtheyrniawn, as from Ceredig comes Ceredigiawn (Cardiganshire); from Mervyn comes Mervynion, etc. I had not time to go to Llan Avan Vawr to see the famous inscription on the tombstone of Avan Beullt, who was cousin german to Dewi (St. David), the first Archbishop of Menevia, and himself a bishop. If an English antiquary could show such a piece of antiquity in the character or letter that was used in those days, what a noise would be made about it!!! But we have several such in Wales. Don't you think I am very idle, or at least verbose, when I can dwell so long on trifles? Farewell, and make haste to perform your promise of staying with me a couple of days.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"Lewis Morris."

"P.S.—I believe my wife will pay you for the children."

"Penbryn, Sept. 8th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Last night I received yours of the 2nd, which had like to have gone astray like that to Dr. Philipps. You cannot imagine how sorry I am for that letter's miscarriage, for I fed myself with a fancy of receiving soon some very extraordinary answers to my doubts and queries, which now perhaps never may come, for I shall not have the patience to make up such another letter, though I have the heads and chief materials of it in my *Celtic Remains* and other places.

I hope Mr. D. Richards will be able to find the person he gave it to before he goes to the d—l, or else I do not know what will become of him, or of the poor Teutonic grant either. Wele hai. Dyn a feddwl, Duw a ran. Diolch yn fawr i chwi am son am y Fynnon ddrewllyd yn sir Frycheiniog, ond ni wn i etto pa le y mae. Mi glywais fod Fynnon o'r fath honno yn agos i Fuallt, ai honno ydyw eich Fynnnon chwi? Ac onide pa un ydyw? Though the sulpherous water you describe may be a great deal stronger than my favourite black water in the Wern at Llandrindod, mine though less clogged with sulpher, may be as good an alterative, and as effectual in chronical cases as the other, or more so; therefore, till I try the other, mine is best. *Il* must not be thrown out of the Dictionary, though hundreds of others fairly deserve it. It is a local word used in some parts of North Wales. There is a verb *ilio* which is in English to work ale, and a vessel they use to that purpose is called Llestr ilio; yfed y cwrw o'r il, is drinking ale out of the working tub. You ask does Llwch deserve a place in the Dictionary better than Gwy? Gwy is properly the name, or (as grammarians speak) the proper name of a river, called in English, Wye. Nobody before Mr. Edwd. Llwyd dreamed of Gwy being originally the word for water; and Dr. Davies very seldom takes notice of the names of rivers and mountains. Mr. T. Richards, therefore, should have put it in his Dictionary on the credit of Mr. E. Llwyd. Dr. Philipps has too good an opinion of me, and so has Mr. Pegge. Such encomiums are enough to make a vain fellow stark mad with pride. You know very well that they shoot vastly wide of the mark. I know who were learned men; I am sure I am not. Such a glorious epithet fits only a Scaliger, a Selden, a Halley, a Newton, &c. Such a sacred character is infinitely beyond my reach. "Na wrthod dy barch pan y cynnygier," is an excellent British proverb; but God forbid that I should pretend to sit easy under such a great character

when I do not deserve it. I admire, and almost adore those great lights and spirits of a superior order, who were really learned men, and, for aught I know, inspired; but alas, they are so high above the common level, that I have but a faint glimpse of their perfections. So much for comets with uncommon orbits.

"Your Octavus Casus is an odd affair. I do not know what to think of such cases of nouns as the 7th and 8th, when the genius of the Latin tongue requires but six different endings (or cases), according to five different forms (or declensions), to express a word in its various relations. The genius of the Celtic and Teutonic requires no such cases, having no variety in the ending of their nouns; and why should the Latin be loaded with more than is absolutely necessary? I only write at random as the light of nature seems to direct me. If this is not common sense let me know. Now I speak of the Latin tongue, I wish you would inform me if ever you have met with any Latin author, wrote before the invention of cases of nouns and conjugations of verbs. These niceities were not known at Rome till above 500 years after the building of the city, when Crates Malotes, of Pergamus, set up a grammar school there. Mr. Edward Llwyd, in his letter to the bishop of Hereford (*Archæologia Brit.*, p. 268), mentions it as a known thing, that at a certain time the Latin verbs had no terminations of *ant*, *ent*, and *unt*, &c. Pray, explain this affair, and let me have your opinion of it: for nobody can do it better, since that language is mixed with your very blood and animal spirits. I am sorry a mason, one single mason, a mere illiterate mason, should be the cause of your not seeing me at Penbryn. What cannot a lord or an esquire do, when a mason, with his mortared fingers, can do so much? I have had some friends who would have knocked down some half a dozen masons if they stood in their way to prevent their seeing me. I am almost asleep, and my words come out by

pieces, called syllables—yea, monosyllables; so good night. Farewell. "Yours whilst

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, Sept. 11th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Wawch fawr! dyma hen wraigyn yn dywedyd imi glowed o honi hi, Mr. Edwd. Richard ei hunan, â'i enau ei hunan yn dywedyd fod Llythyr y Dr. Philipps gwedi ei gael, a darfod ei yrru iddo o Nant Eos er mawr lawenydd i bawb a sydd wedi camgymmeryd y ffordd i'w yrru, oblegid yr oeddynt yn ofni yn eu calonnau fod dinystr yn dyfod am eu pennau am ei ollwng ar gyfrgoll. Yr oedd y wraig hon yn dywedyd fod matterion pwysfawr yn y llythyr hwnnw, na bo'nd ei grybwyl! a bod, &c., &c., &c. You have forgot Caniad y Bontfendigaid: and to answer my query, whether you have seen the poem on Llandrindod waters. She further tells me, Mi waranti i mai Ffynnon Llanwrtyd y soniodd Mr. Edwd. Richard am dani; chwi a ellwch ei chlywed hi yn drewi o Aber Gwesyn. Pray, solve these difficulties, and whether Ffynnon Graig Fawr, in the road from Rhos Fair to Rhaiadr, a little before you come to Llyn Teifi, be not equal to either of them. "Yours as before".

"Sept. 13th.—The messenger just going off; all the coast clear; no enemies appearing. My wife talks of sending for the boys home for two days, for she says the neighbours' children are allowed breath now and then. But this request is not yet complied with."

"Penbryn, Sept. 15th, 1760, Monday.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours of Monday morning, I suppose this day sen'night, though it came here but last night. Pryse, I believe, carried it in his pocket wherever he went. I am glad the Teutonic letter is found. I wish you had let me

know how the doctor liked the taste of it; I am afraid not so well as he expected, by the description given by you of it when lost. That raised his expectations far above the value of the thing when found. Phoe, phoe, says he, is this all, that we kept such ado about? Well, did not he say so, tell me seriously? I wish you would increase your family another way, that the world might have some of the breed preserved. I know your answer, 'Gwell gennyf i fy mam na menyw arall yn y byd, ac mae pobl eraill yn eppilio digon a gormod, pa beth y mae hwn yn ei geisio gennyf? Ceisio dro arall fy hudo i wreicca, ag i dorri ar fy holl lonyddwch meddwl; ni bu gennyf erioed flas yn y peth, ac mi eis yn hên.' Let it be so, if you cannot taste what is good for you. I cannot help it. God mend your taste; he actually expected you to propagate your kind, and he has now ordered you to do it; he has provided you with all materials for that purpose. If you were to examine the Scripture close, I think we could find there, that you are ordered to live at Aberystwith rather than on the mountain. However, in spite of all I can say, or even the Scripture can say, I see you will go on your own way, and that with such strictness, that you cannot even bear the sight of the fruitful and pleasant valley of Melinddwr, which floweth with, &c. I suppose Ieuan Fardd has got his nose in some vellum MS., and cannot possibly take it out, till he has snuffed it all up. I wish, for the sake of the Cambro-British people, that he was well provided for. It is a shame for the whole body of us to suffer such a genius to trifle away his time by slaving so hard for a little drink: he gets nothing else by his labour.

"Sept. 16.—My wife tells me that she has ordered the boys home with Evan William's son unknown to me, and that she expects them home by dinner time to-day. Dyna'r fath beth yw mam.

"A correspondent of mine, whose parish hath been blessed

lately with a clergyman very much Anglified, sends me the following query. What does Mr. L—d mean when he reads in the Litany, oddiwrth falchder a gwag ogoniant a phîg sancteiddrwydd? Pa fath big ydyw honno. Pray let me have a proper answer to this in your next, says my correspondent. What is to come next concerning spells or charms, called in Welsh *Swynion.* I wish you would procure me the words of one of these *Swynions.* Several old women and some old men have them, and cure distempers through their means. Remains of Druidism.

"Sept. 17th, at night.—Wele hai! dyma'r plantos newydd ddyfod adref yn llawen iawn, a dyma finnau gwedi bod yn chwilio rhinwedd dwfr y Graig Fawr. A chalybeate purgative spring, and good for certain diseases if drank with judgment. I have also your letter, which I begin to answer thus. If I live next summer I intend to visit Fynnon Llanwrtyd. You do not explain to me what Mr. Edward Llwyd means in the place I mentioned in his *Archæol. Brit.* about the plural termination of verbs. I am inclined to think it is literally true by what Fabius (*Inst. Crat.*) says, that the Salian Priests in the Augustan age scarcely understood their own hymns, which were instituted by Numa. Let it be as it will, such a great master of languages must mean something. Though I know little or nothing of these things, yet busy minds must be meddling. What shall I fill this paper with? My case is not parallel to Dean Swift's. It was his pride that made him send to Sheridan for his boy's exercises, for he looked upon books to be as far below his notice as these children's works; but it is not so with me. I am an humble admirer of all works of genius in what class soever they are, and look upon all to be above me, and if your editor, Mr. Oliver, hath done you justice, I intend to feast on Caniad Pontfendigaid, and, as the man said of his mistress—

'Digon o fwyd gennyf i
Goetian fy ngolwg atti.'

These are my classics; fal y bô r dyn y bydd ei lwdn.

"I have lately got six Englyns wrote by Morgan Herbert, on advice to his son. I see in them a lively description of a sensible good man that understood the world, agreeable to his epitaph, and not a mean poet. If you promise to put them into English heroic verse, I will send them you; perhaps you had rather turn them into Latin. I'll send you also the poem on Llandrindod when I have more leisure than I have now. When you have read thus far you begin to scratch your head and rub your elbows, and talk thus to yourself, 'Doth this vain man think that I have nothing to do but to sit down and read his dreams and reveries; have not I forty boys to look after, and have not I architects to direct, and have not I Camden to read, and have not I Homer to consult about the sound of the waves? Must not I have time to eat and drink as well as other people who have no conscience, I think?' Hold, hold, you need read no more here. I have just done, and am going to supper. Happy for you, or else I would have begun another half-sheet. Farewell.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, Sept. 20th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours by your servant, for which I am much obliged to you, and I don't doubt your being concerned for our misfortunes here, which I reckon as none, for they are the natural consequences of living in this world, and the lessons of the school of adversity. I cannot say we are out of danger yet, for open wounds and fractures are never out of danger, but we are in what the bulk of the people call a fair way of recovery. A fever which belongs to fractures may seize the boy, which he hath escaped hitherto, and the ulcer

on my leg may turn phagedænic or worse, through an ill habit of body, or an irregular way of living, and may go beyond the skill of a Cardiganshire surgeon. The consequence is removing to a world where there is no occasion for surgeons, a lle na chloddia lladron trwodd. Thirty days is the time allowed for the cure of the radius or ulna, and I shall not go beyond the common boundary, and then the boys shall come and confound Latin till they are tired. I am afraid they make no hand at all of it, and that they are intended for the plough, they are so extreme dull. My pain is now very great while I write this, and I would advise satyrical writers to have always a sharp wound on their leg, which would certainly make them *shine.* May it not be a question worth resolving, whether all ill-natured critics have not ulcers in some part or other that irritate their spirits? Thomas Williams's performance, which I sent you, was stewed up in London; but what I send you inclosed here comes from Mona, the ancient seat of the Muses, and was carried there by one of the country, a disciple of Daniel Rowlands, so that you are to look upon it as the excrements of a *Tal y Bont* man, which he voided in a fit of looseness at Bod Edeyrn, in Anglesey, where he is now a schoolmaster, to the dishonour of all Wales be it spoken. You see these vermin creep into all corners, through the least crevices; and even the seat of the Muses, the Temples of the Gods, and the Cabinets of Princes, are not exempt from them. Is our age more fertile in ignorance than the last, or is it because a Ieuan Fardd and a Gronwy have appeared in the world that these flies infest us and lay their eggs in every matrix they can meet with? They are not unlike indeed the aurelias of butterflies which eat our cabbages. He that hath no cabbage need not fear them; and if neither Gronwy nor Ieuan had appeared, we should have none of these apparitions. By this time you stare about you for the explication of the names of rivers and

mountains, which I partly promised you, for as I can write so much low nonsense by wholesale, why not a little by retail of the other kind of nonsense? Well, now for it. But to premise, take notice that some of the most ancient and common names of mountains and rivers even in Wales, let alone England, are inexplicable in any of the Northern languages, Celtic or Teutonic; and Mr. Edward Llwyd's making them Gwyddelian British, for the language of the first planters, will not do, for they are not found in the present Gwyddelian or Irish, if ever they were there. Therefore I conclude such names to be the language of the first planters indeed, but what kind of language that was I dare not determine, or we may guess it to be the language of Gomer, as he picked it up at that great jumble at Babel, without rules, order, or reason. This jargon was probably taken up by his descendants, the Celtic nation, and might be pretty well molded and trimmed before they came to Britain, when they gave their first names to most mountains and rivers here from their nature and situations; but as yet this language had not undergone the discipline and chains of grammar, therefore is not exactly what we now have. What a wild piece of work then is it to attempt to etymologise or rather to anatomise those ancient names, and to bring them to the modern Celtic or any of its branches, viz., the Welsh, Irish, Erse, Armoric, or Cornish. Many an alteration by conquest, by mixt colonies, and by several accidents, hath the Celtic tongue suffered from that day to this, and I know no man living that can tell me the meaning of a mountain in Wales called *yr Eifl*, another called *Pumlumon*, and many such. How then is it possible to explain the names of mountains and rivers in England, France, and Italy, &c., though purely Celtic, when disfigured by time, by bungling transcribers, by foreign conquerors of the Teutonic race, and by the great tyrant, Custom? The utmost we can do then is to compare such with the ancient and

in-bred names of places in Wales, which have remained so time immemorial, and several of which we can trace in the works of our poets so far backward as near a quarter of the number of years towards the creation of the world. These are great things, and which no nation besides can pretend to do with that certainty as we can, from the very nature and structure of our language and poetry. Some of the names of mountains and rivers in countries which were once inhabited by the Celtic may have been in some measure changed by the conquerors, sometimes new names imposed, and sometimes translated into their language; others may remain corrupted, and some few uncorrupted, but who can distinguish them? If the River Sheaf is a straight and swift river, I should be apt to think its original name was *Saeth*, an arrow, as *Saethon*, in Wales. An hasty antiquary would immediately pronounce the River Dove to be called so from the British *Dof*, tame; but if the Dove is not a tame river, the derivation is ridiculous, and you must look for the origin of it in the rivers *Dyfi* and *Towi*, in Wales. All these things considered, you may take my etymology of the names you sent in what light you will, they are mostly no better than mere guess work, because I am a stranger to the situation of the places, &c., but none of them are mere whims and trifles such as Mr. Baxter and others have run into. Etymology requires a great deal of modesty, and not to run headlong as Camden and others have done, when they had but very little knowledge in the language they treated of.

"A native of Wales must look on the great Camden with an eye of indignation when he finds him asserting that the Gaulish Bagaudæ, certain bands of men who strove in Gaul against the Roman power in Dioclesian's time, were so called from *Beichiad*, which, he says, signifies, in the Welsh, swineherd. But every Welshman knows that *Beichiad* never signified swineherd in our language. The word is *Meichiad*,

from *Moch*, so Llywarch Hen, about 1200 years ago, said, *Bid lawen meichiad wrth uchenaid gwynt*, because of the fall of acorns in that case. What then must become of Mr. Camden's swineherds ? Might not ploughmen and tradesmen form an army as well as swineherds ? But Mr. Camden should have told us that Bagaudæ and Bagoda had been also wrote by some authors Bagadæ; and we know that *Bagad*, in the British tongue, is a multitude; and in Armoric-British, to this very day, *Bagad* signifies a troop or batallion : and to put the matter out of dispute, in the Irish or old Gwyddelian British, *Bach* is a battle, and Bagach, warlike. I shall only mention one thing out of Baxter's *Glossary*, who, not content with murdering and dismembering old British words, murders and annihilates our very saints—men noted in the primitive Church of Britain for planting our religion. In the word Corguba, because it sounds like *Caer Gybi*, he makes Caergybi to be read Caer Corb, which he says is an old Irish word for a cohort, and denies the very being of a saint of the name of Cybi. But neither his Corb nor his Cuba are to be heard of anywhere else. Kebius, called by the Welsh, Cybi, was the son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall. All our ancient MSS. agree in that. He was not only founder of this Church, but of several others in Wales : Llan Gybi in Lleyn, and Llan Gybi in Cardiganshire, Llan Gybi in Monmouthshire, which all exist. Are all these to change their names to please the whim of Mr. Baxter ? And Caer Cybi was a Church so called because within a Castrum still existing. Cybi lived at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire in Britain, and was contemporary, and in great friendship, with St. Seirioel. What sets the matter above all dispute is, that there are two ancient inscriptions upon stones in the wall of the Church of Caer Cybi (Holyhead) where Kebius is acknowledged the patron saint. There was no such scarcity of saints in Wales in those days to put them to the shift of

inventing fictitious names for their Churches. Fynnon Gybi, Eisteddfa Gybi in Anglesey, and the ancient tradition and proverb to this day in that island, *Seirioel Wyn a Chybi felyn*, are also evidences of the strongest kind, so that we are as sure there was once such a man as Kybi as that Dewi, Teilo, Padarn, Curig, Padrig, &c., were once founders or patrons of those churches which bear their names. When men of as great learning as Camden and Baxter can advance such incoherent stuff, is it a wonder that every smatterer in history thinks himself equal to them, and even that witticism and puns take place of solid knowledge, and that etymology hath so little credit? As for my part, I am very cautious how I meddle with those things, and can say nothing positive, and abominate a fanciful derivation of an ancient name. If we can give a probable and grave account of a name, and back it by ancient authority or reason, it is all that can be expected, and we should stop there. Take the following account then of the names you sent me, and be assured that few men besides yourself could have extorted so much out of me at this time. I could wish you, who have such a superior capacity, would turn your head to these studies, and take the labouring oar out of the hand of such weaklings as have no strength to manage it. *Derwent*, the English name of some rivers in England. On one of this name, which runs through Surrey and falls into the Thames, was fought the first of Gwrthefyr's battles with Hengist and Horsa, the Saxons, (mentioned by our British writers) in the 5th century. In that corrupt edition of Nennius, by Dr. Gale, this river is called Dererent and Deregwent. In our ancient vellum manuscript of Galfrid's Latin translation of Tyssilio which I have, it is "super fluvium Derwende." In the Paris editions of Galfrid, 1508 and 1517, it is "super fluvium Deriment." In the Heydelberg edition of Galfrid it is Derwent. There is a river Derwent that runs thro' Derbyshire, another thro' Yorkshire,

on which Antoninus's Derventio, a Roman station, stands, seven miles from York. In my ancient British copy of Tyssilio's History of Britain, that battle is said to have been *ar Avon Dervennydd*, which, in the old orthography, was wrote, *Deruenyt*, and hence came Derwent. I know what Mr. Baxter says of Derventio; that it comes from the Welsh Derwent and Dirwyn—all of a piece with Corguba, aforementioned; inventions and boilings over of a fertile brain. The Welsh tongue never had the word Derwent, therefore his whole building is without foundation. I have traced it to its original British name, but will not attempt the etymology of it. If it is from Derw Oak, why was not every river that ran through a forest called Dervennydd? Rother; if the bed of this river is reddish, it might originally be called Rhudder or Rhuddwr, *i. e.*, Redwater. Iber or Hyber; there are rivers in Wales which have *pêr*, sweet, in their names, as Peryddon, Pergwm, &c., and this might have been Hyber, easily, sweet Amber, *q. d.*, Amaeth ber, sweet nurse. So we have Amaeth aradr, literally, plough nurse. Erwash, C. B. Erwys, the river of heroes. Trent, wrote in our most ancient MSS. of Llywarch Hen, Tren; but from whence derived I know not. Dove; if a river from a level ground, it had its name from the British *Dof*, tame; but if a swift river, it is of the same origin with the Dyfi in Wales and Tywi. Wye; the old British name of this river was Gwy, and is still, which seems to have been the word for water in general among the first planters, as appears from the names of water fowl, having it in their compositions—Gwydda, goose; hwyada, duck; gwglan, a gull; gwyach, a snipe; gwyrain, barnacles; gwylog, a guillimot. A great many rivers in Wales have Gwy, or Wye, in the composition of their names, as Dyfrdwy, Dyfrdonwy, Trydonwy, Llugwy, Mawddwy, Elwy, Dwyfawr, Dwyfach, Edwy, Efurnwy, Mynwy, Onwy, in Llywarch Hen, &c. Larkel; we have rivers in Wales of the names of Parchell and Marchell, *i.e.*, pig-water and horse-water, but whether

this is any of these originals, or from *Llawreul*, a narrow bottom, I don't pretend to determine. Dolee had its name probably from Dolau, or Dolennau, windings. Sheaf might originally have been Saeth, an arrow.

"Of Hills.—Bunster might originally have its name from bann, high, or bryn, a hill. But as I know not where it stands, I can say nothing of it. Chevin is probably the British Cefn, a back or ridge, as Cefn Nithgroen, Cefn y Garlleg, and such high lands in waters. Cloud is probably the British Llwyd, as the English Clan for Llan. We have in Wales Llwydiarth y Bryn-Llwyd, Cefn Llwyd, Escair Llwyd, &c. Gun, I take to be corrupted from the British Gwyn, as Barwyn, y Cefn gwyn, Gwynfynydd, y Bryngwyn, &c.; and the Appenine is nothing else but Epenwyn, or in modern orthography, y penwyn, the white topped. Mamtorr, may probably have been of the same origin with Maentwr, or with Mynyddtwr, of which name there is a mountain in Anglesea, *q. d.*, Tower Mountain. Masson, if there were plenty of ash trees there, might be called by the Celtæ Maes Onn, *q. d.*, Ashfield. Morridg might probably be originally called in the British Mawrwydd, great wood, as Bronwydd, &c. Peak; this seems to be the Celtic Pic, now Pig, a bill from a rock, probably of that figure; but we have no names of mountains in Wales to resemble it. Riber may have taken its name from the British Rhiwferr, if it is really a short ascent. Several mountains in Wales have Rhiw in the composition of their names, as Rhiw Felen y Rhiw Goch, Rhiw Nant Bran, &c., and the Greek *ῥιον*, and Latin *rupes*, are of the same origin. Weverhill, of which name there is also a river in England, may have been taken from Gwefr, Amber, or Gwiwair, a Squirrel, *q. d.*, Squirrel Hill; or rather from Gwiber, a flying serpent. It is high time to leave off, both for your ease and mine. "I am, dear sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Lewis Morris."

"Oct. 15th, given at Penbryn, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—The minute I put this pen to paper, my wife tells me, in great ffwdan, that her boys want breeches, stockings, and shirts, and her maid must go this minute to Ystrad Meurig; so if I have a mind to write to Mr. Richards it must be instantly. So I will. The matter of the greatest concern I have to impart to-day, that the first .... son of David John Oliver, called here yesterday as drunk as a slater, who told me he had no letter from you, but he had his message in his head. 'What is that', said I? 'Here it is', said he, and sung out, with a loud voice, an excellent song made on Pontfendigaid; and before I could thank him, he brought me out another, saying, 'Dyma un arall a wnaeth ef i hoelion rhod;' and that being scarce done, 'Dyna un arall i nhad oedd a darn o drwyn ganddo a dreuliwyd gan y Flagen, a dyma un arall i Bob, a dyma un arall i Gutto, a dyma un i Sionir Golau a dyma un i,' &c., &c. The Datgenydd delivered them all with great justice, and gave me great pleasure; and I could not help thinking of the Druidical bards of old, who spoke all in verse, and the man looked wild, as if he had been possessed at Delphos. He promised to get me a copy on paper of some of those I admired most, and that he would bring them me next Sunday in exchange for a belly full of bottled ale. I long to hear from you. I am almost in the hyp, the worst of all diseases. I am extremely obliged to the discoverer of the waters of Llandrindod. I am twenty years younger than I was last winter; but I shall grow old by and by.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"I have got lately a parcel of curious Roman coins".

"Penbryn, Dec. 2nd, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—This comes to call for my Suckers home. The old tree was like to have been blown down by a hurricane, and is now scarce alive—scarce indeed. On the 14th Nov. a fiery pleuritic fever knocked me down flat. God left me my senses; and I bled about half a hundred ounces, . . . until I got it under, and also a spitting of blood attended it. Mr. Pryse was of great help to me; I could trust nobody else to bleed me. But, says you, what is all this to me, fevers, colics, &c.? Now, if you were a goose, as I am, I would compare myself to our feathered geese, who, when they escape a danger, will gabble for an hour together; and it certainly gives them pleasure, and so it does me, tho' writing is extreme painful to my head. Well, to continue my *Clegar:* On the 22nd, at ten at night, being in a violent sweat in the height of my fever, the chimney of my bedroom took fire, which in a few minutes blazed up to the clouds, or several yards high at least, with great noise. It threw lumps of fire on a thatched house adjoining, and down the chimney, even all over the room and under my bed. As it pleased God, my servants were not gone to bed; they followed my directions and immediately my room was all afloat, and the fire extinguished. I was as little able to bear water as fire, but both I was obliged, which gave my fever a complicated turn, and for aught I know for the best. I have got over it, thank God; but my head is as giddy as a drunkard's, and my body weak, and can scarce creep, having lost whole collops of flesh, if it is loss. I had an excellent nurse, whose interest was to save my life; and there is no stronger demonstration in the world than this, that no nurse is equal to a wife. Consider of this seriously. My case may be yours, and you may lose your life foolishly for want of such, or at least bear very great hardships. In the midst of my terrors in fire and water

I could not help thinking of David ap Gwilym's expression:—

> Tân aml a dwr tew'n ymladd,
> Tan o lid, dwr tew 'n ei ladd.

"In such a case you would have thought of Homer; but God defend you from such an accident, and take care of your chimneys. I shall endeavour to guard against such accidents for the future. This fever and fire were two heavy blows; but they were rods which God thought proper to shew with a gentle hand, for my good no doubt. I am glad your mother is on the recovery. An old tree will be long recovering new fibrous roots. I wish you would let me see a catalogue of your books in your library; I may have some duplicates or other which possibly I may throw in. I have also begun a library (no, a closet) for my few books; but the pleurisy stood at the door with a drawn sword and threatened me. Nay, I have laid a plan for a cabinet to put up my natural curiosities of fossils, shells, &c.; but that same pleurisy told me, with a stern countenance, go to bed, and bleed and sweat, and consider of it. Now, I intend to have the other touch at it. My cabinet is to contain five or six thousand articles, which I have ready to put up. I hope I shall see you when that happens. Is not Mr. Pegge long a considering about an answer to my letter? I cannot go to my bureau to return you his and the doctor's letters. Onid oes berw rhyfeddol yn fy mhen i o ddyn claf heb allu na bwytta nag yfed? I can write no more to-night. God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"December 3rd, 1760.—I am much better if the weather would permit me; but as my head is a barometer I cannot expect to be well till the weather is good. Your observation about Mr. Pegge's Argolicum is just. His etymon is not

according to analogy. The doctor has a great opinion of him, and too great, indeed, of me! I really blush at the high encomiums he gives me, though I see what it is owing to, viz., an excessive love of my country. You say that no trout equals that of Llyn Teifi, and I say no oysters equal those of Rhos Colyn (in Anglesey); and so said the people of Rome of those of the Lucrine Lake. Do not fail to send me your catalogue. Make no excuses, and as soon as I can get an amanuensis you shall have a catalogue of my poor collection. I have had a present made me lately of a manuscript on vellum, but my head is not yet solid enough to make a right judgment of it, and it belongs more to a writer of ecclesiastical history than to me. I am afraid there is little in it that suits my taste, though curious in its kind. I am tired once more, so must leave off, and perhaps shall have no further opportunity to write any more before my messenger goes.

"Yours as before."

"Saturday, about 3 in the morning, in bed.

"Yesterday a diarrhœa took me, which made me extream uneasy; but by the help of my own garden rhubarb I hope it is carried off, for I feel the effects of it. This is like a cobler patching an old shoe which may last one winter more, or make a closen, or something. David John Oliver has not been a man of his word; I have not one song to divert me. Last post has brought me a letter from Mr. Pegge, which I suppose opens a correspondence for life. I have sent to London for a book he has published, that I may see him in the book. "Yours very crazy,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

THE FOUNTAIN AT PORTMADOC.

In accordance with the intention we expressed in page 37 of the first volume of *Y Cymmrodor*, we revert to the subject of the development of the fine arts in their practical uses and bearing upon the Principality. We then recorded the "opening" of the Castlereagh Tower at Machynlleth, and expressed our admiration of the beautiful edifice. We have now to record the erection of another, though less pretentious, architectural structure at Portmadoc—a fountain erected not only for adornment, but for the purpose of supplying the town with a flowing rill of pure mountain water. Its style is admirably adapted to the locality in which it stands, and to its intended purpose. The pedestal, six feet in height, is formed of two large blocks of Cornish granite, each weighing upwards of three tons, the front face being polished. The "axed" portion sparkles with felspar and mica. The basin is of highly polished Sicilian marble, and receives its jet of water from a bronzed lion's head. The whole is surmounted by an elaborate ornamental pillar with brackets supporting three octagonal gas lamps.

The fountain was designed by Messrs. W. and T. Wills, and has been erected as a memorial of Mr. William Alexander Maddocks, the founder of Portmadoc, and in commemoration of the coming of age of his grandson, Mr. Francis William Alexander Roche.

The ceremony of "the opening" was more than usually interesting. The water was turned on by Mrs. Breese, of Morfa Lodge, with a quiet grace that won her the applause of the crowd collected around. The fountain being thus proved to be complete, Mr. Breese, with a short but excellent

speech, handed over to the contractor a cheque for the amount of its cost. Mr. Morgan Lloyd, M.P., next spoke, and made some telling remarks on the excellence of water as a beverage, compared with intoxicating drinks. The Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe, followed with some Welsh lines appropriate to the ceremony, and ended with reciting the following verses written for the occasion:—

Daughters of the glen and mountain,
  When to this bright silvery rill,
Bubbling from its rocky fountain,
  Ye your vessels come to fill,
May its limpid gush recalling
  Memories of a nobler tide,
Tell you of the life-blood falling
  From a dying Saviour's side!

Be your life, ye gentle daughters,
  Active as its running stream;
Pure and bright as living waters
  Sparkling in the noon-day beam;
Calm each thought as when the heaven
  Mirrored lies in glassy seas,
Gently thus shall tides of even
  Bear you o'er their waves in peace.

A few speeches in Welsh followed; after which the concourse, which had come to witness the ceremony, quietly separated.

It would be as unjust as it would be ungenerous were we not to notice the effectual help rendered by Mr. Breese, not only towards the erection of this fountain, but towards the carrying out of various improvements in the town and neighbourhood of Portmadoc; and we were glad to find how highly, in consequence, both he and Mrs. Breese were greeted by the inhabitants. In the same words that we spoke of David Howel at Machynlleth, we would speak of Edward Breese at Portmadoc. We would hold him up as an example of what a single individual, when uninfluenced by selfishness, can do for the locality in which he moves and for the people among whom he lives.

THE CAERNARFON EISTEDDFOD OF 1877.

We have little to record of this Eisteddfod. In some points it was a grand success; in others, it hardly reached mediocrity. The crowded attendance on most of the days proved how popular the old institution is with the masses of the people; and it was a matter of deep regret to every patriot there that so splendid an audience should not have been treated with a richer intellectual feast.

There were great drawbacks. The pavilion which had been erected for the Eisteddfod was on too gigantic a scale: its form, too, an oblong, was, in our opinion, but ill suited for the conduct of sound. On most of the days we visited the farther end of the building for the purpose of testing its acoustic character, and from that quarter the business on the platform was little better than dumb show. The patience of the persons seated there had to undergo a severe ordeal. We give the greatest credit to our countrymen for the extreme good humour with which their negation of what should have been most interesting was borne. We doubt that an English audience would have done so with the same equanimity.

The absence of Mynyddog as conductor was a great calamity. Alas! poor Yorick. He lies in his quiet grave hard by the old Chapel of Llanbrynmair, and the wit and jest and humour with which the Eisteddfod rang when he, its ruling spirit, directed its movements, were sadly wanting at Caernarvon. Estyn and Llew Llwyfo did their best; but all their energies seemed but to provoke a comparison with former Eisteddfodau. Some of the trivialities, too, they enunciated from the platform were unworthy of themselves,

to say nothing of the thousands who had come together for, we trust, something higher and better. Eight thousand people gathered and brought together—some from remote parts of the country—demanded a better programme, and a more faithful carrying out of it, than was found at Caernarvon.

Some of the "old familiar faces", too, of the Eisteddfod were away—some who, in the hours of its greatest need, had been its firm and unselfish friends. Brinley Richards was not there. John Thomas, Pencerdd Gwalia, was absent. How was this? Professor Macfarren, unused as he was to Eisteddfodau, deplored their absence, and, in his own quiet gentle manner, rebuked the directing body for not having secured their attendance.

But what struck us more than all was the absence of the county families from the gathering. At Wrexham, in the previous year, there was a no mean sprinkling of the aristocracy. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was there, a host in himself, with Lady Williams Wynn, and his daughters; the Lord Lieutenant of the County and Mrs. West; the Bishop of St. Asaph, with many others of a high station; but at Carnarvon the same support was not given to the Eisteddfod. Lord Penrhyn was present on the day in which he presided, and there were on the several days one or two others of the gentry of the neighbourhood; but that was all. We regret this exceedingly; at the same time, we congratulate Caernarvon on the presence of the "thews and sinews" of the land. The people were there in all the grandeur that numbers and vastness give to an assembly.

The several Presidents made, on the whole, excellent speeches. The Mayor of Caernarvon spoke well and sensibly on the first day. Lord Penrhyn brought his usual amount of good common sense to bear on his subject; and there were other effective utterances—such as those of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., whose speeches, and he delivered two, were

sparkling with gems. Nor must we pass by the speech of Mr. Breese, the chairman of the Thursday's concert. He spoke some homely truths in no ungentle or bitter spirit. Mr. Breese was truly eloquent as he uttered the following passage :—

I hope I shall not be considered ungrateful if I express disappointment at the absence of our most distinguished Welshmen. I for one sadly miss at this, a great national gathering of the Cymry, not only the presence, but the sound and honest advice, and the brilliant touch on that instrument (pianoforte) of the gifted composer of our second national anthem, Brinley Richards, who has done so much for Welsh music and Welsh musicians. I would also we could hear those magic strains which are evoked from our national instrument by the cunning fingers of that prince of harpists, John Thomas, who has so often discoursed most eloquent music to us—

"In notes, with many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

But our President this morning explained that the Committee wished to have representatives of English, Irish, and Scotch talent amongst us, and it may be well for us to listen to them, though not to the exclusion of our own. For I fear we are prone as a nation to place our music and all our achievements in literature and art on too high a comparative pedestal. For myself, I see nothing but beauty in our clustering hills and secluded vales, in our placid lakes and turbulent streams. I am proud of the ancient literature and music that have consecrated every hill and every dale. But we must remember there is a world outside Wales, and a big one, which many of us have seen, and in which there are mountains higher and more majestic—valleys deeper and more secluded—lakes broader and in grander settings—and larger rivers, ever hurrying on through wider channels to pour themselves into bluer seas. The poetry and the prose, the minstrelsy and the art of other countries have a wider range than our own. But for all this, we may be proud of our own, and foster them with every care. One of our airs—the well-known "Hob y deri dando"—is said to be the most ancient known tune, and to have been composed by the Druids. Another of our melodies, many centuries old, carries us back in its plaintive wail to the defeat on Morfa Rhuddlan. We may be justly proud of Dr. Burney's remarks in his great history of music, that it was in the quiet Welsh valleys (though he adds "among a semi-barbarous people") the first sound principles of harmony were found. But we should be more proud

of that progress and refinement of later days which have given us our Edith Wynne, our Brinley Richards, and our John Thomas, and which have made us all more fitting and appreciative receptacles for sweetest sounds.

There were other speeches; but if we except that of Hwfa Mon, and even he was not himself, they were not equal to the occasion.

The competition for the several prizes, as well as the adjudications, were of the usual character. The music was no worse, and, most certainly, it was no better, than we have heard at other Eisteddfodau. One musical composition, by a late talented pupil of the University College of Wales, Mr. David Jenkins, seems to be a superior effusion of genius. The chair prize poem, too, was an excellent one. We have since made a farther acquaintance with it, and our first impressions are confirmed. The following lines to 'The lark' are very beautiful:—

Hudol wyd ŵyl Ehedydd,—blygeiniol
Nabl, genad boreuddydd;
Yn rhoi fry mewn ter fröydd
Fawrwych dôn i gyfarch dydd.

Nor less so are the following, 'To a young maiden with her milk-pail':—

Ar y fron draw 'r forwynig—a welir,
Wylaidd dlos enethig;
Drwy coed, yn troedio 'r cwm,
Mor hoyw mae a'r ewig.

Edrydd ei cherdd wrth odro,—ni cheir briw
Na chur bron i'w blino;
Gwefr yw ei hiaith,—creig y fro
Ar y wendeg sy 'n gwrando.

With respect to the other compositions, there was lacking that enthusiasm which overflows when genius sparkles and talent abounds in the compositions.

Altogether, the Eisteddfod at Caernarvon was not what we

should desire our countrymen to look up to. We would not set it up for a model, but rather use it as a beacon to warn them off the shoals and quicksands whereon Eisteddfodau, if their present course be persisted in, will assuredly be wrecked.

There is one point on which we would give this Eisteddfod and its managers the highest praise. The financial arrangements, expenditure, and division of surplus, do them the greatest credit. We are not going to quarrel about a few petty items, seeing how well they have managed to dispose of the great bulk. Unlike Wrexham, Caernarvon has come out of the crucible of audit unscathed by the fire. All honour, we repeat, to it! In giving its hundreds to the University College of Wales, it will be a notable example to future Eisteddfodau, not to spend their gains on their own petty local matters, but to regard national gatherings as bound in honour to promote national objects.

The huge structure of the pavilion is to be a permanent erection for the holding of meetings at Caernarvon. We sincerely hope it will answer its intended purpose. We are sadly afraid, however, that it will turn out "a white elephant". The constant repairs required in such a structure will form a serious drawback to its financial success.

Reviews of Books.

MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN. Edited by her SISTER. With a Portrait. Longmans, Green, and Co., London. 1877.

ANY literary production written by a lady so closely connected with the house of Wynnstay as Miss Wynn, must exact the deep interest of every one connected with the literature of the Principality. It may not treat of tradition, or of language, nor yet of the rich poetry in which our old Celtic tongue abounds, and which contains such valuable though unappreciated fragments of undeveloped history. It may relate to neither art nor science; but we are sure that it will be something worthy of our perusal and study. The stock from which an author descends may not be a guaranty for his genius or learning; but we may be assured that the work of his pen will be replete with good taste, generous thought, and honourable feeling, and, in most cases, with the scholastic attainments which are the result of a high education.

Who that ever knew the late Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, will for a moment doubt that of such a kind would be his daughter's efforts in literature? The friend of Southey—his benefactor at a time when the world had not yet learnt to appreciate his genius as a poet, or his almost unequalled talents as a writer of prose—Mr. Wynn, out of a not overflowing income, bestowed effectual help on the rising author, by giving him a no mean share of his own, thus enabling him to devote his energies to the works which have now become classic in our language. Nor was this a solitary instance of Mr. Wynn's generosity. Wales is deeply indebted to him for a large share of his Indian patronage,

when he was for years President of the Board of Control. We know of at least four sons in one family on whom he bestowed cadetships in the Indian army.

One little incident is deeply touching. Professor Elmsley, a ripe scholar, and a genius as transcendent as Oxford ever nurtured in her lap, died in early manhood. His works had made him a high name in the University, and his death was deeply deplored. His last resting-place, however, remained unhonoured. Not a line marked the spot, and he seemed forgotten. One quiet Sunday morning, as bells were answering bells, calling to prayer, we wended our way to the Cathedral, as the University sermon was to be preached there on that day. Not a cap or gown was yet visible, and, until they were collected for service, we wandered through the venerable pile, reading the inscriptions on the several monuments raised in honour of some of Oxford's most talented sons. All at once we came on a newly-erected monument of white marble. Large and of elegant form, it was as pure as though it had been of alabaster. It had been raised to the memory of poor Elmsley. One of Cambria's generous sons had, at his own cost, erected the memorial. At the close of the inscription, which was worthy of the man whose talents and virtues it recorded, was the simple sentence:—"Erected by his friend and school-fellow—C. W. W. W." The initials were too peculiar, as well as familiar, not to recal at once to our mind, "Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn."

Nor was Mr. Wynn himself undervalued in Oxford. His portrait, a striking likeness, by the late Sir Martin Archer Shee, graces the dining-hall of Christchurch.

How well do we remember him! Tall and dignified, and of aristocratic bearing, his countenance was an index of the benevolence that leavened his whole constitution. When he and his brother, the late Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, appeared together in public, they were as Saul among the chiefs of

Israel. Out-topping those around them, their dignified yet gentle demeanour won them the respect and homage of every spectator.

With all this loftiness and elevation of character, Mr. Wynn possessed a most genial temperament. He was facetious and amusing in conversation, and would occasionally descend to playfulness, and to smart, if not severe, repartee. After the sharp, though decisive contest for his Montgomeryshire seat in the election of 1831, when he was returned by a large majority, he invited the chief townsmen of Llanfyllin to dinner and a day's shooting through the pheasant preserves of Llangedwin. Sir Watkin was also present. Among the guests were two gentlemen who, with their other vocations, exercised that of preaching their Master's gospel. They belonged to the sect of the Independents. An attorney from Llanfyllin, who had also been invited, fancied he had found an opportunity of mortifying his dissenting neighbours on the score of their religion; and when the wine was circulating after dinner, he introduced the subject of baptismal registration, saying that such were the informal registrations now made in every petty chapel through the country, that ere long it would be impossible to trace a pedigree or make out a title to any property in the Principality. Mr. Wynne discerned at once—as he knew his guests—for whom the covert shaft was intended. He turned round to the speaker: "Yes," he said, "the question of registration is at the present time in a very unsatisfactory state. I have myself heard of a clergyman and his clerk so reckless of the parish register book, as to tear out its leaves to light their pipes with." The attorney, being thus quietly set down, his intended victims chuckled not a little.

It may be asked, why dwell on the characteristics of the father, when it is the daughter's book that calls for criticism? We reply that, independently of his connexion with the

authoress of the work before us, his identification with Wales, her literature and her language, will not allow us to pass by the friend of Heber, Mackintosh, Southey, Henry Hallam, and other such men, and especially in a work devoted to Welsh interests.

Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn was a lady of extraordinary powers both of thought and expression. Had she devoted her talents to literature, she would have raised herself to the highest rank among the authors of her day. If her letters and unpremeditated journals are so replete with gems of thought as the present volume indicates, we can well fancy the excellence to which her more finished productions would have reached. Let the reader open the volume wherever he will, he is sure to find something to instruct and refresh him —not the gleanings of antiquated sayings, nor yet proverbs and bye-gones dressed up anew, but fresh and sparkling thoughts, bubbling up in spontaneity and copiousness from the rich fountain of her own mind. Our readers must not fancy that we are speaking extravagantly. Our praise is by no means excessive. To prove that it is not so, we bring the testimony of a few passages selected at random out of her book. How neatly expressed, for instance, is her opinion of her friend, Mr. Rio, a Breton, who ever claimed kinship with the Welsh:—

It is curious that a month ago I complained in this very book of being weary of theological discussions, and that no one spoke of religion from their hearts, but rather from their head. A few days after I meet a man who talks only from his heart, and I am no longer weary. His faith is beautiful, and his conviction is so deep and sincere, that it is most touching. His conversation was to me like some church bell—it always produced a feeling of devotion in my mind. What can I say stronger?

How admirable, again, are the following remarks on Goethe! Writing from Llangedwin in October 1841, she says:—

It would be difficult for me to express how much I delight in Goethe! My new edition is so small, that I can always carry a volume when I walk; and he is the most companionable of authors, suiting all moods and all humours. Not to be obliged (as is the case with most writers) to wind one's self up to some particular key, before one can enjoy and understand him, is to me a great charm. Then, the seemingly careless, concise manner in which he allows observations and opinions to flash out which open a new world of thought to one, is very fascinating. But the principal effect his works have on me I cannot myself understand. He comforts, he consoles me! How, I know not; and it is a happiness which I never expected to have gained from them; for, as you know, his way of thinking was very different from all I have hitherto looked up to.

The descriptions of scenes in Rome, Florence, and Venice, are more than commonly interesting; but we must pass them by. We cannot, however, do so with Miss Williams Wynn's reminiscences of Heidelberg; its beautiful valley seems to have afforded her more enjoyment than any of the places she visited; and she concludes her interesting narrative thus graphically and feelingly:—

I shall be very sorry to leave this place, which I enjoy intensely. My walks on the heath-covered hills far above the castle will remain in my memory long after I have left them. Such walks are in truth, to use Biblical language, "times of refreshing". I have found that there is a deeper teaching in Nature than in any professor's book. The misfortune is, that one so seldom has the opportunity of coming into communion with her. How I wish that you were here, that we might talk over all the "thick-coming fancies" that are the result of my long mornings on the hill-tops!

We have rarely read a book written by a lady that bears so strongly the impress of a thoughtful mind as these "Memorials." The trivialities of every-day life are unnoticed, that she may grapple with intellectual pursuits of the highest kind. Nor are her efforts in vain, although the subjects are oftentimes out of the reach of common minds, and such as engage the powers of the giants of literature. What a host of bright names, too, forms the phalanx of her friends! There,

are Hegel, Bunsen, Varnhagen von Ense, Döllinger, Montalembert, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, Carlyle, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Brookfield, Maurice, and others of equal status. That she also was appreciated by them we can have no doubt. The following is Baroness Bunsen's testimony to her high worth, as given in a letter to one of her sisters. It is dated Carlsruhe, May 14, 1870:—

If I could but paint such a portrait of her as some of the ancient painters have left us of persons often without name, of whom we know nothing, and yet into whose very soul and life we seem to enter, whose capabilities of action, whose principles and feelings we take in by intuition, not needing further testimony, satisfied by internal evidence and intense conviction of moral power and equipoise—then, indeed, the demands of your affection might be duly met, and an image transmitted to posterity worthy of that enshrined in our memory. But what I can say in words is so tame and colourless, that I shrink from the attempt to note it down, and wish that some other mind than my own would make clear to me the *why* and the *how* she could be so feminine and yet so forcible, so decisive and yet so mild; so considerate of others, of their feelings, of their shortcomings, and yet so positively herself; so dignified, not in manner and carriage only, but in elevation and grasp of mind, and yet no abstraction; so full of human sympathies, and yet not melting away into unsubstantiality.

We deeply regret our inability, from sheer want of space, to give larger extracts from these "Memorials." We can only express our wonder that amid her many ailments—for her health was never good—the authoress was enabled to serve her generation so faithfully, and yet preserve intact the vigour of mind and intellect displayed everywhere throughout this autobiography, even to its close.

An excellent portrait faces the title, and the work, as is always the case with the publications of the Longmans, is beautifully printed, and forms an elegant volume.

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Since the foregoing pages were written, we have received intelligence of the lamented death of Mrs. Lindesay, the editor of this volume. She was the last surviving daughter

of the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, and the widow of John Lindesay, Esq., of Loughrea, in the county of Tyrone.

While Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn rests beneath the green, quiet pines of Arcachon, her sister, Harriot Hester, lies almost under the shadows of our great metropolis, where—

> Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside her.

How truly are the beautiful words of our Welsh poetess exemplified in their case:—

> They grew in beauty side by side,
> They fill'd one home with glee:
> Their graves are sever'd far and wide
> By mount, and stream, and sea!

Grammadeg Cymraeg gan David Rowlands, B.A. (Dewi Mon) Athraw yn Ngholeg Aberhonddu. Wrexham: [n.d.] Hughes & Son.

We have perused this little book with considerable satisfaction. Grammar, as a science, while requiring a more exact study has of late enlarged its boundaries, and it now deals with questions which it never touched on in the past. It seems inclined also to treat words and phrases more logically than heretofore. To keep pace then with the exigencies of the present day Mr. Rowlands has compiled his little manual, and as an epitome of Grammar, or rather a rudimentary treatise, we are bound to add, that the young Welsh student ought to feel deeply grateful to him—it will put him in the right way, and keep him free of the errors which are so prevalent in modern composition. We have been particularly pleased with the part devoted to prefixes and affixes. With a few things, indeed, we do not agree; but they are of such little moment as compared with the excellencies of the book

in general, that we think it almost a pity to mar our otherwise unqualified praise by mentioning them.

The book is neatly got up by the publisher, Mr. Charles Hughes of Wrexham—its only fault is, that it is without date. We always look with suspicion on an undated publication—it savours generally more of the bookseller than of the author. This book deserves a date. We can prophesy its exhaustion long before it becomes antiquated.

Literary Announcements.

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the next part of *Y Cymmrodor* will contain a poetical translation, by Lord Aberdare, of "The Bard and the Cuckoo", a poem written by Owain Gruffydd in the early part of the last century.

IT is with no little satisfaction that we announce the early publication of the Welsh-English Dictionary, so long in preparation, by the Reverend D. Silvan Evans. While the work will be brought out under the auspices of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, the onus of publication will be taken up by a number of gentlemen connected with the Principality who are anxious for its appearance, knowing, as they do, its value for the opening up of the old Welsh literature. The want of such a Lexicon has been long felt. The high character of the compiler, than whom no man living is more suited, both by talents and attainments, for the work, will, we trust, ensure it not only a large and remunerative circulation, but the gratitude of the Welsh student, whom we heartily congratulate on the prospect of possessing so valuable an instrument for the digging and delving into the old poetry and the ancient manuscripts.

Y Cymmrodor.

JULY 1878.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND THE CUCKOO,

FROM THE WELSH OF OWAIN GRUFFYDD.

By THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ABERDARE.

THE following translation of the Welsh Poem *The Bard and the Cuckoo* appeared in the columns of the *Merthyr Guardian* in 1835, with the signature *H. A. Bruce* (now Lord Aberdare). The freshness of thought with which the original poem teems has been admirably conveyed into English by this elegant translation. It demands, therefore, a place and perpetuation in the *Cymmrodor* on grounds independent of the eminence the translator has attained as statesman, and of his connection as President with the University College of Wales.

The author of the Welsh poem was born in 1643, and died in 1730. He was a native of Llanystumdwy, in Carnarvonshire, where he appears to have officiated as parish clerk. Despite his humble origin and occupation, he was not only a poet of genuine merit, but is said to have acquired much curious learning, especially archæological, according to the lights of that age, and even some knowledge of Greek and Latin. The reference to the age at which the Virgin

Mary died, might appear to have proceeded from a Roman Catholic pen. But this supposition would not only be inconsistent with Owain's office of parish clerk, but the reference itself is quite in keeping with the character of the religious belief then prevailing in many parts of the Principality. In the words of Mr. Lecky's excellent synopsis of the religious condition of Wales in the eighteenth century,[1] before the great outburst of Methodism :—"The Welsh were passionately musical, passionately wedded to tradition, and, like the Highlanders of Scotland, they preserved many relics of Catholicism, and even of Paganism. They crossed themselves in sign of horror; they blessed their beds in the name of the four Evangelists. When a dead man was lowered into his grave, his relations knelt upon its border, and prayed that he might soon reach heaven. Many poetic legends were handed down from generation to generation, and were looked upon as almost as sacred as Scripture."

The *Bard.*

Goodmorrow to thee, sweet and beauteous bird !
Once more thy cheerful song at morn is heard !
Late, roaming o'er the primrose-spotted plain,
I paused and listened for thy wish'd-for strain;
I asked—nor I alone—"Why sleeps the note
Which oft as spring-tide smiled was wont to float ?
The Earth is fresh and green, the fields rejoice,
And yet no valley echoes to thy voice;
The genial Sun rolls through the cloudless skies,
And Flowers spring up; arise, sweet bird, arise!"

The *Cuckoo.*

Thou gentle Bard ! oh ! why should I obey
The voice that chides me for my lingering lay,

[1] *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii, pp. 602-3.

Nor wait *His* just command, whose awful name
None save with deep-felt reverence may proclaim?
For His I am, to Him my strains belong,
Who gave that voice, who swells that vernal song!
Like me, in deep humility of mind,
Yield grateful homage, to his will resign'd;
Thou canst not learn of earthly things the cause;
Be mute and lowly, and revere His laws!

The *Bard.*

Bird of the dark-brown hue! and art thou come
With summons stern to tear me from my home?
Say, dost thou chant thy monitory lay
In sounds prophetic of my Life's last day?
And must those tones, just welcom'd with delight,
Heralds of Death, my trembling soul affright?
Say, must I now, while spring is swelling here,
Quit these bright scenes, so lovely and so dear?
Oh, let me still, while yet the joy remains,
Gaze on these sunlit woods, these flowery plains!

The *Cuckoo.*

Fair is the Earth, and glorious are the skies!
Yet seek not pleasures which thy God denies!
In Him alone repose thy hopes and fears,
And mark, oh mark! how fleet thy number'd years!
Already threescore springs and three are past,
And life is short—then think, how near thy last!
Yes, at this age, oh Bard! the blessed Maid,
Christ's holy Mother, in the grave was laid;
Grim Death smote her, who gave th' Immortal birth,
The Judge of all, the Saviour of the Earth!

The *Bard.*

And ere that time be come, no more the form,
Erect and firm, resists as once the storm!

And ere those years be fled, the failing eye
And shrunken sinew tell us "Man must die!"
Deign, bounteous Bird! to guide my erring ways;
How shall I learn the number of my days?
Vast is my debt, and empty is my hand;
I dare not thus before my Saviour stand!
How when the trumpet breaks the death-like trance,
Shall I, a sinner, meet His piercing glance?

The *Cuckoo.*

For every foolish thought, for every crime,
Repent while yet for penitence is time!
Leave fancied pleasures, leave Earth's tinsel toys,
For endless rapture, and undying joys!
So shall true Virtue soothe thy tranquil end,
So Christ Himself shall on thy steps attend;
And, Victor o'er thy spiritual foes,
Heaven shall be thine and Zion's blest repose.
One boundless bliss, one stream of deep delight.
While seraphs waft thee to thy Master's sight!

The *Bard.*

Oh, God! behold me by Thy mercy mov'd,
Regret the hateful faults which once I lov'd!
That I have sinn'd and spurn'd thy bounties high,
I can not and I would not now deny!
Look on me, Father, for I am but weak;
Crush'd with the weight of woes, thy aid I seek!
Not through the merit of my own vile deeds,
But lo! for me the blessed Saviour pleads!
Oh! by His latest pangs, His dying love,
Receive thy suppliant to the realms above!

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.[1]

By PROFESSOR COWELL, of Cambridge.

Dafydd ab Gwilym has a peculiar interest to an English student of Welsh from the fact that he was so nearly contemporary with Chaucer (1328-1400), the Welsh poet having been born about 1340, and having probably died shortly before the end of the century. Their lives were, therefore, passed in the same stirring time. I need only mention a few of their contemporaries to show what a stirring time it was.

Rienzi became tribune of Rome in 1347; he was killed there in 1354. The Popes returned from Avignon to Rome in 1377; and the great schism of the West commenced in 1378, which was only finally settled by the Council of Constance in 1418. Petrarch and Boccaccio were the great luminaries in Italy, and the monk Barlaam first revived the knowledge of Greek by his celebrated lectures on Homer at Avignon in 1339, where Petrarch was one of his pupils. Nearer home, the great event was the commencement of the hundred years' war between England and France in 1337. Crecy was fought in 1346; Poitiers in 1356, and all our possessions in Guienne were lost by 1377. It is this last series of events which alone has left some traces in the poetry of Ab Gwilym. For this great struggle was one of the things which first began to unite Wales and England into a living body, not a dead, mechanical mass; for Englishmen and Welshmen fought side by side at Crecy and Poitiers. Lingard expressly mentions that among Edward the Third's in-

[1] Read before the Cymmrodorion, May 29th, 1878.

fantry there was always a large proportion of Welshmen, armed with lances and dressed in uniform at the king's expense:—"These, proved of great utility whenever the country was mountainous and ill-adapted to the operation of cavalry." We can still hear the distant echoes of these French wars in Ab Gwilym, as, for instance, in his Ode to the Ship which bore Morfudd's husband to France, when he sailed in company with a detachment of three hundred men under Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, probably in the later war of 1369 or 1370. Ab Gwilym is believed to have died before the stormy days of Owen Glendwr began under Henry IV, as no allusion to them occurs in his poems.

Of Ab Gwilym's own life we have many legendary details, but I doubt how far they are to be accepted as historically true.

He was no doubt the illegitimate scion of a noble family, and he was brought up by his uncle Llewelyn ab Gwilym; and, when he grew up, he lived at Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, in the house of his kind patron Ifor Hael, a relation of his father. He seems to have been Ifor Hael's steward as well as his bard; and he is also said to have acted at one time as tutor to his daughter; but, as the young tutor and pupil became attached, the daughter was placed in a nunnery in Anglesea. It is remarkable, however, that this supposed amour did not break off the intimate relations between the poet and his patron. His poems are chiefly amatory, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the legends of his life chiefly relate to the various ladies whose names are more or less celebrated in his writings. The three most prominent names are Dyddgu, Hunydd, and, above all, Morfudd, to whom 147 odes are said to be devoted; but it is curious that in Ode CLXVI, where he reckons up the names of his different mistresses just as Cowley does in his *Chronicle*, Morfudd merely appears as one of the crowd, with no special mark to distinguish her

from the rest. Most of the legends naturally are connected with her name. She was the daughter of Madog Lawgam, a gentleman of Anglesea; and she and the poet are said to have been married by the bard Madog Benfras in the wood; but her relations, not approving the union, married her to a wealthy decrepit old man, Cynfrig Cynin. The poet constantly lampoons him as Eiddig and Bwabach in his odes, and frequently describes himself as still meeting Morfudd clandestinely in the woods.

These traditions regarding Dafydd ab Gwilym's relations with Morfudd are very singular; and it is not to be wondered at that they have been generally accepted as historical certainties. Many of them seem to be supported by passages in his own poems; and if these poems are to be regarded as autobiographical sketches, they may well be quoted to throw some little light on the obscurity of the poet's life. But are we justified in thus using them? Was the poet, when he wrote them, laying bare the secrets of his heart to us, or was he only deceiving us by a pretended confidence which really meant nothing?

I must here remind my hearers that these legendary details of a great poet's life are, by no means, peculiar to Ab Gwilym. Similar traditions cluster in abundance round many others. I need only specify here Virgil, Shakespeare, and the Persian poet, Háfiz; and in each of these three cases we can distinctly prove that they are mostly but the idle gossip which naturally gathers round a great name when there are few or no certain facts to supply its place. Men cannot bear to be utterly ignorant concerning the details of that life in which they are so deeply interested; and stories seem to rise up spontaneously in an uncritical age, none knows how, to supply the want of actual biography, just as it is the loneliness and the silence which make us seem to hear

those

"Airy tongues which syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

But I think in Ab Gwilym's case, we have some very strong reasons which may well make us hesitate before we accept these extraordinary adventures as actual facts. These stories are said, in the preface to the first edition of the poet's works, to rest chiefly on local tradition, and especially as collected by Iorwerth Morganwg. But, on the other hand, we have the distinct testimony which comes through the bard Watkin Powel (1580-1620), that Ab Gwilym was a very quiet man, and particularly reserved in conversation; and we also have in Provençal literature a close parallel which, I think, may help us to understand much in the poet's life, which, in itself, seems extravagant and immoral. I trust that my audience will here kindly bear with me while I digress for a few minutes into this little-trodden field, as I hope to find there some interesting illustrations for the subject of my lecture to-night.

Provençal literature was in its glory between 1150 and 1290; and the poetry of the troubadours for a time gave the law of taste to all Europe. We can trace their influence in the early literature of Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and England; and, to quote Hallam's words, "the songs of Provence were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of its habitual language". The troubadours at one time filled very much the same position at the halls of the nobles of Languedoc and Provence, which the bards filled in Wales; they were not only liberally rewarded for their poems, but they frequently enjoyed the intimate friendship of their patrons. Even men of knightly birth were sometimes troubadours; and we expressly read of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that he was originally a musician or jongleur, which was an inferior rank to the troubadour; but he attached himself to the court of Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat, who made him a knight.

Now one of the most striking features of Provençal poetry is the fact that nearly every love-poem,—and these form one half of the literature,—is addressed to the sister or wife of the poet's patron. This strange form of homage became the universal fashion of the courts; and it was considered a high honour to the lady who was immortalised by the poet's praise. Occasionally, there is reason to fear, these relations led to evil; but in the vast majority of cases they were perfectly innocent; and, however the poet might sing of his lady and boast of her kindness, it was the head, not the heart, which dictated the verses, and there was an impassable line fixed by fashion as well as virtue, which separated the proud lady of the castle from the troubadour, however gifted and renowned. We read in the biography of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that, for years, he had celebrated the beauty of Beatrix, the sister of his patron Boniface, and wife of the Lord of Delcarat. He had given her the name *Bel-cavalier* in his poems, in allusion to his having once seen her playing with her brother's sword, when, thinking that she was unobserved, she had unsheathed it, and amused herself with making passes in the air. After awhile he, in some way, offended the lady, and she withdrew her favour from him; until her brother, the Marquis, found out the cause of the poet's distress, and himself begged her to receive him into her favour again. Such an incident would have been impossible, if this chivalrous homage had had the slightest tendency to becoming a serious passion. In one of his poems he represents the lady as saying to him:—"Thou art such a good knight, that there is no lady in the world who would not willingly choose thee as her friend. Thus I have seen Madame de Saluces accept the love of Pierre Vidal; the Countess of Burlatz, that of Arnaud de Marveil; Madame Marie de Ventadour, that of Gaucelm Faidit; and the Viscountess of Marseilles, the wife of the Lord Barral, that of Folquet of Marseilles."

The resemblance between Ab Gwilym's poems and the chansons of the troubadours, will strike anyone who compares the two. Ab Gwilym is a greater poet than any troubadour, and his lyre has some deeper notes than theirs; but the essence of their music is the same.

I have also noticed some curious minor resemblances. Thus, Diez expressly notices that a superficial knowledge of the works of Ovid, especially of his *Metamorphoses*, comprises all the classical learning of the troubadours; and, I believe, Ovid will similarly be found to be responsible for all Ab Gwilym's classical allusions.

Some sixteen pages in Ab Gwilym's works are taken up with the "Cywyddau yr Ymryson" between him and Gruffydd Grug; these form a curious parallel to the *tensons* of the Provençal poets, where two rival poets meet to discuss some point of love or politics, with the fiercest personal spite and animosity.

Similar to these, and easily springing from them, are the dialogues between two lovers or two rivals. These, of course, differ from the former, because they are the work of one poet, not of two; but the vivacity of the dialogue is the same in both. There are several very celebrated Provençal poems of this kind, as, for instance, the dialogue between Raimbaut d'Orange and his mistress Beatrix, Countess of Die; and that between Peyrols and Love, who reproaches him for having deserted his service; and that between Raimbaut de Vaqueiras and a Genoese lady, who remains obdurate to his flatteries. Ab Gwilym has several dialogues of this kind. I need only mention here the dialogue with a maiden (No. CLXXX), that under a maiden's window (No. CLII), the wonderful dialogue between the bard and his shadow (No. CLXXI), and that with the cuckoo (No. CCX), as well as that with the same bird (No. LXX), when it tells him that Morfudd is married. One of the most curious parallels which I have noticed

between Ab Gwilym and the Provençal poets, may be accidental in itself; but I mention it because it so singularly illustrates the comparison which I have tried to institute between them. In Poem XCIX Ab Gwilym describes Bwa-bach as sailing to France with a detachment of three hundred men, under the command of Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, and he utters his wishes that he may be drowned on his voyage or killed by a French archer. I quote the lines in Mr. Arthur J. Johns' translation:—

> "Soon shalt thou pay the debt I owe
> To Jealousy, the poet's foe.
> Like bird of ocean he shall whirl
> From wave to wave and shoal to shoal,
> As the wild surges fiercely curl
> Around the shores, O sordid soul!
> May Hwynyn, demon of the sea,
> Thy headsman on the voyage be!
> And thou, cross-bowman, true and good,
> Thou shooter with the faultless wood,
> Send me an arrow through his brain,
> (Who of his fate will e'er complain?)—
> Haste with thy stirrup-fashioned bow,
> And lay the hideous varlet low!"

Guillaume Adhémar has a similar poem, in which he implores Alphonse IX, the King of Léon (who died in 1230), to start on a crusade. "If King Alphonse, the best count in Christendom, would but raise an army against the Saracens, and carry with him the jealous husband who keeps my lady a close prisoner, there is no sin of which he should not get the pardon!"

A portion of his Odes are so like Provençal *chansons* in their subject-matter, that one might almost believe they were direct imitations. These are those somewhat wearisome semi-metaphysical disquisitions on the nature and lineage of love, the golden hair of Morfudd, "Yr Hiraeth", etc. These are the staple of Provençal poetry; but in Ab Gwilym they are only a very small portion.

I have already said that we find abundant traces of the influence of the troubadour poetry of Provence in France, Germany, and Italy. In France, we especially find it in the works of the early lyric poets of the thirteenth century; in the course of which century at least 136 song-writers are known to have flourished. Their *chansons* are modelled, as to form, on those of Provence; and in many cases the subject-matter also clearly reveals the troubadour influence. In Germany, we find it in the works of the *Minnesingers*. I have no time to enter upon this at length this evening; but I would refer any of my audience who would wish to examine the question further to a very interesting article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June 1876, on Walter von der Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, who lived between 1170 and 1235. I read the article with great interest, and I was especially struck by the strong resemblance between the German poet and Ab Gwilym. Each had the same deep love of nature, especially in Spring and May; and some of the poems translated in the article might have passed for translations from Ab Gwilym. Of course in this case there could be no direct communication; but the resemblance was the family likeness between two sisters, each reproducing the features of the common parent, but modifying them to suit her own individual type of development. In Italy, the troubadour influence is still more marked; the word *trovare* was constantly used as the Italian for "writing poetry", and *trovatore* for "a poet"; and in Dante and Petrarch we have the very apotheosis of the Provençal idea. The poetry of Provence, at its best, was feeble and artificial; it was a delicate hot-house plant nursed by court patronage and shielded from all the rough winds of real life, and striking its roots into a soil of fancy and sentiment, so that its shoots always betray the original weakness of the stock,

"Invalidique patrum referunt jejunia nati."

But in Italy the transplanted shoot found a more fertile soil, and struck its roots down deep into the very heart of human nature and reality; and though Dante's "Beatrice" and Petrarch's "Laura" were originally the reflections of Provençal poetry, the genius of Dante and Petrarch have created them anew, and made them symbols of beauty for all time. And so Ab Gwilym seems to me to have similarly borrowed the Provençal idea, and then reproduced it as a new creation by his own genius. We can thus trace in him a new line of Provençal influence, derived, I suppose, through France or Italy. I have already pointed out some of the points of resemblance; and, I believe, that it is also this Provençal influence which must bear the blame of the somewhat immoral shadow which hangs over parts of Ab Gwilym's poetry. The essential feature of so much of the best of Provençal song centres round the poet's poetical affection for a married woman; and, I think, we trace this evil influence in Dante and Petrarch as well as in Ab Gwilym. May we not trace it further still? Am I wrong in suggesting that Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are the latest and, perhaps, greatest instance of this Provençal influence? For my own part, I do not believe in the legends spun by critical Arachnes, out of the slender and obscure hints of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, any more than I believe in the real love of Ab Gwilym for Ifor Hael's daughter, or for Morfudd; in both, I believe, it was the working of the spell thrown by the magic of *Provence*,—it was the glamour exercised by that evil Vivien, which, for a time, held even Shakespeare under its fatal sway.

Ab Gwilym is said to have introduced the *cywydd* into Wales. If so, I cannot but think that this is an echo of Provençal poetry, as the *chanson* is generally one continuous poem and is written in rhyming lines of eight or seven syllables; but it is possible that the *cywydd* may be far older than his time and a native product of Welsh invention. Of

course it is interesting to trace the early history of any new experiment in poetry, to watch the progress of the new idea as it passed on from the land of its birth to a foreign soil; but, after all, this is only a secondary matter, as compared with the much more real interest which is associated with the poet's own history and character. Dafydd ab Gwilym interests us this evening as the great poet of Wales; and it is this which is to be our special subject. I cannot help believing that he borrowed the first idea of his new form of poetry from the troubadours of Provence; but, like all great poets, he reissued the old bullion as a new coinage, stamped with his own image and mint-mark. No one can read his poems without being struck by the originality and native vigour which everywhere pervade them; nothing seems borrowed or second-hand; everything speaks of the master's own hand and workmanship.

I was very much struck, from the first, with the entire absence of any references to Classical mythology in his poems. The troubadour poets, as I have said, seldom go further than Ovid for their Classical stories, but the *Metamorphoses* supply them with many a poetical allusion; Ab Gwilym hardly contains one. He knows Ovid by name; thus, he says, in his poem to the nightingale (No. LXXXIV), "prid yw ei chof gan Ofydd", "valuable is her mention in Ovid", and he calls the thrush "bard of Ovid's faultless song"; but almost the only definite allusion to Classical mythology which I have noticed is that found in Ode XXIX, where he compares Morfudd to the three famed heroines of ancient days: Polyxena, Deidamia, and Helen,

"Yr hon a beris yr ha
A thrin rhwng Groeg a Throia."

He has a romantic literature to refer to, as the heroic background behind the present; but it is the age of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, not that of Thebes or Troy.

His Elen, for instance, is generally the Elaine of the Arthurian legend, not Menelaus' faithless wife; and his mythology is drawn from the earliest Mabinogion and faint reminiscences of Druidical superstitions, not from the foreign myths of Greece and Rome. Some of these references to old British legends are very striking. Thus we have Myrddyn's ship of glass referred to more than once. Thus in Ode XLVII, he says, of the grove of broom (y banadl-lwyn) :—

"I will make here to allure her
An enclosure of the green delicate broom,
As Myrddyn, with his love-inspired architecture,
Made a house of glass for his paramour."

In the same poem we have a beautiful allusion to the Mabinogi of Manawyddan fab Llyr, where Dyfed is covered by a mist through the enchantment of Llwyd the son of Kilcoed :—

"And to-day in the green wood
Such shall be this court of mine beneath the broom."

In other Odes we have references to Hu Gadarn's oxen and Neifion's ship; but one of the most beautiful is that in Ode CLXXXIII, "Achau y dylluan", which seems to me a masterpiece in its way. We often hear those old lines of Barnefield's to the nightingale highly praised,—and they well deserve it :—

"Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me."

But beautiful as the lines are, they seem to me far inferior to Ab Gwilym's splendid address to the owl, where he makes

her shame him for his rude and thoughtless insolence, by reminding him of her ancient woes, how that she, now a

> "Creature of the world of gloom,
> Owlet with the dusky plume,"

and

> "Destined by its fate
> To endure the agony
> Of sad penance, and the hate
> Of all birds beneath the sky,"

had once been the *Blodeuwedd* or "flower face", of old romance—of whom we read in the tale of Math, the son of Mathonwy, that "they took the blossoms of the oak and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Blodeuwedd." But at last, for her falseness, Gwdion, the magician, changed her into an owl; "because of the shame thou hast done, thou shalt never shew thy face in the light of day henceforth; and that, through fear of all other birds. For it shall be their nature to attack thee, and to chase thee from wheresoever they may find thee."

One of the finest of these old allusions seems to me to be that in Ode CCVIII, where the poet laments his ill-luck to be lost in the dark night on the hills, until he is guided into safety by the appearing of the stars. He describes himself as caught in the mountains as in a trap:—

> "Like luckless warrior whom his foes
> Fiercely in hollow glen enclose,
> I crossed myself, and gave a cry
> Of terror and of agony."

And then this suggests the splendid comparison of the marshalled hosts of the midnight sky:—

> "Every pair exactly arranged,
> The battle of Camlan re-enacted in the broad gray sky!"

I have said that Ab Gwilym was a contemporary of Chaucer, and I do not doubt that a careful comparison of the two poets would bring out some interesting illustrations for each. I will only mention three or four, but they may be taken as specimens of many others, which would probably reward a more careful search. Thus in the poem on the thunder which scared away Morfudd from her trysting-place we have guns mentioned:—

"I went wild and my hair all awry
At the roaring of the gun of the air."

"Gwyllt yr awn a'm gwallt ar ŵyr
Gan ruad *gwn* yr awyr."

Guns are said to have been first used by Edward III, at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and Chaucer uses *gonne* in the *House of Fame*:—

"Ywent this foule trumpes soun
As swift as pellit out of gonne
When fire is in the poudir ronne,"

and the *Legend of Good Women* (Cleopatra):—

"With grisly soune out goith the grete gonne."

So, too, Barbour (whose date is 1375) talks of *crakkis of wer* for cannon in Book XIX, 399, and *gynis for crakkis, i.e.*—engines for noises, in Book XVII, 250.

Ab Gwilym's allusion is therefore an early contemporary one, and is interesting for literary history.

Again, Ab Gwilym several times mentions *siopau Sieb* as his very ideal of splendour and magnificence; the phrase shews how the fame of the glories of Cheapside had spread even in those days to Wales, and it is paralleled by such lines as those in Chaucer, where he describes the landlord of the Tabard as "a fairer burgeis is there non in Chepe", or, when he describes the merry cook:—

"He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe,
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thither wold he lepe,

And til that he had all the sight ysein
And danced wel, he would not come agein."

In Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale* we read of the widow's cock:—

"Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logg
Than is a clok or any abbey orlogg."

The first striking clock is said to have been made by De Wick for Charles V, of France, about 1364; and it is an interesting illustration of contemporary history to notice two references to this newly discovered invention in Ab Gwilym. Thus in the poem (No. CLIX), to the owl, he calls it :—

"*Cloc ellyll, ceiliog gwylliaid*",

"The goblin's clock, the witches' cock", if *cloc* does not here mean "bell"; and in CCXVI we have a poem to the *Awrlais* in the monastery, which woke the poet when he was dreaming of his mistress :—

"Shame on that clock on the side of the embankment,
With its black face, which woke me.
Worthless be its head and its tongue,
And its two ropes and its wheel;
Its weights, its dull balls,
Its enclosures, and its hammer,
Its ducks ever thinking that it is day,
And its restless mills.
Uncivil clock, its noise is crazy,—
Drunken cobler, cursed be its face!
With its false entrails full of lies
And its dog's joints knocking against a bowl!
A double curse be on its clatter
For bringing me here from heaven."

Again, in the prologue to Chaucer's *Miller's Tale,* the drunken miller is described :—

"He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie;"

i.e.—in such a rough voice as Pilate was represented with in the mediæval mysteries. I think I have found an exactly

parallel phrase in Ab Gwilym, for, in one of his many poems of invective against the owl (No. CLIX), he describes her:—

> "She was like an ape's neck for causing terror,
> A thin hoarse little woman for calling,
> The screaming of the heron of the Aran,
> Like the man with the bag every word she sings."
>
> *(Gwr y god bob gair a gân.)*

I can only suppose that this refers to the Judas Iscariot in the same plays. I remember to have heard that the bag was the great mark of the traitor among the twelve disciples in the representation of the Ammergau play, and that the character was a very unpopular one, and it was very difficult to find anyone who would undertake it.

Another point of a different nature in which Ab Gwilym illustrates Chaucer is the strong animosity which both feel to the monks and begging friars. Chaucer is always supposed to have been favourable, like his great patron the Duke of Lancaster, to the movement for reform begun by Wickliffe; and his poems abound with satirical allusions to the ecclesiastical abuses current in his time. Ab Gwilym is a staunch believer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but he is a bitter enemy of the priests and monks. Several of his Odes are composed of dialogues between himself and some gray brother (brawd llwyd), and the dialogue generally ends in some fierce invectives against the whole order. These are interesting, because they shew how hostility to the arrogance and corruption of the ecclesiastical authorities was spreading through Wales as well as England, 150 years before the Reformation movement began in earnest. At the same time Ab Gwilym is a devout Catholic in his way; and he is fond of introducing allusions to the gorgeous ritual of the mediæval Church. Thus in one of his poems to the moon (No. LI), he addresses it thus:—

"From me nor treachery nor time
  Nor autumn's blast at random driven,
Can snatch thy guardian light sublime;
  Blessed wafer, lifted up in heaven."
(*Afrlladen o nen y nef.*)

There are several beautiful passages where he compares the birds in the wood, singing in all the ecstasy of the early summer, to the quire of some great cathedral, and the thrush and the nightingale are the ministering priests:—

"I heard the thrush read to the parish boldly
The gospel without stammering;
He raised for us on the hills there
The wafer made of a fair leaf;
And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,
From the corner of the glen near him,
Minstrel of the dingle, sang to a hundred,
And the bells of the mass continually did ring."

If I were asked to describe in a few words Ab Gwilym's position among the renowned poets of the world, I should characterise him as especially the poet of the fancy. He occasionally has bursts of imagination, and occasionally he has tender touches of pathos and sentiment; but if my view of his genius at all approaches to the reality, we ought not to expect much imagination or pathos in such an artificial world of poetry as that in which he lived. Ab Gwilym was not a Burns, and we must not look in him for those intense utterances of passion which we find in Burns. Aristophanes tells us that old Æschylus' lines were so weighted with meaning, that a hundred Egyptian slaves could not lift them; but we should look in vain in Ab Gwilym for such concentrated outbursts as these.

Ab Gwilym's world is a bright world of fancy; and we must not bring into it the stern laws and feelings of daily life. We read his odes hopelessly wrong, if we try to date them and to localise them, instead of leaving them in their original vagueness,—idylls which happened in the Greek

Calends, and some unmapped region of Arcadia. No poet, who really felt as Burns felt, could send his message by a trout, an eagle, or a swan; this imagery belongs essentially to fiction, and those have wholly mistaken his meaning who would reduce it to fact. In fact, we have here one of Ab Gwilym's peculiar triumphs as a poet of the fancy, that he struck out an entirely new kind of poetry. The idea of sending animals and birds and fishes on a love-errand has been common enough in Welsh poetry since his time; it has been, in fact, the story of Columbus and the egg over again; but who thought of the idea before him? Persian poets continually send a message by the *breeze;* but they have never gone beyond this very obvious impressment of natural agents. One of the most celebrated Sanskrit poems is the Meghadúta, and its very celebrity shows how new and unexpected was the appeal which it made to the sympathies of the Indian public. Kálidása there describes a demigod who has been banished from his home in the Himalaya, for a year, to a mountain in the south of India. While wandering in his place of exile, he observes the great clouds rising from the Indian Ocean, which, at the beginning of the rainy season, are borne along by the steady current of the southern monsoon, and traverse the whole extent of the Indian Peninsula from south to north, and finally pour their watery treasures on the slopes of the Himalayas. He invokes this huge mass of vapour, and, in a highly poetical address, describes the path which it is destined to travel, as it passes over the various classical spots of Hindu antiquity; and he finally transmits by the cloud a tender message of affection to his wife, whom he has left in the deep recesses of the mountains of the north. But these addresses to natural agents are only rare and occasional in other literatures. Ab Gwilym was the first poet who raised these isolated attempts into a new kind of poetry.

But it is essential to these addresses that they should speak the language of the fancy, not the imagination. If we weight our inanimate or irrational messenger too severely, he will faint

"With the burden of an honour
Unto which he was not born."

It is just the same here as in fable. Fable has been a delightful extension of the world of human experience; and daily life seems to gain new wisdom and intuition when it reads human virtues and vices in the grotesque disguises of the animals in their native woods and morasses. But the deception loses its charm if the fable rises to too high a level, if we make our animals aspire to solve other problems than those of selfishness and animal ingenuity; because these latter alone belong to the true plane of animal cunning, and we are turning our animals into men in disguise if we put those higher thoughts into their mouths.

In the same way it is fatal to the poetry of the fancy, if it ever makes us utter Milton's words in Lycidas:—

"That strain I heard was of a *higher* mood."

It is essential to the poetry of the fancy that it should keep to its own level; and Ab Gwilym rarely allows the poetic *Awen* to carry him beyond the limits of the fanciful world of idyllic poetry in which he felt that his genius found its true home.

To illustrate my meaning, I will dwell somewhat at length on two of his poems, Nos. XXXII and XXXIII, in which the poet represents himself as actually slain by the cruelty of his mistress. In the former he describes himself as buried in the woods, and I am glad that I can quote from such an excellent translation as that by Mr. Johns:—

"To-morrow shall I in my grave be laid,
Amid the leaves and floating forest shade

In yon ash grove—my verdant birchen trees
Shall be the mourners of my obsequies!
My spotless shroud shall be of summer flowers,
My coffin hewn from out the woodland bowers;
The flowers of wood and wild shall be my pall,
My bier eight forest branches green and tall;
And thou shalt see the white gulls of the main
In thousands gather there to bear my train;
And e'en the very wood-mice shall be seen
To haste and join the sad funereal scene!
The thicket of the rocks my church shall be,
Two nightingales (enchantress, chosen by thee),
The sacred idols of the sanctuary!"

This is all pure idyllic fancy; it is bathed in the warm sunshine of poetry, but it is not deep passion; there is here

"No voice of weeping heard and loud lament."

One can hardly read this beautiful effusion of fancy without being reminded of those lines of Webster, the "Land-dirge", of which Charles Lamb says:—"I never saw anything like this funeral dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy."

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
  Since over shady groves they hover,
  And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
  Call unto his funeral dole,
  The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole;
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm."

The other is the poem where he supposes that Ifor Hael's daughter, in tardy repentance for having caused his death by her obduracy, will set off on a pilgrimage from her monastery in Anglesea to St. David's. This poem has never been really translated into English before (as Iolo Morganwg's so-called translation is an outrageous paraphrase), and I venture to give a faithful version of this beautiful poem. The origi-

nal exactly, to my mind, represents Ab Gwilym's genius,—the ever-varying fancy, the light touch, the half pathetic turn; but even here we can detect the absence of that deeper passion which would have abruptly stopped his light coruscations of fancy, and would have rather made him veil his face in silent anguish with Agamemnon in the old picture of Timanthes:—

Ab Gwilym, xxxiii.

The Lady's Pilgrimage to St. David's.

"The nun has started on her way,
The silent maid, her vows to pay
Before St. David in his shrine,
His mother, and the host divine;
Fain would her heart conceal her woes,
Bright dawn of comfort where she goes.
She starts from Môn, in hope to win
A tardy pardon for her sin,
For cruel words of cold disdain,
And a true heart unjustly slain.
All penitent and woe-begone,
She journeys downcast and alone,
Pale are her cheeks and sad her brow,—
Her poet's songs are silent now!
May Menai spread a fostering care,
Its dangerous tide run low for her;
May famed Traeth Mawr spell-bound retreat
And ebb away before her feet;
May Bychan Draeth be wellnigh dry,
And Ertro flow unruffled by.
Glad would I pay the Barmouth fee,
That she might safely ferried be;
Dysyny, with thy stream like wine,
Leave a small strip of wavelets nine;
But Dyfi's shivering waves are deep,—
Say, will the maid her purpose keep?
Rheidiol, for honour's sake give heed,
And let thy stream flow soft as mead;
Nor, Ystwyth, try to stop her way,—
Swell thy deep waters as they may.

Aeron, thy flood's impetuous mass
Rolls boiling on,—but let her pass.
And Teifi, stream surpassed by none,
Gossamer-gleaming in the sun,
Grant her safe escort, succour send,
That she may reach her journey's end.
Mother, if in St. David's pile
Thou hast thy far-famed domicile,
In purple clothed of costliest dye,—
List to my interceding cry.
She killed me, as too well I know,—
But then the crime was long ago;
'Tis now too late to avenge my fall;
And oh! her journey cancels all!
Mary, my gentle sea-gull spare,
Though she was merciless as fair;
Ere her excuses half are said,
I shall have pardoned the bright head!"

A peculiar feature of Ab Gwilym's genius is the enthusiastic outpouring of his emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, of praise or blame, love or enmity, whenever he is once fairly roused by his subject. There is something, at times, almost Shakespearian in his rapid flow of imagery, pouring out as from an inexhaustible river-god's urn. Sometimes we have in one ode a series of beautiful images, following one another in rapid succession, like the colours in a kaleidoscope; another ode will give us an equally vivid series of grotesque images like the incoherent fancies of a feverish dream. He rarely dwells long on any suggested thought; his muse has a light touch that just throws a bright passing illumination on the object, and then flits off to another part of the landscape like a ray of April sunshine. One of these very remarkable odes is that to the snow, No. CCV.

The poet begins by lamenting that he cannot stir from his home, nor keep his appointment with his mistress in consequence of the snow:—

"There is no world nor ford nor hill-slope,
No open space nor ground to-day."

He soon bursts out into a volley of abuse against the snow, and I quote a few of the more striking lines:—

"There is not a spot under the wood without its white dress,
Nor a bush without its sheet!
A bright veil over the grove of trees full of sap,
A burden of chalk overlying the wood.
A very thick shower of foam,
Lumps bigger than a man's fist;
Through Gwynedd do they pass,
White are they, very bees of paradise!
Where does heaven throw together such a plague?
Where is there such an appearance? It must be the feathers of the geese of the saints!
'Tis a dress of silver made by the ice for a time,—
'Tis all quicksilver, the coldest in the world.
A dress of cold, disappointing is its stay—
A deception on hill, hollow, and fosse!
A coat of thick steel,—an earth-breaking weight,—
A pavement larger than the grave of the sea."
(*Palment mwy na mynwent mor.*)

It is dangerous for a foreigner to criticise particular lines in a poet of a strange language; but I cannot help remarking here that this last line strikes me as almost sublime. It brings out so vividly the immense tract of white barren snow and ice covering the whole surface of the land, large enough to be the gravestone of the sea. It reminds me of Keats' lines, though, of course, they contain a very different image to describe the same phenomenon, where he addresses the bright star in the wintry sky as

"Gazing on the soft white new-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors."

Another of these odes, in which the grand and the grotesque are so curiously mingled, is Ode XLIV, which describes how Morfudd and the poet meet in the wood, but are frightened by a thunderstorm. In the opening of the poem he is serious, and I give a few of the lines where he describes the thunder by a succession of similes, as some of these are remarkable:—

"'Tis a crash that all the world hears incessantly,
A hoarse bull shattering the rocks;
Thunder which brings trouble to us,
Like the noise of arms in the sky beyond our bounds![1]
I heard aloft (I retreated for fear)—
The giant voice of the trumpet of the beating rain,
A thousand giants raving wildly
From the chains of the constellations."[2]

These last two lines remind one of the grand verse in Job: "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" which is generally interpreted to mean "Canst thou loose the bands of the *giant?*", *Kesîl* or Orion being conceived as an impious giant bound upon the sky. I have been often puzzled as to how Ab Gwilym could have got this image. It could not have been suggested by the passage in Job, for the Vulgate has only *gyrum Arcturi poteris dissipare?* It must have been, therefore, a casual coincidence. The rest of the poem falls below the high level on which it began, and one is vexed to descend to such lines as—"A red-haired witch shrieking while shut up"; "An ugly hag clashing her pans"; or "The breaking of old brewing-tubs".

A more pleasant example of these descriptive odes is that delightful one to the broom (No. XLVII), which I shall quote in Mr. Johns' translation. It is entitled "Y banadl-lwyn". He first describes the grove of broom in its winter dress, and then he foretells its glories in the next spring:—

"When May steps lightly on the trees
To paint her verdant liveries,
Gold on each thread-like sprig will glow
To honour her who reigns below!
Green is that arbour to behold,
And on its withes thick showers of gold.

---

[1] Cf. Virgil, *Georg.*, i:—"Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo audiit."

[2] Mil fawr yn ymleferydd
O gadwynau sygnau sydd.

Oh, flowers of noblest splendour,—these
Are summer's frost-work on the trees!
A field the lovers now possess
With saffron o'er its verdure rolled,
A house of passing loveliness,
A fabric of Arabia's gold,
Bright golden tissue, glorious tent,
Of Him who rules the firmament,
With roof of various colours blent!
An angel, mid the woods of May,
Embroidered it with radiance gay,—
That gossamer with gold bedight,
Those fires of God—those gems of light!
Amid the wood their jewels rise,
Like gleams of star-light o'er the skies,
Like golden bullion, glorious prize!
How sweet the flowers that deck that floor,
In one unbroken glory blended,—
Those glittering branches hovering o'er,
Veil by an angel's hand extended."

I will now give a short account of some of the more striking poems in Ab Gwilym, as this will give the best idea of the peculiar form of his poetry. It is impossible to divide his odes into classes; they have at once too much likeness and too much difference to submit easily to any such classification. In one sense, they are nearly all specimens of the Provençal *chanso,* and a strong general similarity runs through them all; in another sense, each has its own individual character, as Ab Gwilym has far too much overflowing originality to need often to repeat himself.

In XXXIX and LIV we have two poems on a mist which hindered him from keeping his appointment with Morfudd; they more closely resemble each other than his poems generally do. I give a prose rendering of part of the first, as it is a good example of Ab Gwilym's volley of indignant epithets, when *facit indignatio versum* :—

"As I was going betimes to wait for her,
There sprang up a mist, a birth of the night;

Cloud-mantles darkened the way
As if I had been in a cave.
All trace of the sky was covered,
A close mist arose reaching to the sky's vault.
Ere I had walked a step in my wandering,
Not a spot of the country could be seen more,—
No birch on the cliff, no border,
No hills, mountain, nor sea!
Fie on thee, great tawny mist,
Dark-brown cassock of the air,
Smoke of the ignis-fatuus of the pit,
A pretty habit thrown over this world!
Like an exhalation of the floor of hell, that far-off furnace.
Smoke of the world growing from afar;
High-topped spider's web,
Like a flood filling every place.
Thou art thick and greedy, father of rain,
Thou art its home, aye, and a mother to it;
Heavy blanket of bad weather,
Black web from afar, wrapping the world.
Unloved, ungenial crop,
Sea-calf hurdle between me and the sun;
Day becomes night, thou hurdle of drops,
Day in night, art thou not graceless?
Thick with snow aloft, covering the hill,
Grandfather of hoar frost, father of thieves!
Litter of January's abundant snow,
A conflagration of the wide air,—
Creeping along, scattering hoar frost,
Along the hills on the dry brushwood of the heath."

Another very characteristic poem is No. LXXXIV, called *Mawl i'r Eos,* but rather "The Nightingale and the Crow". The poet describes himself as wandering in Eytun Wood, and he comes upon a nightingale "on her soaring journey under a mantle of leaves":—

"Delicately she sings her first grave note,
The 'mean' and 'treble' in her toil;
The happy melody of a refined glad maiden,
Climbing through the branches, the bright cementing of love.
Valuable is her mention in Ovid,
Poetess, weaver in the trees,—

She is glad by day and by night,—
A voice with no stammering, good, bright, and fair."

As he hears her sing in her glade, it reminds him of a mass-service, a not unfrequent topic of comparison with him:—

"The mass under the fair leaves
Performed by the open air handmaid of love.

"When behold, the cheerless raven on the tree-top,—
Loud, rapacious, with its armful of flesh,
Leading an assault, while spreading out her tail,
Against the palace of the dear, bright russet bird.

"Came the raven from some excursion aloft,
An unprepared song compared with the other,—
Resolute with three notes, no happy business,—
'Rain! rain!' quoth the wretch from the bush!
("*Gwlaw*, *Gwlaw*", *medd y baw o'r berth.*)

"She checked our supreme happiness,
With her trailing feathers and her ready cries,
Yea, she made the family party of the leaves,
With the glorious nightingale on the sprays,
Sadden yonder and grow silent,[1]
With the brazen impudence of that black Jewess."

The poet, enraged at the raven's interruption, pours forth a volley of abuse against it, and ends by bidding it fly away to feast on the carcase of an ox lying on a distant field:—

"The bird believed my words to be true,
And I enjoyed from the glossy grey wing
(Happy occupation!) voices which were better!"

In another Ode (No. CLXXXII), we have an adventure with a fox. The poet was resting under the trees, when he observed a fox at some distance:—

"It made a set at me, to my shame,
I saw him when I looked yonder,

[1] Compare Tennyson's *Pelleas and Ettarre*,

"And all talk died, as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey."

In shape like a monkey, I did not like his place,
A red fox—the dog's form is no friend of his,—
Sitting like a town-hog
Near its hole, on its haunch."

The poet aims his bow of yew at the intruder :—

"I drew my shot with cruel aim
Past the side of my face—wholly past—
Alas! suddenly flew my bow
Into three pieces—a cruel misfortune!"

Of course this mishap provokes him, and he proceeds to wreak his vengeance by abusing the innocent cause! In the midst of the torrent of abuse, the fox hears the sound of the hunters, and leaps down the rock and flies away in the far distance to escape his pursuers.

Another singular poem is one to which I have already alluded—the dialogue between the poet and his shadow. The poet represents himself as wandering in the glade and sheltering under a birch tree, when he sees, in the late afternoon, his own shadow stretched out in gigantic proportions.

The bard crosses himself at the sight of the spectre, and asks who it is. It answers :—

"Myfi—gad dy ymofyn,
Dy gysgod—hynod yw hyn!"

"Thus all nakedly to glide,
Gentle poet, by thy side,
Is my task, my heart's desire;
I have feet that never tire,
And am bound by secret spell
All thy wanderings to tell,
To espy each wile and art,
Fairest jewel of my heart!"

Ab Gwilym at once begins his usual storm of epithets. The exhaustless wealth of his vocabulary of scorn reminds one of Shakespeare's endless torrent of vituperation in the mouth of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, or Timon in *Timon of Athens*. I have only time for a few lines as a specimen :—

"Whence, whence art thou, giant's child?
Shape of darkness, huge and wild;
Bald of brow as aged bear,
Bloated uncouth form of air;
More like images that scud
Through our dreams than flesh and blood;
Shaped like stork on frozen pool,
Thin as palmer (wandering fool!)
Long-shanked as a crane that feeds
Greedily among the reeds;
Like a black and shaven monk
Is thy dark and spectral trunk,
Or a corpse in winding-sheet."

And so it goes on for more than a page, till at last the provoked shadow retorts by threatening its substance with a very *substantial* vengeance:—

"By my faith, if I were to tell
To some who know (something) this that I know,
'Tis a sure fate, ere the excitement had ceased
In Christendom, thou wouldst be hanging!"

I cannot help feeling that here Ab Gwilym missed his opportunity. The idea in itself is a most original one, and we can easily picture what a grand poem Keats or Wordsworth would have made of it. The idea of the gigantic and seemingly supernatural shape dogging the poet,—his personified conscience, as it were, accusing him of his sins,—might have furnished the material for a splendid outburst of imaginative poetry; but it should not have been treated in a ludicrous spirit. It is at such times as these that we feel the truth of Goronwy Owain's criticism in one of his letters:—"Ab Gwilym was perhaps the best Welshman that ever lived for ludicrous poetry; but, though I admire and even dote upon the sweetness of his poetry, I have often wished he had raised his thoughts to something more grave and sublime."

The only poet, as far as I remember, who ever had the same conception come into his mind, is the great Spanish dramatist, Calderon; but he has treated it in a very different way. The passage occurs in the *Purgatory of St. Patrick*.

Ludovico Ennio has been for some time watching to kill an enemy; a cloaked figure continually crosses his path, and calls him by name, but, on his following, constantly disappears. At last, Ennio resolves that this strange intruder shall himself fall a victim; when he next appears wrapped in a cloak as usual, and addresses him by name, Ennio strikes at him with his sword, but wounds only the air. The figure retreats; he pursues. At last they re-enter in a lonely spot, and Ennio thus addresses him:—

"Cavalier, the street already
We have left; if aught prevented
There our combat, here we stand,
Man to man, with none beside us.

"Since against thy frame my weapon
Strikes in vain, I dare to ask thee
Who art thou, strange being? Speak!
Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?
Still no answer! thus I dare, then,
Cast aside that cloak of thine,
And discover—
[*He pulls open the cloak and discovers a skeleton.*

"God protect me!
What is this? oh, fearful image!
Horrid vision! mortal terror!
What art thou, gaunt corpse, that, crumbled
Into dust and ashes, still
Livest?"

Voice from the Skeleton. "Know'st thou not thyself?
See in me thine own resemblance—
I am Ludovico Ennio!" [*Disappears.*

Ludovico. "Aid me, heaven! what do I hear?
Aid me, heaven! what do I see?"[1]

Compared with this scene of Calderon, Ab Gwilym's light and wayward playfulness

"Is as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

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[1] I borrow this translation from an old article in the *Monthly Chronicle.*

I have been rather severe on Ab Gwilym for his unworthy treatment of the splendid subject of the dialogue with the shadow; it is only fair that I should conclude with an ode where he has worthily treated a good subject,—I mean his beautiful and thoroughly characteristic ode to the woodcock (No. LXXII). It has never been translated into English before, and I therefore venture to give a version of my own:—

"Good morrow, bird of gentle throat,
Though thine 's at times an angry note,
Bold plunger in the river's wave,
Or shall I call thee falsely brave?
Light slender woodcock, tell me now,
Whitherward bound thus fliest thou?"

"The cold is keen, the frost binds fast,
I, by my faith, am off at last;
Far from my summer haunts I flee;
'Tis the wild snow that hurries me;
Cold winter scares me with its gloom,
Its snowdrifts drive me from my home."

"Say not a word, but bend thy flight
Where yonder lives my lady bright;
The fiercest winds shall pass thee by,
Safe in that sheltered sanctuary,
Where gleam the waves beneath the hill,
And the warm sunshine lingers still.

"Bird of long beak, yet even there
Are deadly perils to beware;
Thy life is lost, if near thee go
The fowler with his bolt and bow;
Heed not his call, nor close thine eye,
But from his wiles thy fastest fly;
Let every bough thy shelter be
From bush to bush and tree to tree.
And if by chance some snare, concealed
Beneath the trees that skirt the field,
Should catch thee in its prison light,
Be not too flurried in thy flight,
But with thy strong beak boldly draw
The horsehairs out that bind thy claw.

"'Tis the old bird of mournful mood,
Who roams the glens in solitude;
Rather do thou, bright wing, to-day
To Rhinwallt's bower pursue thy way;
Bear to the fair-haired lady there
My secret anguish and despair.
And by St. Cybi tell me sooth,
If she still keeps her plighted truth.
Stay near and watch beside her gate,
And on her every movement wait;
And to assist thee, songster mine,
I will reveal to thee a sign;
She is a lady white as snow,
But just a wife, the more the woe!

"I love her every feature still,
Her image on the old green hill,
As much as in that vanished time,
Yea, more than in her maiden prime;
O, make her love her bard no less,
Poor victim of her faithlessness.

"I waited in the frost; more wise,
Another carried off the prize;
Cold o'er me blew the freezing wind,
As I stayed waiting, left behind.
That proverb now too well I know,
Some wrecked hope's utterance long ago;
'I marked a forest tree my own,
Another's axe has cut it down!'"

There is a charming series of similar poems addressed to different animals whom he thus sends as his *llattai* to the poetical mistress who, in Provençal fashion, rules his song, if not his heart. Birds, beasts, fishes, all interest him; we have poems to the lark, the seagull, the salmon, the swallow, the eagle, the trout, the swan, and the wind; and every poem has its own peculiar touch. Thus, in that to the seagull we have a remarkable couplet, where he says:—

"Lightly thou fliest over the wave of the deep,
Like a piece of the sun,—*a gauntlet of the sea!*"

In that to the wind, we have the line,—

> "The world's bold tyrant, without foot, without wing;"

and again, in that to the swan,—

> "A gallant work is thy horsemanship of the wave,
> To lie in wait for the fish from the deep,
> Thy angling-rod, beautiful creature,
> Is in sooth thine own long fair neck!"

But the time warns me that I must draw these imperfect remarks to a close. It is impossible, in a single lecture, to do more than point out some of the more prominent characteristics of this remarkable author; and I have especially tried to look at him, not merely as a great Welsh poet, but as a member of the wider community of European poets, influenced, like his contemporaries, by the great currents of thought and feeling which stirred his age.

I cannot, however, close without one remark especially addressed to the scholars of Wales. It is surely incumbent on them to prepare a critical edition of Ab Gwilym's works. The two editions which we have, are not edited with any critical care; and a scholarly edition of the text, with the various readings of the oldest MSS., would be indeed prized by all who are interested in mediæval Welsh literature. Ab Gwilym abounds with hard passages and obscure allusions; but the best of all commentaries is a carefully edited text; for every student knows, to his cost, what it is to spend his strength uselessly in attempting to solve some enigma which at last turns out to be no dark saying of the poet, but some dull blunder of a scribe!

ON SOME CUSTOMS STILL REMAINING IN WALES.

By the REV. ELIAS OWEN, M.A., of Ruthin.

Customs that date from Homeric days still remain in Wales. I well remember when my own dear mother was lying in her coffin, and I was gazing for the last time upon all that was mortal of her that was so dear to us all, that I was desired by one of the women bystanders to touch her forehead and to give her a last kiss, which I did. I was afterwards told by these women, that by so doing I should not be troubled by the spirit of her, whose spirit, I may say, was ever with her children when she was alive. I was not then aware that touching the forehead of the dead had its origin in ages long, long ago. It was some time afterwards that I found an allusion to a similar custom in the *Iliad*. Thus, in Book XXIV, line 712, Ἁπτόμεναι κεφάλῆς of the departed was a custom even in those early times, and it remains in Wales to our days.

Another custom that prevails in Montgomeryshire in reference to the dead and is observed there, but I have never heard of it in other parts of Wales, is the placing of salt on the body when it is in the coffin. I forget the meaning of this, or rather the reason for so doing.

The night before a funeral, in most parts of Wales, a religious service is held in the house of the deceased, which at present is conducted as follows: a hymn is sung, a portion of scripture read, and then a prayer is offered up which is followed by a hymn, and alternate prayer and hymn follow for about an hour. This is how the *wake*, or *wylnos*, as the

service is called, is conducted by the Nonconformists; but when the deceased belonged to the Church, and the service is conducted by the Vicar or other clergy of the parish, it is usual for the officiating clergyman to give out the hymns and expound a portion of scripture, as well as to offer up the prayers both while opening and at the end of the service. All the friends of the departed, and neighbours generally, attend this meeting, and the relations never fail being present on this solemn occasion. After the religious service is over, the parish clerk, should he happen to be present, or someone else, announces the hour of the departure of the funeral on the following day. I need hardly say that tears flow freely at this meeting upon every allusion, should any be made, to the deceased, or even the singing of the plaintive hymn is enough to open the flood-gates of pent-up sorrow. Before separating, the friends of the departed take a last look at the dead, and go quickly home. Thus is the *wylnos* now held. But it was differently conducted a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago. An old friend of mine, John Evans, Llanrwst, as he was called, told me some fifteen or twenty years ago, that it was customary to invite some well-known singer to the *wylnos*, and it was expected that he would come prepared with an elegy, of his own composing, upon the deceased. This information, John Evans, who was about sixty years old when he told me of it, had had from an old man named Edward Prichard; and Edward Prichard told John Evans that he remembered an old man in Llandegai parish, who was in the habit of frequenting *wylnosau*, as a hired, or at least specially invited, singer; and he was expected by his song to comfort the relatives upon the sad occasion. The song usually described the departed's personal appearance and his many worthy qualities. It was, in fact, a lamentation over the dead—an elegy. This is also a very ancient custom. We find such a custom prevailed in the

earliest times, and bards and poets have vied with each other in singing of the great departed. But in Wales, so late as the last century, everyone had some one to speak a kind word of him or her who was no more. The poetry possibly was not very striking, but, such as it was, it was often enshrined in the memory. John Evans, whom I have already mentioned, repeated a few lines to me which had been uttered by the hired singers. In these lines reference is made to "the curly hair, and the yellow, grizzled beard" of the dead. In later times, I have heard of some lines sung at a *wylnos*, which I give, as an example of these productions of local poets. I have been assured that the words were actually sung at a place in Anglesey, where mats were, if they are not now, made. The lines run thus:—

"Baban bach sy' wedi marw,
A'i dad ai fam yn crio 'n arw,
Gobeithio bod o'n well ei gartre
Na bod yn N...... yn gwneud mattie."

These lines express a hope that the baby, after whom the father and mother were crying, was better off where he was than being in N......ch making mats.

There are various kinds of funeral offerings in Wales. I will mention some that have come under my own notice. There is, first of all, the offering made to the nearest relative of the departed. The neighbours, friends, and relations, send what is necessary for the meal which is given before the funeral procession starts. The presents are sent the day before the funeral. Then, on the day of the funeral, all those present place a coin on the coffin as it stands on the bier. This money goes to the widow. I have seen the offerings given to the relict as she sits by the fire-side, with her head covered with a shawl. This is done when offerings are not made over the dead. This way of showing respect for departed friends has its origin in ancient days. From Thucy-

dides it appears that a similar custom prevailed in his days in Greece. When describing the preparation for the funeral of those who had first fallen in the war, he writes (Book II, chap. 34), *καὶ ἐπιφέρει τῷ αὑτοῦ ἕκαστος, ἤν τι βούληται.* Hence it seems that in Greece there was a custom of presenting something to relations on the occasion of a funeral, that each one gave what he pleased.

There are, besides the offering now referred to, two others: the one made to the clergyman, the other to the parish clerk. These offerings occasionally are very large. I have heard of cases in which they have amounted to several pounds, even so much as £15. But this is a very exceptionally large offering, and is given upon the occasion of a well-known, greatly respected gentleman, whose funeral is attended by a large number of rich friends. Usually, the amount offered depends upon the social position of the departed. It is, consequently, sometimes very small, not reaching more than a few shillings, or even less. The offering to the clergyman is made in the church. The first to offer are those that are by blood or marriage connected with the deceased. These walk up to the communion table, and place their offerings thereon, and when they have reached their seat, then those present at the funeral go up in a stream; maintaining, however, a kind of order, the returning body walk on one side the aisle, whilst those who go up walk along the other side. In this way, confusion is avoided. In some churches there is a small flap-table attached to the rails that surround the communion, on which the offerings are placed. The offering to the parish clerk is made in the porch as the funeral leaves the church. Generally, a penny is placed on the plate which he holds, and for which he thanks the giver. At the grave he receives the offering of the relations, who retain their money until there. In some parishes, the parish clerk receives the offerings over the grave, on a spade. I knew an

old clerk who, when the offerings were small, would exclaim, "Ah! love is cooling, love is cooling!" I have no doubt he received many a sixpenny bit, lest he should say "Love is cooling".

There was a curious custom, which has disappeared in the life-time of the middle-aged, at marriages. It may be called, "Running for the wedding-cake". This custom was common in Carnarvonshire. Marriages used formerly to be attended by a large number of young persons: twenty couples, or more, used to march to church, and the churches were generally well filled with well-wishers, or sight-seers. A good number of young men were also present, but they presented themselves for the purpose of competing in a race for the wedding-cake. When the clergyman pronounced the young couple man and wife, these young men rushed out of the church to the house of the bride, and the one who first arrived there received the wedding-cake, which became his own. Sometimes this race was a long one, and many started as competitors. My old friend, Mr. Richard Parry, Plasuchaf, Llanllechid, told me that he once ran four miles against thirty young men, and won the cake. My friend told me that he was dressed on the occasion in breeches and brown stockings, and that it was at that wedding that he met his wife, and, added he, "We all got our wives upon such occasions".

The marriage party in those days sang hymns in church, and a marriage was a festal day. It was quite a holiday for young men and young lasses, and lustily did they enjoy its festivities.

LETTERS

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.

(*Continued from page* 81.)

TO EDWARD RICHARD.

"Penbryn, December 21st, 1760.

"DEAR SIR,—I have yours which came with the boys, who, ever since they came home, have been hard at work in copying, etc.; so that, if I am able to bridle them in till their return, they will improve considerably in writing and common sense. They seem to take a pride in outdoing lads of their standing. When I wrote to you last, it was like a lucid interval. I have been since very bad, the fever lurking in my blood, and my head quite muddy. But a letter from Mr. Pegge last post has given me some life. He has answered the Teutonic letter as well as I expected, and seems to be a fair candid man, and a sensible man, except in pronouncing me a scholar, who am no more than a glow-worm, and you know it, who are better acquainted with me. I here return your catalogue, and shall send you something by way of filling up, or, as the masons say, *Cerrig llanw*. I also here return you Mr. Pegge's *Octavus Casus* and Dr. Philipps' letters. I am quite crazy in body, and fit for nothing, having not yet been out of the house since the 14th of November. I must take physic, etc., and bring myself low, in order to rise.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, Jan. 24th, 1761, to the 31st.

"Dear Sir,—My wife tells me she must, one of these days, send the boys' shirts, etc.; and I, like a faithful correspondent, looked out immediately for paper and ink to keep to my usual way of crefu am glod, nid oes neb arall ond y chwi a rydd imi ddim.

"It is as good as a cordial to my drooping spirits. There is nobody but you that tells me to my face (I mean of my acquaintance) that I am somebody, and I wish your letter was legible that I might show it to my wife, that she might also think so. Your last letter was such a scrawl, that really if I had not known it was sense, I could hardly make it out. But such is the pride of all great men, that there is hardly one of them that writes a legible hand. There is your correspondent, Dr. Phillipps!! In your next letter write your best hand, and tell me plain downright that I am a very clever fellow, and a wonder of a man, that my wife may read it; for she will believe that it is really so. Lewis XIV used to say, that no man was thought an hero by the servants of his bed-chamber; for when a person is seen stark naked, he looks but like another man. And if you were to see me naked, you would not take me to be either Witherington or Dafydd ab Gwilym. Well, once more I beg of you for a translation in Latin verse of the *ymdrech rhwng Llywelyn a'r peswch.*

"I know, and am sure you can do it, so as to give life to the original. My children, when you and I are dead and gone, will divert themselves by the fire-side, of a long winter's night, with the production of their father and master. And why should you be against such innocent amusements? P'le mae 'r Caniad a addawsoch chwi?

"This poetical immortality is not to be despised; it raises an ambition to do greater things. Wele hai mae 'n rhaid imi bellach roi eli ichwi wrth eich llaw ddrwg.

"My old friend, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, the poet, used to say, that sound wit and sense need no embellishments, and that nonsense, though wrote by a writing-master, would be nonsense still. This is a truth that wanted no proof; my own assertion would have been sufficient; but I heard this of a certain preacher, who used to prove out of the scripture that we must all die. So far I have filled up this paper without anybody's assistance; but here I must call to my aid all the old women in the neighbourhood, and have not a word more of my own to say, but that I am in great truth,

"Your most humble servant,

"Lewis Morris.

"P.S.—When the old women come you shall know what they say."

"Penbryn, February 11th, 1461.

"Dear Sir,—I had yours of Monday morning, query, what month or year. Yes, yes; and I have also received Canu 'r bont.

"I had a poet at my elbow when I opened it, who, after I had read it, gave his opinion, that it was either one of Hugh Morris's songs, or one that imitated his manner very strictly. I wish you joy of Hugh Morris's *Awen*, and may it break out in flashes like phosphorus, till you quench it with ale as he did. I am obliged to you for the Doctor's packet of letters; were not you bewitched, when you sent him all my foolish letters, which I had wrote to you as a successor of Hugh Morris, the bard, and which were not fit to be seen by learned doctors? However, I am exceedingly obliged to the Doctor for his concern for a poor mortal on the point of death. He shewed a great deal of good nature and humanity, an uncommon thing in the country of Ceredig ap Cunedda Wledig. I have wrote at last to Mr. Pegge; and have shewed my wife your letter with your best hand, where you call me a

clever fellow, but, to my great confusion, what do you think she said? 'This is only a contrivance between you; I am sure you are not clever, and this correspondent of yours is not Mr. Richard, for he never wrote so good a hand, for I can read this, and no woman can read his, for his is full of Latin and crooked letters.' It was in vain to contradict her, and there the matter is like to stand. Hark ye, you need not be made of iron, like the King of Prussia, to enable you to translate his Conflict with the Hector of France.

"Do, pray you, that I may have a little praise under the shadow of your wing, for I am sure my Welsh verses will live if you make a Latin version of them. No, no; I am not on the top of the hill above you; I am in the valley below on the other side. I do not know where Mr. Pegge is, perhaps on the top of the Peak of Derby. We shall see bye-and-bye. You see, I am not ashamed to shew you my weak productions (and to crave assistance), though you are possessed of the spirit of Hugh Morris. But it is that makes you so stiff. Imagine yourself Richards of Llanvyllin for once. Dr. Trapp says he was the best Latin poet since Horace's time. Who more likely to be possessed of his *Awen*—by transmigration than his name-sake? And where is the poor fatherless muse to be entertained, unless you give her a lodging? The old man is gone, and has left her to your care. I wish you would leave her to my son, when you have done with her. Pooh, pooh! all my matter is gone; I have not so much stuff in me as will finish this paper with any grace.

"I have been moidered here with poets, musicians, and antiquaries for some days past, who have drained my understanding, if I had any, and woe is me that I have ever studied these things. Farewell till I recruit again, and believe me to be yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, March 11th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—Chwedl y Bardd Cwse: 'Ar fore teg o Fawrth rhywiog, a'r ddaear yn las feichiog mi gymmerais ben yn fy llaw i ysgrifennu at un or dynion tewaf yn Ghymru, os gwir a ddywaid y bobl. Ie, oedd gwreigdda deimladwy gyda mi ddoe yn ciniawa ac yn trugarhau wrthoch ac yn cwyno drostoch.'

"It is an unwholesome fat, meddai un. He is bloated, meddai 'r llall; fe fydd marw o eisiau gwynt, meddai 'r llall; gresyn oedd, meddai gwraig o Aberystwyth na buasai yn dyfod attom ni i farw. Gwae fi na fuasai yn dyfod attoch chwi i fyw, meddwn innau.

"However it is, I wish you would be so good as to step over here to undeceive a body, and shew that you are not such a monster with a Saracen's head, like Sir Roger de Coverley. Mae agendor fawr rhyngof i a chwi, fal na allaf i ddyfod hyd yna, byddai 'n hawdd i chwi ddyfod yma gyda 'r goriwared.

"I have nothing new or strange to tell you, but that I have a new correspondent in Oxford, who, I expect, will make a good Welch poet, being a man of fortune and a scholar, with a strong inclination to understand our ancients. This very day I was told you had a scholar from Llañ Gollen, who was born a poet, and can hardly speak in prose; pray, send me some account of him. This account came from Aberystwyth. You will be as noted bye and bye for breeding of poets as Gruffudd Hiraethog was in Queen Elizabeth's time, or as Mr. Williams of Pont-y-seiri is for breeding of sheep and wild horses. I have also some thoughts of taking the spawn of a poet into my service to keep the old British custom. These wild thoughts have led me I do not know where, and I had almost forgot the chief errand of this letter, which is to borrow the boys for the holidays, and I do hereby

covenant, promise, grant, and agree, that they shall return when their mother thinks it convenient. The fireside takes me up intirely. I am neither fit for grafting, planting, nor the desk. I am under the discipline of the fygydfa, night and day; in some parts of North Wales it is called, Y Minnau rhag gormod o hono.

"I have had a letter from Mr. John Jones of Hertfordshire, a sensible, ingenious man. A correspondent of mine is about publishing the natural history of the birds of Britain, and wants the Welch names of birds. If you will take the trouble of writing down the Welsh names of birds in your neighbourhood, I shall be obliged to you; I may possibly meet with an uncommon name among them.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"Lewis Morris."

"Penbryn, 26th March, 1761.

I should reckon it a sin against the rules of correspondence to suffer these lads to return without their credentials along with them, and their mother tells me they must go in a few days; therefore I must set my letter in the stocks, so that it may be ready to be launched when they go. I have hardly time to talk with them this bout, so that I do not know whether they have improved anything since Christmas or not. I warrant you expect some fire or spirit in this letter, because it comes from a warm Dyffryn, and because you mistake our smoak and fog here for fire. But, alas! I know, to my sorrow, that fogs and mists are not warm, and when you consider that I am here encompassed with six of my own children, and having another in the loom just coming out, you cannot well expect either warmth of body or mind, for both are drained of their spirit. Do not you really long to be in my condition, capable of leaving this kind of immortality behind you? Well, I will tantalize you no more

(Talu tân),—but wish you a wife and six or seven children, though perhaps you choose the business of making poets, rather than making children. Your pupils made me very merry the other day; you know as well as I do, that they cannot express themselves in any language. I asked them about your poetical pupil, whether he made any verses, and whether they could recollect any of them? 'Na fedrwn i (said they) ond fe fydd meistr ag yntau yn gwneuthur Prydyddin (meaning Prydyddiaeth) bob nos wrth y tân'.

"I asked if there were any women with them, 'na fydd yno neb ond Modryb Gwen a'r forwyn'; well, this is excellent, 'gwneuthur prydyddion heb help merched'. Now I am upon the subject of gwneuthur prydyddion, pray has your pupil the qualifications of a modern Welch poet, fel i gwypir a ellir prydydd o hono, chwedl Statut Gruffudd ap Cynan?

"Is he in raptures with a cup of good ale? Does he prefer his own works to any of the ancients or moderns? Doth he despise all other languages and learning? Doth he affect low company and greedily swallow the praises of tinkers and coblers? Would he get out of bed to sing with the harp, as Gronwy used to do when with me? Is he naturally inclined to buffoonery, dirty language, and indecent expressions? These are the standing characteristics of a modern Welch poet, and are a kind of excrescences which must be lopped off in the mouthing of him. And then, perhaps, you may lead him on in the plan of Virgil, the great and modest. What have I been doing all this while? Teaching a master rider to ride the great horse. Dysgu i mam ferwi llymru. Wele hai! mi dawa finnau am heno, mae fy llygaid i yn ddarngauad, a'm pen i yn yscafn wrth besychu, felly nos da 'wch.

"Eich gwasanaethwr,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"Tuesday, 31st March.—Last night I had a line from Evan

Williams of Gargoed, signifying that his son John is to be buried to-morrow. As very likely you will be going to the funeral, and as I should like my boys also to go, I would be glad if you would restrain them from going to the house, for such a violent fever may likely be epidemical, which tender youth are very apt to catch. However, their mother is very anxious on that head, whatever may be my opinion; I long to see your poet in embryo, it is an uncommon bird."

"Penbryn, April 17th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—I received yours yesterday by way of Aberystwyth, though signed on Monday, the misfortune of cross posts. I am obliged to you for the Englynion by Simon Jones, which gives me a better notion of the person's parts and abilities than if whole volumes had been wrote by others to describe him. You do right to check his Welsh *Awen*. It should be tied down till he is a tolerable proficient in the Latin, for without Latin he cannot understand the great master of our language and poetry, John David Rhŷs—without he had the opportunity of reading abundance of our ancient poets in MSS., which would do as well. But he will never make any proficiency in our language or in our poetry without the help of John David Rhŷs, or those old MSS. from whence the old Doctor picked his flowers. I find the young man hath fire and good stuff in him, but, like a rough diamond, there are but few that can distinguish between him and *Carreg lwyd y rhych*, for want of being polished. A jeweller in London had a stone in his show-box which he took to be a pebble; an ingenious Jew came by and asked him what he would take for that rough diamond. 'I will not dispose of it at present,' said the jeweller, and upon trying it on the wheel it turned out to be a diamond of immense

value. Even so your pupil will, when he is polished. He must not meddle with Welsh poetry till he is master of orthography, otherwise he will build upon sand. To convince him of this, I will insert here a few errors in orthography in his Englynion and title. Oudd should be wrote Oedd; ddaith read ddaeth; Chefrol read Chwefror; Canlin read Canlyn; Clowes read Clywais; Ieithodd, cenhedlodd, read Ieithoedd; a madrodd read ag ymadrodd, and that spoils the poetry; Clws read tlws, which spoils the jingle; Saesnaig, etc., read Saesneg, etc.; Bygeiliaid read Bugeiliaid; blain read blaen; Cynhwyllin read Cynhwyllyn; ddiwisgill read ddewiscāll; Cyfnewydiog read Cyfnewidiog; escis read escus; Signo read Sugno; deliau read diliau; i gyredd read gyrraedd; Ame read Ammau; Caere read Caerau; drwi read drwy; llyfre read llyfrau; nau read na'u.

"As for errors in synwyr and cynghanedd, I shall not touch upon them at present; it is sufficient to show that the foundation should be at least good upon which all the structure depends. With much to-do we drove off the ague from Jack, but it will return again if he catches cold. The quotidian which he had was of the worst kind, and hardest to fight with. I intend to-morrow for Cardigan, and hope they will send the boy with this to you on Sunday. Mr. Pegge is a fair and an honest correspondent; I cannot as yet spare his letters. I must have Lewis home to copy them, for fear of accidents, for they are valuable. We are gone no farther than Copenhagen, for some authors lately published there; dyna ddynion yn chwilotta! ni adawant gornel o'r byd heb ei hedrych.

"My service to the Eginyn Bardd, and you may tell him for his encouragement that he will make an excellent Welch poet by and bye, if he lays it entirely by for the present, and lets it take a nap. He need not fear its growing

rusty; it will rise with fresh vigour, when it has dreamed a little about the ancients. I heartily wish you well,

"And am, sincerely yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, April 25th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—Though I cough without ceasing, and can hardly hold my pen, and have not one perfect idea of anything in my head, owing to this excessive flux on my lungs, I cannot help striving to write to you, in hopes to squeeze from you an answer, which will give me some relief, which is a kind of food to a relaxed spirit. Besides, I am like a cask filled with new liquor, ready to burst for want of vent. Who is fittest to hear my complaints and to administer relief but the guardian of my family, or the tutelar God of my chimney. I told you in my last, which I sent by Jack, that I intended to go to Cardigan. I did so, in order to appear for my friend, and with a view of meeting with a person perchance of my own taste. Adar o'r unlliw a ymgasclant i'r unlle.

"I knew that about half the gentry in these parts of Wales were to assemble there at the election, and I had a good chance of picking up either a mathematician, a naturalist, or an antiquary. These arts are in England reckoned the necessary qualifications of a gentleman. But, O my countrymen, how are we fallen! You are a curious man, and want to know the event of my researches. I will tell you. After the strictest enquiry, and now and then dropping my bait, I met with nothing in the world but Bambalio, Clango, Stridor, tarantara, murmur, not so much as a piece of a Welch poet to be seen or heard of, no manner of relief to a weather-beaten muse, except I had been a duck, everybody's view seems to have been the wetting his bill. Much offended with

the men and place, I returned homewards, and took leisure enough to observe the country, a shocking prospect of poverty and idleness, neglect and ignorance. What have I now to say, but God deliver us from all this veil of darkness.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"The letter-carrier sets out, or else I would have told you what I met with, as well as what I did not meet with. I hear nothing of our friend Evans's success or otherwise; let me know if you have any account of him."

"Penbryn y Barcut, May 1st, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—You are always in my debt a letter or two, though you have an army of writers at your back to assist you. Cannot you tell or command one of the meanest of them to answer my trifling letters, since you cannot spare time yourself? If it had not been for the coldness of the weather you should have been pestered with more of them. But I am so chilly that I cannot sit above three or four minutes together, so you may thank the weather for that. Why did not you let me know whether it was proper to send a horse for the bard? Perhaps you expected a Cywydd, as that from William Cynwal to Sion Tudur i geisio benthyg Rhys Gryther. But my vein for Cywydds is all spent, digon o waith imi yw gwneuthur pennill trwscl gwirion.

"Naturalists, when they meet in their travels with a scarce or curious plant, especially a nondescript, immediately send to all their correspondents an account of it; in like manner I cannot help letting you know that in my road to Cardigan I met at Llannarth a thing in the shape of a man, designed for a poet, and containing very good stuff, if he had fallen into good hands to be remodelled. He hath travelled, he hath seen St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and hath sung to

the King, God stand with his Grace (Duw safo gyda 'i Ras), though he never saw him. He hath read our polemical writers, he hath Stackhouse and Tillotson at his fingers' ends, and he showed me a printed paper, called by some a ballad, wherein he answers the queries of a certain Welch clergyman about predestination and free will. The poetry is tolerable, and the matter excellent. When I showed him some incorrectness in the style, and some faults in orthography, he immediately swallowed it by wholesale, O nid rhaid i chwi ddywedyd gair ychwaneg; mi a'i gwelaf fy hun.

"He would stand a quarter of an hour in one posture, like the statue of the gladiator at Mr. Sylvanus Bevan's, and make an excellent figure, though by trade but a little slender shoemaker; he is not above fifty years of age, and his intellect 's very strong, therefore may be licked up into the form of a poet with little trouble; he is known by the name of Evan Thomas, y Crydd a Phrydydd. So much for this piece of curiosity. How long am I to keep the boys at Whitsuntide? I have heard nothing yet from our old friend Evans; dyma hwb etto, gwedi bod yn peswch ag yn heppian uwch ben fy mhappur.

"Sleep is not only a resemblance of death, but is real death, and hath its resurrection, like the other. Who knows how often we are to transmigrate after this manner? We are no eternal beings, and I suppose immortal no farther than we are upheld by our Maker. But we shall know more of these things when we are stripped of this body of flesh. Now I think of it, I send you enclosed Evan Thomas's ballad; pray return it me when you have perused it. My garden calls me out; it wants seeds of flowering plants, etc. So farewell at present.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, May 20th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—I sit down with my pen and ink in hand, not because I have anything to write to you, but because these young chaps are like to set out to-morrow for Ystrad Meurig, where they long to be, since they are not allowed to play ball here, and because they are obliged to run on errands, and are often told they are fit for nothing but to make shepherds and miners. Pray, have you heard anything of our friend E. Evans? I wonder Llan Badarn is not supplied with a vicar before this. From this paper I was called to dinner, where I acted the glutton on a rock-fawn (*alias* pastai myn gafr), a dish which few of the greatest men of England ever see on their tables, and, in my opinion, excelling all their dainties. This continent is the great chain that holds the world together. Llyn Teivy trout, and some sauce out of Horace, is, with you, the most savoury dish in the world. Our constitutions are fitted for the food the country affords. The Hudson Bay Indian, with the same goust, drew the bladder through his teeth, which had held his train oil, as a Londoner would devour an Ortolan. I have no news to give you. I am sure I am not to live long, for even scribbling is become a pain to me; several times have I been obliged to get from my desk since I began this scrawl. Old age and infirmities of several kinds have laid a siege to me, and it is probable that even the capital must surrender soon; then, farewell. I wish you all the happiness that the climate affords, and I wish for a little warm weather to make my cough easier. Here is an old Pennill full of nature; pray, turn it into the same verse in Latin:—

'Blodau 'r flwyddyn yw f' anwylyd,
Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin hefyd;
Llewyrch haul yn t' wynnu ar gyscod,
A gwenithen y genethod.'

"This is but a small boon I ask; and yet I see you shrug your shoulders, and endeavour to find an excuse for your laziness. Good night to you; God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"I was favoured lately with the company of a mountain poet, who prided himself on being a wanderer like the ancients. He is known by the name of Hugh Jones of Llangwm; he is truly an original of the first order, and worth seeing, hath a natural aversion to Saxons and Normans, and to all languages but his own. 21st. My journal (diurnal) continues; a windy day, inclining to be stormy. The mother will not suffer the sons of her youth to go to-day, lest they should be lost in Rheidiol, on which a bridge is wanted more than at Rhyd Vendigaid. Besides that, she wants them to go and fetch home some geese and goslings, which are better eating than Ovid's *Epistles*, and such dry food. 22nd. A very stormy day, as variable as wind can make it,—as changeable as a woman, except in this case there is more bad than good. I have this day got from Ireland a curious treatise on the *Ancient State of Ireland.* The author nameless; nor can I guess who it might be. He strikes out several new lights on the history of the British Isles. Why have not we a dissertation of that kind? We have ten times more matter than the Irish have; but we are all lazy like you, that pretends to be dead.

"Yours once more.

"Dublin: Printed by James Hoey for the Editor, Mr. Michael Reilly. 1753.

"23rd. This, I hope, is the last codicil to this letter; for, notwithstanding all our resolution, it was carried by a great majority of the house, that the expedition should be put off

till to-morrow, when, by general consent, the Castle of Ystrad Meurig should be beseiged in form, and battering engines are provided accordingly.

"Yours again and again."

"Penbryn, June the 5th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for yours, which, like all your letters, is full of life, wit, and spirits, and you shew more in denying that you have any, than others when they stretch their utmost to shew you it. Let a fine girl affect to wear a dish-clout for a handkerchief,—she will still be a fine girl; but let me and others of the low species of mortals plume ourselves as much as we can, we are still but common stuff, without life, without energy, without edge. Well, since I know you expect some matter in this letter to keep up a correspondence, and for you to work upon, I herewith send you a packet of as much sense, wit, and humour, as I have been able to find in North Wales. It is a Ca . . . up . . . on a dark grey horse, by the name and title of Evan Evans or Ieuan Fardd ag Offeiriad. Make much of him, and take as much out of him as is necessary for you, to save me the trouble hereafter to pretend to write anything like wit or sense to you. Cannot you take a bellyfull that will last you a twelve month? perhaps I may not live longer than that. Then, between you be it. I have not a syllable more to say. All my store is drained; but, however,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, June 13th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—I have been struck with the palsy some time ago, and am in a very bad way. The fever hath left me; but, as I gather strength, the bad symptoms increase. It is a doubt with me, whether ever I shall recover. God's will

be done; He hath given, and he takes away, and doth as He pleases with His own creatures. I wish you health and happiness.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"If I grow worse, I shall send for the boys."

"Penbryn, August 3rd, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—The great shock that I had lately from a fit of the palsy, hath brought me so low that I recover but very slowly, and another stroke like this would finish me. God knows how soon that may happen, as I am on the decline as well in years as constitution. The situation of my poor children has given me a good deal of uneasiness, and under these circumstances the method I have taken in the education of my boys that are with you, will by no means do hereafter; for I can never foresee that classical learning will bring them in this country any livelihood under their mother's management after my decease. But some insight into accounts and the arts requisite in the busy scenes of life, may make them, with the assistance of their friends, fit to be clerks in offices, or something that may get them a bit of bread under the tyrants of this world. I am, therefore, determined to send them immediately to some school to attempt to learn writing and accounts, and, if I recover this stroke, I intend to bring them afterwards to you, to ground them in the Latin tongue, which may be of use to them. But all our schemes are wild, and have no solid foundation, for God disposes of works as he pleases, after a most surprising manner. I send by the bearer £12, to pay for the boys; their year is up, I think, about this time, or will be soon; and if there be anything remaining for books, let me know, and I will send it you. Let them come home with the bearer, that I may fit them out for their intended journey, which must be where the

mother chooses. The frequent returns of some of the symptoms which the palsy hath left behind it, makes me expect a relapse, so that I am, in the language of this world, within a clearer view of Eternity and those glorious, glorious regions of immortality, than those whose eyes are dazzled with the lustre of temporal things; and it is impossible for me to express to you the satisfaction I had in a late glimpse of it, which I am certain was far from enthusiasm. God be with you and yours.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, Nov. 7th, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—The accounts you have, that the folks at Penbryn are in health and high spirits, are far from truth. Here is neither health nor spirits, nor any thoughts or hopes of ever tasting of either of them. My constitution is not only broken, but ruined. A ride I took lately in order to defend my property against the attacks of a tyrant, hath, instead of helping my health, shattered it. I cannot sit to my pen a quarter of an hour together, nor can I fix my eyes on a book for half that time, but am taken with a vertigo; so that the dread of an apoplectic fit gives me some uneasiness, and would drive me distracted, if I was not thoroughly convinced of the goodness of my great Preserver and Maker, who best knows when to dispose of me. The whole world seems to me a well-regulated family, governed by its great Father, and though we are not sharp-sighted enough to see the use of what we call evils, yet they have certainly their proper places in the management of the whole, and the day will come that we shall see that plainly, which we see now but faintly. Some beings are placed low in the scale of felicity, for what reason we do not know; and some are seemingly near the top of the ladder. Are those below placed there, that they

may have the more pleasure to climb up? These things are too deep for my weak understanding. You inquire after the progress your quondam scholars make. Very little, I am afraid, in the languages; but they have improved greatly in their writing. No; not so able an instructor in languages as yourself, nor to be compared; but if I have an inclination to make my children chimney-sweepers, they have no chance to learn that art in your school, and they must learn it when they are young. I am glad you have read Camden's *Britannia*, which will enable you upon a second reading to open his wounds to the quick, and they should be seared with hot irons. This is the great oracle of the English, and is swallowed without chewing, because the pill is gilt. Take off the gilding and you will find sad stuff under it. The design was great, the structure magnificent, but the performance or execution poor and shabby, notwithstanding that it was covered with great learning and industry. But the case is, the foundation was bad, and truth has suffered to serve a national pride. The memory of the ancient inhabitants is endeavoured to be darkened, and their names obscured, and every shadow of occasion is taken to revile them and their writers and noble actions in war, while the conquerors and rulers are cried up when there is scarce a colour for it. It will be better if you can come at Gibson's translation of Camden's Edition in 1607 (I think), for there he has flourished much more than in the first edition, 1586, which you have. I long to hear from my friend Evan Evans, how he goes on with Nennius, and how he stands with the Barrington family. I hope they will give him a lift at last to some purpose. There is a new edition of Nennius made at Copenhagen. I want to send him an account of it. But I am not sure my direction to him is right. My memory is prodigiously impaired since my being attacked with the palsy, and since my cough and asthma have gathered strength. The messenger

goes, and I must close my letter, and defer what I intended to say to another opportunity, and can only tell you that

"I am, yours sincerely,
"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, March 27th, 1762.

"Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 16th, which came to my hands just now, gives me a great deal of pleasure, when I reflect that one worthy man of uncommon sense and understanding covets my correspondence. Surely, says I, there is something in me which others see, and I do not. Upon my word, I cannot find what it is that is worth notice. I look back and see nothing in all my actions but vanity of vanities, not a solid act or deed among them. Trifles, flights, and wild vagaries, owing to a superabundance of spirits that kept no bounds. In the body's evening, the soul perceives the dawning of common sense, and as one weakens the other grows stronger. I have done thus far half asleep, and just escaped a fall. Why do not you say something about my song and hymn (quoth he)? I will give you my opinion frankly, but do not shew it to anybody, or else we shall fall out, for there are people wicked enough to persuade you that my remarks are owing to ill-nature, because you write better than me; keep it to yourself, and we shall agree well enough. Both your *Songs on the Bridge* are excellent South Wales songs, exceeding everything I ever saw done in that country, had they but one ingredient, which is purity of diction. The misfortune is, and a great loss to the world, that you understand the ancient Greeks and Romans better than the ancient Celts and Britons. The *Songs of the Bridge* would have outdone the best things of Hugh Morris, if you had been correct in the language; but still, I say, for South Wales songs, they bear the laurel. I am not so nice as to measure all poetry

by North Wales rules and grammatical exactness. I know that these countries, which were formerly different Principalities, had also different dialects, industriously kept up, to know the natives by. If South Wales men had wrote grammar, we should have proper plural terminations instead of, an, etc., etc., and abundances of licences of the like kind. But now, in strict writing, it is otherwise, because in South Wales they busied themselves in fighting more than writing. Besides, the British of South Wales is notoriously mixed with English, and, as the children learn it of their mothers, they transmit it to their children. Who can help all this? This has given their poets a language distinct from North Wales and Powysland, which in Prydydd y Bont hath outshined everything. A surly critic would ask how *dyn athrist* could be *dyn didrist*. I confess it staggered me a little at first, until Tom Pryse, who was better versed in the South Wales dialect than I was, told me that *tristo* was to trust, as *belongo* to belong, etc., etc. It is true that in this dialect the poet has a greater scope for rhymes than Hugh Morris took; but the pictures here are stronger and far better drawn than any of Hugh Morris's; but so much as the South Wales poet was better acquainted with the learning of the Greeks and Romans, who certainly were the greatest masters that way. I took off my pen and found myself, unawares, launched into the sea of criticism, and now let me go out of it as well as I can. I need not tell you that song writing is a modern thing, in imitation of the English and French, and Hugh Morris is the only writer of ours that ever shone in it. He has taken some liberties with the language which the writers of the 24 *Mesurau*, did not dare to broach, for fear of an excommunication, and, as he is the standard of song writing, being born before us, so, like Homer, he will keep his ground with all those little blemishes. But, certainly a man may possibly write even a good song in good language; and you would have

done it had you studied your mother's tongue more, by reading the ancients that excelled in that knowledge. Some of the blemishes in your song are these: Tanbed, for tanbaid; lli, for llif; adre, for adref; pentref, made to rhyme to crysau; cafan and dafan, for cafn and dafn; causay Angl., causey; gefel, for gefail—the plural is gefeiliau; eiff, for â; hynny, made to rhyme with Teifi; trwscwl, for trwscl; dafan, for dafn; co, for cof; carnedd and mwynedd, for carnaidd and mwynaidd; cregin, for cregyn; diwedd ar y gân gyntaf; yr ail gân; clywed, made to rhyme with ochenaid; crynnu and Teifi, made to rhyme; bennydd and cywilydd, made to rhyme with deurudd and cystudd, in strictness should not be, though Hugh Morris shews the way; pentref and eistedd, rhyme with hossanau; pantane, for pentanau; dolau and cartref, eithin and eirin, with aderyn and brigyn—an excellent pennill for all that; cegin and cardottyn; bonheddig and tebyg; cafan, for cafn; pared and llymmaid; gweiniaid and arbed; trwyddi and i foru—excepting these little blemishes in dialect, I give it as my opinion, that I know no songs equal to these two. The boys are well, and I send for them to-morrow or next day. I am obliged to you for your kind enquiry after them; the post (an old woman) is very surly and will not stay; so farewell.

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"Penbryn, May 29th, 1762.

"Dear Sir,—Yours of the 12th hath given me infinite pleasure, for I always thought you above writing criticisms, and that you looked on our authors as not worth looking into, when, in the meantime, you are better acquainted with the prince of song-writers (Hugh Morris), than ever I was in my life, and can see his imperfections as well as his excellencies, which few men can do. You have taken more pains with him than ever I did, though you are pleased to attribute

much to me; and no wonder you shine so much in *Caniadau'r Bont*, when you had such a pattern in your eye. I am still of opinion, as far as I can trust my memory, that Hugh Morris is the first song-writer in our language that copied Nature, or that wrote anything tolerable. Sion Tudur, William Cynwal, William Llŷn, and the rest of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's age, were, in a manner, strangers to it. And I do not remember to have seen anything in the shape of a song till the merry reign of Charles 2nd, about which time song-writing began to sprout, in imitation of the English and French, and all good, substantial Cywydds and Awdlau (Odes) about that time hid their heads. It is true Hugh Morris wrote a little in the time of Charles 1st and Oliver, but it was very loose and incorrect, and I suppose you have hit upon some of his youthful pieces in the picture you drew of him. There is also an allowance to be made to merry, jocose, light subjects, in which a prudent mixture of languages looks pretty enough. I admit song-writing to be of very ancient date in all languages, and I do not except the ancient Celtæ, whose bards did certainly make use of it. But the Britons fell into a kind of heroic poetry when we came to be Roman provincials, which was new modelled by Gruffudd ap Cynan, and, as it were, religiously followed till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it began to dwindle, and song-writing occupied its place soon after, much in the taste we have it now, though not in that perfection. This is the light I see things in; perhaps you see them through better glasses, and I am sure you have better eyes. Now, since I see you allow of great liberties in song-writing, nay, even claim them as your own undoubted right, not only as an ancient nation, but as descendants from Troy, I will venture to lay one of these funny songs before you for your approbation, and in expectation, I warrant you, of a little perfume. The subject is a particular friend of mine, a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxon., who,

according to the laws of the College, durst not marry without losing the benefit of his Fellowship, and also losing the chance of having a fat College living, which he has waited for these 30 years. At last, about two years ago, a rich benefice fell to him at Nutfield, in Surrey, and he soon took to him a wife in that neighbourhood, which action of his, in his old age, produced the inclosed song. The loss of him in Anglesea is a very heavy one, for he was a real good man, gave freely to the poor, and shined in good works. I never ventured upon Hugh Morris's long, heavy measures; they are too laborious for me. A little Triban, or short-winded double couplet, is the utmost of my ambition in song-writing. I hate slavery and imitation. The D——l owed me a grudge, as well as Parson Ellis, and he, or somebody, inveigled me to suffer Hugh Jones of Llangwm to publish my foolish productions in verse, which he is now doing in London by subscription for his own benefit, together with the works of Gronow Owen and Hugh Hughes. When that wise affair comes public, O! how I shall be torn to pieces by critics! then will be the time for such a strenuous assertor of *Licentia Poetica* (poetical licence) as you are, for I am sure I shall want a defender. Was I not a weak fellow for running the gauntlet for the diversion of the public, when I might have died in peace with some little character in poetry, had I kept the fool within? O! fie upon it! how happened this weakness? Dear Sir, if you knew how troublesome it is to me for to write, you would excuse me, and not expect a long letter, and there are few men in the world (I do assure you) that I would take pains to write so much for their diversion, for what is all this but to raise your spirits, and to make you laugh heartily, to see a man without the gifts of nature or art in any perfection, endeavour to please one of the most accomplished scholars in his country; but, for all this, believe me to be, your obliged friend and servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

THE EISTEDDFODAU OF 1878.

EISTEDDFODAU are multiplying and becoming ubiquitous. Two have been held during the present year, and with fair success: one at Porthaethwy (Menai Bridge) in August, and one on English ground at Birkenhead in the month of September. We would we could record improvement in the conduct of the business of the several days; but that consummation, though devoutly wished for, has yet to come. The adjudications were, perhaps, more condensed, and consequently less wearisome than heretofore. But the great evil of too many prizes of a trifling value, not only exhausted the patience of the audience, but aided to increase the already too abundant worthless compositions which the Eisteddfod fosters.

There was a decided improvement in the choral singing at both places. The competitions for the great prize at Birkenhead were marvellous feats—almost perfect. If literature has not advanced, music and song have made rapid strides towards the highest excellence. We except, of course, from this roll the higher literary prizes, such as that of the Chair Prize at Birkenhead, which produced a poem worthy of the occasion.

To chronicle the whole work of the Eisteddfod would be little more than the reiteration of what has been said of previous gatherings. It is amazing how determinedly the bards keep to the old ways. As we look back on the several Eisteddfodau held at Pwllheli, Wrexham, Carnarfon, Menai Bridge, and Birkenhead, they seem, as in a dissolving view, to blend or rather melt into one another, so that no distinct

impression of any one is left on the retina of the mind. This sameness of character and of action offers no high promise of continuing success. In fact, it points out a want, the supply of which can alone make the Eisteddfod prosperous and enduring—an elected governing body to control its operations. This was admirably pointed out in an earlier number of *Y Cymmrodor* by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Until it is done, the Eisteddfod will be held here and there at random; obsolete performances will be continued *usque ad nauseam;* and the most devoted patriot and lover of the institution grow weary of its horse-in-the-mill iterations.

The Chairs at both places were efficiently filled—at Menai Bridge by Richard Davies, Esq., M.P.; Morgan Lloyd, Esq., M.P.; Lewis Morris, Esq. (the author of the *Epic of Hades*); and the Lord Bishop of Bangor. The several addresses by the Presidents were worthy of themselves, and of the Eisteddfod.

We have no room for them in *Y Cymmrodor*. But there are circumstances connected with the appearance of Mr. Lewis Morris that must not be passed by.

The great-grandson of Llewelyn Ddu o Fon, whose bardic compositions have become almost household words on the lips of the Welsh people, and whose antiquarian and philological researches were positively marvellous in a century when neither of these sciences had as yet emerged out of its early and rudimentary state, Mr. Morris's presence at the Eisteddfod bespoke for it a new life. We could almost fancy that the shade of his honoured ancestor hovered over the chair on which his descendant sat, to cheer and to welcome him. But this is not all; Mr. Morris has already raised himself to fame by his own brilliant exercises in the arena of song. As the Poet Laureate, in increasing splendour and glory, descends toward the horizon, Mr. Morris's achievements point him out as the light which rises in the eastern sky to illumine

and cheer us in the coming time. For the honour of Wales we pray that it may be so.

Mr. Morris was enthusiastically cheered on rising to address the audience. Having thanked them for the kind manner in which he had been received, he said there were a great many reasons why he should not come to the present Eisteddfod. He was conscious that he had never attended an Eisteddfod before, and this, together with the fact that he was but partially acquainted with the Welsh language, were some reasons why he should not attend. On the other hand, there seemed to him very good reasons why he should put aside all such objections, and come amongst them that day. One reason was, that great honour had been done him by requesting him to take the chair; though this might not have been a sufficient one to win him from habits of seclusion. He came there, feeling that honour was done to his great ancestor, Llewelyn Ddu o Von, and his great friend the illustrious poet, Goronwy Owain. If this be the true view of the reason why he came there, perhaps it might not be out of place for him to give a short sketch of the Morrises of Von. They were, in the beginning, in comparatively humble circumstances, and had but few educational advantages offered them; but yet they all attained very considerable eminence. William Morris, who was Comptroller of customs at Holyhead, was a very true friend of all Welsh poets, and had a very large collection of Welsh manuscripts; and any appeals made to him for literary support, were, he believed, never refused. Richard Morris, his brother, was a more distinguished man. It was he who revised the Welsh Bible and Prayer Book. As regards the Welsh version of the Bible, he was well aware that it formed the main literature of their country; and apart from its sacred character, he thought there was no Welsh book more admirable as a literary work than the Welsh Bible. He was also the founder and president of the

Cymmrodorion Society in London, of which he (the president) saw before him a most active member in the person of the Rev. Robert Jones of Rotherhithe, a Society, which he was glad to learn, had recently revived. In coming to Lewis Morris, he thought he might say, without exaggeration, that he was one of the most thoroughly accomplished men that Wales had ever seen. They, no doubt, had heard how varied his attainments were. They also knew that, as a hydrographer, he was very eminent indeed, and it was only yesterday that he (the speaker) was informed that the charts made by Lewis Morris for the Admiralty were now in use on these shores. As a mineralogist, he was one of the most eminent men of the day, and succeeded in accumulating a very great fortune for others, although he (the President) was sorry to say that he accumulated no fortune for himself and descendants. It was Lewis Morris who discovered, and worked under the Crown, the great lead mines of Cardiganshire. Another fact, perhaps not generally known, was this,—he should not have known it himself had he not read an essay on his life, which obtained a prize in the Eisteddfod of 1874,—that Lewis Morris was the first to set up a press for printing Welsh books; and although, perhaps, such an undertaking did not pay in those days, it was a very noble effort on his part in the cause of Welsh literature. There was another very interesting fact connected with this matter. The Rev. John Wesley—a name dear to many there, and who, he had no hesitation in saying, was a saint, if there ever was one—was once passing through Holyhead, but was there detained by contrary winds, and could not get to Ireland. That reverend gentleman, therefore, utilised his time by writing two tracts, for the purpose of benefiting the Welsh people, and these were probably printed at Lewis Morris's place at Holyhead. Again, in the principles of natural science, Lewis Morris was one of the best teachers of the day, and not only that, he

was also a very eminent philologist, and corresponded with many of the leading philologists in Europe. But, of course, all these things did not give him the claim for that honour which he possessed. He was a bard, and a popular bard—who might be called the "Burns of Wales"—and his songs were all remembered up to the present day. He (the speaker) did not know of anyone who did not remember the song, *Morwynion Glân Meirionydd.* Having read the first stanza, the President went on to say that it bore all the characteristics of a good popular song, and as such it was well known and sung everywhere where Welshmen congregated. But even this, he thought, did not give to him the great and one claim to honour which endeared him to his countrymen. It was because he and his brothers were, through their lives, patrons and helpers to the unhappy Goronwy Owain, who was, beyond doubt, the greatest poet of Wales. He (the President) was familiar with the fact that Lewis Morris and his brothers had been of very great assistance to Goronwy Owain; but he never knew until he read the life of Goronwy Owain, now being issued by the Rev. Robert Jones, of the great generosity and constant care which those three brothers seemed to manifest towards him during his chequered and gloomy career. It was a remarkable fact, that Goronwy Owain appears to have corresponded but rarely with anyone except these brothers. When Goronwy wanted advice or assistance, he seems to have resorted immediately to them. What he asked of them that day was to draw the moral from the fact that those men, who have been dead this last century and a half, were still living influences in this Wales of ours. As a descendant of one of these men, he felt as if he were coming home on visiting Anglesey. He felt familiar here. His small reputation had preceded him there. What did this really mean? It meant this—that a true and strong feeling of patriotism and national unity still existed. It pleased

him to think that there still existed a nation which was full of patriotism. He ridiculed the conclusion arrived at by some classes that the Welsh nation and its language were rapidly declining. What he advised them to do was to make the best out of their language in its connection with the Eisteddfod. He thought this Eisteddfod of theirs was a most entertaining festival. There were two sides, of course, to the Eisteddfod. The one was the recreative side, and the other the educational side. The recreative side was very well carried out, and he had thoroughly enjoyed it on that and the previous day. Every nation had its own way of amusing its people. The Greeks had their Olympian games, and he was tempted to think they must have been very much like the Eisteddfod. The English also had their games. Having entertained the audience by reading an account of the manner in which a section of the population of London enjoyed themselves on Bank Holiday, the President said he was very glad that the hardworking people of London had thus enjoyed themselves by witnessing the performances of clowns, and others; but would anyone say that this was a more rational amusement than the amusement afforded in the Eisteddfod? Looking at the educational aspect of the question, he ventured to suggest the advisability, as was referred to on the previous day, of connecting it with the educational system of the country, by offering prizes in the elementary schools. This, no doubt, would produce very good results. There was one thing which he thought ought to be, and could be done. It was his great privilege to attend a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Gladstone—whom he was sure all there respected—it was his privilege, he said, to listen to a lecture by him on the history of pottery in Wales. Mr. Gladstone had described to them a particular manufacture of pottery called "Swansea Pottery", which was some years ago in great favour, but had now become quite extinct. The

most curious thing was, that the Swansea plates were bought in London for ten guineas. He asked why this art had been allowed to decay? It would be a very fair question for the promoters of their Eisteddfodau to appoint a committee, or something of the sort, to try and find out whether there were in Wales the possibilities of reviving this neglected art. He advocated the affiliation to the Eisteddfod of a Social Science Department, and expressed his belief that, if this were done, a greater future would await that institution. In concluding, he again begged to thank all for the exceedingly kind reception accorded him, and for the honour conferred upon him by inviting him to preside that day; and if they asked him to come at any future time, he would come again (loud and prolonged cheers).

It was to-day that Professor Rhŷs of Oxford delivered an address full of practical good sense, commingled with keen criticism on many Eisteddfodic proceedings. Severe as some of his strictures were, the audience, as well as the persons against whom his fulminations were hurled, received them with becoming approval. Mr. Rhŷs spoke with fervour and eloquence.

"Mr. Llywydd, Boneddigesau, a Boneddigion,—Y mae wedi bod yn beth lled gyffredin i ddyn wrth gyfodi i anerch y Cymry mewn Eisteddfod ymgymeryd â seboni ei wrandawyr a gwneuthur a allo i feddalu eu penau a'u gyru i feddwi o hunanfoddhad. Yn ol pob ymddangosiad, barn y cyfryw ydyw mai gwirioniaid ydym, ac mai gwastraff amser fyddai ymresymu â ni fel pobl yn eu hiawn bwyll; a gellid meddwl mai eu harwyddair ydyw geiriau y Saeson ar y dydd cyntaf o Ebrill: 'Send the fool further.' Yr wyf fi yn benderfynol o'r farn mai anmharch ar y Cymry yw hyn, ac nid wyf yn teimlo unrhyw rwymau arnaf i osgoi llwybrau pwyll a synywr cyffredin wrth ymdrechu eich anerch. Dygwyddodd i mi ychyd-

ig amser yn ol gyfarfod un o brif haneswyr a beirniaid y Saeson, a thrôdd yr ymddiddan ar y Cymry a'r Eisteddfod, pan ofynodd i mi paham yr oeddwn mor ffol a gwastraffu amser i fyned i Eisteddfod, a pha ddiben oedd i mi ddyfod o flaen pobl na wrandawent ar ddim ond canmoliaeth wag iddynt eu hunain. Felly cefais gyfle i'w argyhoeddi fod y bobl gyffredin yn Nghymru yn llawer mwy deallgar a hoff o lenyddiaeth na'r un dosbarth o Saeson; ac mai bai y gau-brophwydi sydd yn ein plith ydyw fod llif-ddyfroedd gweniaith a ffolineb yn ymdywallt ambell dro oddiar lwyfan yr Eisteddfod; ond, ar y llaw arall, fod pob gwrandawiad mewn Eisteddfod i bob un sydd yn amcanu gwneuthur lles i'w wrandawyr, hyd y nod pe na byddai ei eiriau yn felus a hyfryd iddynt ar y pryd ai peidio. 'A phaham,' meddwn, 'y soniwch am ffolineb Eisteddfodol: nid oes amser maith er pan ddygwyddodd i mi fod yn bresenol mewn cyfarfod a gynhelid yn mhentref prydferth Llangollen gan gymdeithas henafiaethol o Lundain oedd wedi dyfod i lawr i lewyrchu yn nhywyllwch Cymru, ac ar air a chydwybod nid wyf yn meddwl ddarfod i neb o archynfydion yr Orsedd Eisteddfodol lefaru nac ysgrifenu dim yn ystod yr ugain mlynedd diweddaf a ddaliai ei gymharu o ran ffolineb âg un o'r traethodau a wrandawyd yn astud gan y gymdeithas ddoeth a dysgedig hono. Bernwch drosoch eich hunan,' meddwn, gan fy mod yn dygwydd gwybod fod y chwinc Sais-Iuddewig sydd yn ymledaenu yn Lloegr yn poeni ei ysbryd er's blynyddau—'bernwch drosoch eich hunan: y testun ydoedd tarddiad cenedl y Cymry o offeiriaid eilunaddolgar y brenhin Omri, un o olynwyr Jereboam fab Nebat, yr hwn a wnaeth i Israel bechu.' 'Rhaid', eb efe, 'fod Cymry glanau y Dyfrdwy yn ddynion gwahanol iawn i Owain Glyndwr a'i gydoeswyr i fedru ymatal rhag llabyddio â meini y fath nythed o loerigion haner Iuddewig'.

"Ond nid dyna ddiwedd yr ymddiddan, canys aethum yn

mlaen i ddangos iddo fod yr Eisteddfod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, ac yn dal perthynas agos âg addysg lenyddol y genedl: a dyna y pynciau y carwn siarad ychydig am danynt wrthych ar hyn o bryd. Un o brif nodweddion yr oes neu y ganrif hon ydyw, mai ynddi y darganfyddwyd neu y gosodwyd seiliau amryw o'r gwyddonau mwyaf pwysig a blodeuog, yn enwedig y rhai cymhariaethol sydd yn ymwneyd â hanes yr hil ddynol, neu ryw ganghenau o'i hanes, megys ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, a'r dull cymhariaethol o efrydu chwedloniaeth, deddfau, ac arferion gwahanol genhedloedd. O'r rhai hyn, y bwysicaf â'r flaenaf ar y maes ydyw ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, ac un o brif gasgliadau ieithyddwyr yr oes ydyw y ffaith fawr a gydnabyddir gan holl ddysgedigion y byd fel y cyfryw, y gellir, y tu yma yn mhell o ran amser i ddechreuad yr hil ddynol olrhain gwahanol genhedloedd y byd i nifer bychan, mewn cymhariaeth, o darddiadau neu gyffiau. Un o'r rhai hyn yw y cyff Semitaidd, i'r hwn y perthyn yr Iuddewon a'r Arabiaid. Un arall yw y cyff Ariaidd, neu Ind-Ewropaidd, i'r hwn yr ydym ni yn perthyn: y cenhedloedd sydd yn perthyn agosaf i ni ydyw y Llydawiaid, y Gwyddelod, a Gaeliaid Ucheldiroedd yr Alban—perthynasau go dlodion, fel y gwelwch ydyw y rhai hyn, ac o ganlyniadd bydd ar rai gywilydd eu harddel. Ond y mae genym ni berthynasau eraill sydd yn well arnynt yn y byd, canys brodyr i ni o'r un cyff Ind-Ewropaidd ydyw y Saeson, er nad mynych y crybwyllir hyny mewn Eisteddfod, gan mai arfer rhai ydyw cymeryd arnynt mai gelynion i ni yw y Saeson, yr hyn sydd wedi rhoddi achlysur i'n cydgenedl y tu arall i Glawdd Offa i ddychymygu mai lle ydyw yr Eisteddfod i feithrin bradwriaeth ac anfoddogrwydd. Brodyr i ni hefyd ydyw prif genhedloedd y Cyfandir, megys y Ffrancod, yr Italiaid, y Groegiaid, a'r Sclafoniaid; ac y mae i ni frodyr yn y Dwyrain, sef yr Armeniaid, y Persiaid, a'r llwythau mwyaf gwareiddiedig o'r Hindwaid.

"Ar ol i ieithyddwyr brofi mai i'r un cyff cyntefig y perthyn y cenhedloedd a enwais, a bod eu hieithoedd, er gwaethaf eu holl amrywiaeth, yn dwyn olion diymwad o'u tarddiad cyffredin, awd yn mlaen i chwilio am olion cyffelyb yn eu chwedlau, eu harferion, a'u deddfau, a buwyd mor llwyddiannus yn y cyfeiriad hwn fel y gellir erbyn hyn ddywedyd fod y fath ganghenau o wybodaeth yn bodoli a chwedloniaeth gymhariaethol a deddfyddiaeth neu arferiaeth gymhariaethol. Ceir, er engraifft, fod yr un elfenau yn treiddio drwy chwedlau a chwedloniaethau y cenhedloedd Ind-Ewropaidd o ddyfroedd y Ganges hyd lynoedd yr Iwerddon. Yn yr un modd ceir fod yr un pethau yn nodweddu deddfau ac arferion cymdeithasol yr hen Gymry, y Gwyddelod, y Saeson, y Sclafoniaid, ac eraill o'r un cŷff, a bod hyn i'w olrhain i'r un ffynhonell batriarchaidd yn y cynfyd pell.

"Ond heb fyned i fanylu ar y pynciau yna, deuaf i lawr at yr hen Gymry o fewn y cyfnod hanesyddol: gellir dywedyd am danynt y byddai eu llysoedd yn cyfarfod, nid yn unig i gospi troseddwyr, neu i benderfynu materion arianol, ond y byddai eu tywysogion yn arferol hefyd, o bryd i bryd, o gynal math o sesiwn, ar ol rhybudd digonol, i benderfynu pwy oedd yn addas i'w hystyried yn addysgwyr y genedl yn y gwahanol ganghenau o wybodaeth oedd mewn bri yn eu plith: yr enw wrth ba un yr adwaenom y sefydliad hwn ydyw yr Eisteddfod. Gyda golwg ar gyfansoddiad y llys trwyddedol hwn, yr oedd ei gyfansoddiad yn bur syml: y tywysog oedd â hawl ganddo i'w alw yn nghyd neu i gyhoeddi Eisteddfod, oedd y pen, ond cai ei gynorthwyo gan bersonau cymwys a phrofedig yn y gwahanol bethau yr ymorchestid ynddynt. Nid wyf fi, wrth hyny, am awgrymu y dylasai pobl y Borth yma aros a disgwyl heb Eisteddfod nes y buasai i Ardalydd Mon weled yn dda gyhoeddi un a llywyddu ynddi. Y mae yr Eisteddfod, fel pob sefydliad arall er gwell neu er gwaeth, wedi ymwerinoli yn ddirfawr er yr amseroedd niwliog a eilw anfoddogion yr

oes hon yn 'good old times;' pa fodd bynag, gwelwch ei bod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, er y canlyn o hyn nad gwiw disgwyl am fawr o wybodaeth na hysbysrwydd am ei dechreuad. Ond heblaw traddodiadau lled hen, y mae genym hanes gweddol gyflawn am yr Eisteddfod a gynhaliwyd yn Aberteifi yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, dan nawdd yr Arglwydd Rhŷs. Hwyrach nad hysbys i bawb o honoch fod yn yr Eisteddfod hono ddwy gadair—un i'r bardd buddugol ac un i'r cerddor goreu. Pa bryd a phaham y deuwyd i'r penderfyniad y gallai y cerddor wneuthur heb gadair, nis gwn; ond digon tebyg fod rhywbeth a fynai cythraul y canu â'r mater. Hwyrach mai gyru y cerddor i syrthio allan â'r bardd a wnaeth, ac i hwnw, dan nawdd Ceridwen, ddymchwelyd ei gadair am byth.

"Er hyny, mae yn lled anhawdd gwneyd allan i drwch y blewyn pa faint o farddoniaeth a pha faint o gerddoriaeth oedd yn Eisteddfod Aberteifi, o herwydd fod y gair 'canu' yn ein gadael mewn amheuaeth. Y rheswm am hyny, yn ddiau, ydyw mai peth diweddar, mewn cymhariaeth, yn mhlith y Celtiaid ydoedd canu neu gerddoriaeth leisiol, fel peth ar wahan oddiwrth lefaru, neu ganu yn yr ystyr farddonol o'r gair: ceir awgrymiad o'r un peth yn mysg y cenhedloedd Germanaidd, gan mai yr un ydyw tarddiad y geiriau Seisnig *say* a *sing*. Nis gall fod amheuaeth nad offerynol ydoedd y gerddoriaeth gyntaf yn mysg y cenhedloedd o'r cyff Indo-Ewropaidd, gan y gwyddis oddiar seiliau ieithyddol fod tànau yn cael eu defnyddio gan y llwyth o'r hwn y deilliant a hyny ar adeg foreuol pan nad oedd eto na Chymro na Sais, na Groegwr na Hindw. Ond am y math o offeryn tànau a elwir genym ni yn delyn, nid oes genym lawer o'i hanes, llai mewn gwirionedd nàg am y crwth. Eto y mae lle cryf i gasglu fod y delyn yn hen iawn yn mysg y cenhedloedd Celtaidd, gan y gellir cyfeirio yn ddiddadl at air o'r un tarddiad â'n gair ni, telyn, yn iaith rhai o'r cenhedloedd Sclafonaidd y clywsom

gymaint am danynt mewn cysylltiad â'r rhyfel diweddar: os felly, mae yn bur debyg fod rhyw fath o delyn yn cael ei defnyddio yn mhlith ein cyndeidiau ni amser maith cyn iddynt gyrhaedd i'r gorllewin i olwg Ynysoedd y Cenhedloedd.

"I ddychwelyd at Eisteddfod Aberteifi, yr ydys yn cael fod talentau Cymru, yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, yn gorwedd yn debyg fel y maent yn y bedwaredd ar bymtheg; gŵr o'r Deheu a farnwyd yn fuddugol fel cerddor, a Gogleddwr a gafodd y gadair farddol. Llawn o fiwsig a chanu yw bechgyn y Deheu o hyd, a hwyrach eu bod yn tueddu i redeg yn ormodol ar ol cerddoriaeth, ac i esgeuluso pethau eraill, ond nid wyf yn bwriadu ymhelaethu ar y pen yna, gan mai wrth Ogleddwyr y mae genyf yr anrhydedd o siarad ar hyn o bryd. Eu perygl hwy, y Gogleddwyr ydyw addoli yr awen yn rhy fynych, ond teimlaf fod hwn yn bwnc sydd yn gofyn medrusder mawr i'w drin. Ar y naill law, ni fynwn er dim ddywedyd gair o duedd i ddigaloni neu ddigio unrhyw lanc a fyddai yn debyg o dyfu i fyny i brofi ei hun yn olynydd teilwng i Oronwy Owain ac yn un o brif feirdd Cymru, ag y byddai yn golled i'n llenyddiaeth fod heb gynyrchion ei athrylith. Ar y llaw arall, mae yn berygl na bydd yma yn fuan nac afon na nant, na mynydd na thwmpath, wedi eu gadael i feirdd y ganrif nesaf i gymeryd eu henwau oddiwrthynt gan gymaint y gofyn sydd am danynt i ddiwallu uchelgais beirddion bychain dirifedi yr oes hon. Ac ymddengys i mi y gallai geifr, ceiliogod, llwynogod, a lloi Cymru benbaladr ymdaro yn lled gyfforddus am oes yr iaith Gymraeg ar a gawsant eisoes o englynion; a gobeithio fod englyn deg a chwech y Wiwer ddoe yn gorphen y rhestr. Nid yn unig mae lle i ofni fod llawer o'r mân bethau milodaidd hyn heb ryw lawer o deilyngdod barddonol, ond fod llawer o'u cyfansoddwyr yn rhy brysur yn hannos a hela cydseiniaid i gael amser i ddarllen a diwyllio eu meddyliau; gormod o awydd sydd arnynt i osod

ar gân yr hyn a wyddant i gael hamddeu i ddysgu yr hyn na wyddant ac felly parhant drwy eu hoes, fel ceffyl mewn chwimsi, yn troi byth a hefyd yn yr un man. Hwyrach fod pob Cymro yn brydydd ar un adeg yn ei oes, sef pan fydd yn teimlo 'yr iasau byw sy 'n dyrysu'r bardd,' a phan fydd ei galon yn dechreu agor yn y cyfeiriad carwriaethol. Ond bydd gan rai ddigon o synwyr cyffredin i ganfod nad ydynt yn debyg o ragori fel beirdd, a byddant yn cael nerth i anghofio yr awen gyda'u cariad cyntaf; ond y mae yn eglur fod eraill yn aros yn y cyflwr bachgenaidd a difarf yna drwy gydol eu bywyd, er mawr benbleth i feirniaid eisteddfodol a golygwyr newyddiaduron a chylchgronau Cymreig. Nid oes dim, efallai yn peri mwy o ddigalondid i ewyllyswyr da yr eisteddfod na gweled cyn lleied, mewn cymhariaeth, o ymgeiswyr fydd yn ymafael yn y testynau rhyddieithol sydd yn gofyn darllen ac ymchwiliad. Y mae yn gystal genyf i a neb weled awdl neu bryddest dda, ond ymddengys y mân farddoni diddiwedd yma yn beth mor ddigrifol a chwithig i mi a gweled lluaws tref yn troi allan i chwythu *soap bubbles* neu i bysgota penbyliaid.

"Ond hwyrach fod ar law yr Eisteddfod wneyd rhywbeth i ddwyn oddiamgylch agwedd wahanol ar bethau yn y cyfeiriad yma, ac ymddengys i mi fod pwyllgor yr eisteddfod hon yn haeddu llawer o glod am yr amrywiaeth sydd yn eu testynau; un o'r rhai sydd genyf yn neillduol mewn golwg ydyw y traethawd ar 'Olion a thraddodiadau henafol Ynys Mon.' Eisiau mwy o destynau fel yna y sydd, a mwy o amser i gyfansoddi arnynt, ac i'r wlad gael ei pherswadio na wobrwyir oni bydd teilyngdod, neu ôl ymchwiliad a llafur ar y traethodau. Os rhyw ddeg neu ddeuddeng mis o amser a roddir, dylid peidio rhoddi gormod o faich i'r un cystadleuwyr.

"Er engraifft, gellid gwneuthur amryw destynau o'r un hwn, megis (1) Traethawd ar gromlechydd a henafiaethau

cyffelyb Mon; (2) Un arall ar gaerydd ac olion amddiffynfeydd yr ynys; (3) Traethawd ar hanes eglwysi Mon; (4) Casgliad o enwau lleol rhyw ran o Fon; ac y mae hwn yn destyn o natur y busai yn ddymunol ei gefnogi yn mhob eisteddfod nes dihysbyddu y defnyddiau; (5) Casgliad o chwedlau a hen goelion sydd heb fyned ar ddifancoll o'r ynys: mae eu hanes yn rhan o hanes yr hil ddynol, ac nid rhaid i neb edrych yn gilwgus ar y sawl sydd yn cofnodi pethau o'r fath, gan na bydd hyny, cyn belled ag y cyrhaedd, ond moddion i wneyd i'r rhai sydd yn credu ynddynt gywilyddio, os oes pobl o'r fath i'w cael yn Mon heddyw; (6) purion hefyd fuasai gwobr am Ddesgrifiad o feddfeini henafol yr ynys: hwyrach nad oes un o bob cant yn y gynnulleidfa hon wedi clywed erioed son am gareg bedd y brenhin Cadfan yn Llangadwaladr, ger Aberffraw, ac nid yw hono ond un. Nid oes ond ychydig fisoedd er pan ysgrifenodd un o'r hynafiaethwyr sydd yma yn beirniadu ar y testyn y soniais am dano, hanes darganfyddiad arch a gafwyd yn y Rhuddgaer, gyferbyn a Chaernarfon, yn dwyn enw rhyw un o'n cenedl ni oedd yn gynefin yn amser y Rhufeiniaid, neu yn fuan ar ol eu hymadawiad oddiyma, ag ymddangosiad gwyneb 'Mon a'i thirionwch'. Pe byddai angen am destynau y tu allan i'r cylch dan sylw, purion peth fyddai cynyg gwobr am Draethawd ar neillduolion y Gymraeg fel y siaredir hi yn Mon, a buasai yn ddymunol iawn pe dewisid testynau o'r fath yn fwy cyffredin yn rhanau eraill o Gymru.

"Yr wyf yn crybwyll y pethau hyn fel yn perthyn i ddosparth o byncïau cymhwys iawn i gael lle go fawr yn ein heisteddfodau. Y mae pob modfedd o wybodaeth leol o'r fath y gellir ei chasglu yn Mon, neu unrhyw ran arall o Gymru, o ddefnydd a dyddordeb neillduol i efrydydd y gwyddonau cymhariaethol y cyfeiriais atynt eisoes, a gwaith da fyddai dwyn yr eisteddfod i gysylltiad byw ag un o symudiadau mwyaf pwysig yr oes, sef yr ymgais a wneir o bob cyfeiriad i daflu goleuni ar hanes boreuol gwareiddiad yn y rhan hon o'r

byd. Byddai hyny yn foddion i roddi bywyd newydd yn yr hen sefydliad drwy greu mwy o ddyddordeb yn yr ieuenctyd yn hanes eu gwlad. Arwynebol iawn ydyw llawer o'r sel y bydd rhai yn cymeryd arnynt ei deimlo mewn pethau yn dâl perthynas â Chymru; pa faint, er engraifft, o'r bobl sydd yn arfer crochlefain, 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg', sydd yn barod i wneyd rhywbeth tuag at goledd yr iaith ac at gyflwyno i oesoedd i ddyfod allweddau llenyddiaeth y Cymry? Hwyrach y cawn weled cyn hir, canys yr ydys yn deall fod y Cymro hybarch a dysgedig Daniel Silvan Evans wedi cysegru rhan fawr o'i oes i gasglu ynghyd ddefnyddiau at wneuthur geiriadur cyflawn o'r iaith a theilwng o'i roddi yn nwylaw ieithyddwyr y wlad hon a'r Cyfandir; y mae y gwaith ar ben, a'r peth nesaf yw ei gyhoeddi, ac y mae yn debyg gan fod hyny yn gostus y byddir yn apelio at y Cymry am eu henwau fel tanysgrifwyr. Gobeithio fod rhif y rhai sydd yn caru y Gymraeg mewn gwirionedd, ac nid ar air yn unig, yn ddigon lluosog i alluogi yr awdwr llafurus i ddwyn ei waith mawr drwy y wasg, onide bydd yn rhaid iddo, mae yn ddigon tebyg, aros heb weled goleuni dydd hyd nes y cyfodo oes mwy goleuedig a hoffach o weithio na gwneuthur trwst a lluchio llwch i'r awyr.

"Ond cyn y gellir disgwyl rhyw lawer o les o'r eisteddfod, bydd yn rhaid cael diwygiad mewn amryw bethau; yn mhlith eraill rhaid cael mwy o drefn ar gynhal eisteddfodau a mwy o gysylltiad rhyngddynt â'u gilydd, modd y galler cyhoeddi 'r testynau mwyaf pwysig yn nghynt nag y gwneir yn awr. Gyda 'r eithriad o Eisteddfod Gadeiriol Mon sydd yn cael ei chynal yn rheolaidd bob blwyddyn, ac un neu ddwy arall hwyrach, nid oes na threfn na chylch ar y cyfarfodydd hyn, ond eisteddfod y fan yma ac eisteddfod y fan draw ar draws eu gilydd, nes y mae yr hen sefydliad mewn perygl o gael ei wneyd yn fath o geffyl pren i gwaeyddion lleol. Bydd pobl o bell yn synu yn aml pwy a ddichon fod wedi

deor y meddylddrych fod yn angenrheidiol cynhal eisteddfod yn y lle a'r lle, yn y mis a'r mis, ond byddir yn fynych yn cael lle i gasglu mai nid prif bwnc y pwyllgor fydd cefnogi llenyddiaeth a dwyn allan dalent, yn gymaint a hudo pobl at eu gilydd er clod a gogoniant i lenor dimai a bardd cocos y lle, ac er lles i dafarnwyr yr ardal a pherchenogion gwelyau gweigion. Naturiol i rai felly feddwl mwy o gael rhyw reffyn o Sais i ddifyru y lluaws â rhigymau y mae segurwyr *Music Halls* y brif ddinas wedi alaru arnynt, na gweled gwynebau y Cymry sydd wedi bod drwy eu hoes yn llafurio er dyrchafu eu cenedl mewn llenyddiaeth, cerddoriaeth, a phethau eraill sydd yn addurn i genhedloedd o wareiddiad uchel.

"Ond pa fodd y gellir gwneyd pen am rith eisteddfodau o'r fath ? A pha fodd y mae rhwystro y neb a fyno i gychwyn Eisteddfod ? Y mae y feddyginiaeth yn bur syml ac yn hollol yn llaw y wlad, o herwydd anaml yn y rhan hon o Gymru y byddai i neb anturio cyhoeddi eisteddfod, oni fyddai iddo yn gyntaf gael gan foneddigion y gymydogaeth addaw swm digonol o arian i warantu dygiad yr amcan i ben. O ganlyniad dylai y rhai a fyddont yn myned i danysgrifio chwilio i foddlonrwydd pa beth yw diben yr Eisteddfod a'r perwyl yr amcenir yr elw a all ddeillio o honi iddo. Ond y mae yn hollol wybyddus nad yw hyn yn ddigon, canys pa beth sydd i rwystro ffurfiad pwyllgor, y byddo pobl ddiegwyddor yn y mwyafrif ynddo, ac iddynt ranu arian y cyhoedd rhyngddynt eu hunain yn rhith talu am amrywiaeth o wasanaeth i'r genedl nes y byddo cynyrch arianol yr anturiaeth wedi myned yn ddim neu y nesaf peth i ddim. Nid son yr wyf, deallwch, am bethau posibl ond anhebyg o ddigwydd, er na byddai yn ddymunol blino pobl Mon sydd yn arfer dwyn eu heisteddfod yn mlaen mor anrhydeddus a llwyddianus, a hanes pechodau pobl eraill. Y ffordd i ragflaenu y drwg y cyfeiriaf ato ydyw, i'r wlad beidio tanysgrifio heb gael sicrwydd digonol ar y penau canlynol. Yn gyntaf, mai amcan yr Eis-

teddfod y bwriedir ei chynal yw cefnogi llenyddiaeth a phethau craill o duedd i ddyrchafu y genedl. Yn ail, fod y dibenion y bwriedir defnyddio cynyrch arianol yr Eisteddfod atynt yn hysbysedig rhagllaw. Yn drydydd, fod personau cymhwys wedi eu penodi i edrych drwy gyfrifon y pwyllgor ac i chwilio i briodoldeb eu treuliadau. Yn bedwerydd, ei bod yn ddealledig fod y pwyllgor yn rhwym o ddychwelyd eu harian i'r tanysgrifwyr os ceir na bydd y cyfrifon y fath ag y gall yr *auditors* eu pasio. Rhyw delerau fel yna, ond wedi eu gosod allan mewn dull cyfreithiol a diamwys, a fuaswn i yn gynyg, ac os na cheid gan bwyllgorau Eisteddfodol eu derbyn, yna bod iddynt hwythau fod heb ddimai goch o arian tanysgrifwyr. Wrth gwrs ni byddid felly yn gosod un rhwystr ar ffordd y neb a ewyllysiai danysgrifio heb delerau yn y byd i wneyd hyny, os byddai arno awydd i ddangos ei gymwynasgarwch i bobl dda Tref y Cacwn, neu pa le bynag y dygwyddo yr yspryd rhith-eisteddfodol fod yn trwblio, fel y dywedir; yn unig, bydded yn amlwg iddo na bydd drwy hyny yn gwneuthur dim yn uniongyrchol i gefnogi llenyddiaeth y genedl, a bydded yn ddealledig i bawb mai Eisteddfod Bara a Chaws trigolion Tref y Cacwn ydyw, ac nid Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry. Oni cheir rhyw drefn fel hyn ar gylch yr Eisteddfod yn Nghymru bydd i oreugwyr y genedl droi eu cefnau arni a'i gadael i suddo i ddirmyg ac anfri.

"Ond hwyrach y dannodir i mi nad ydyw yn werth y drafferth i ni ddiwygio yr Eisteddfod er mwyn creu mwy o ddyddordeb yn y genedl mewn efrydiau o natur henafiaethol, gan nad oes iddynt bris arianol na marchnadol; ond dyna yn union y rheswm eu bod mewn perygl o gael eu diystyru a'u hanghofio, er ei bod yn anwadadwy fod diffyg dyddordeb ynddynt yn brawf o safle isel cenedl mewn gwareiddiad—dyna oedd barn yr ysgrifenydd Rhufeinig Tacitus, dyna farn pob dyn o ddiwylliad eto; ac nis gallaf feddwl am arwyddair mwy cymhwys a destlus i'r ganghen hon o'r Eisteddfod na'r

geiriau a ganodd ein hybarch fardd Gwilym Hiraethog flynyddau yn ol:—

> "'Olrheiniaf, holaf helynt
> Hanes a gwaith hen oes gynt.'

"Ond addefaf yn rhwydd nad wyf wedi cyffwrdd ond megys âg un gongl fechan o'r pwnc o gysylltiad yr Eisteddfod âg addysg yn Nghymru, ond nis gallaf anghofio fod pwyllgor yr Eisteddfod hon wedi gweled yn dda gysylltu ei hun âg achos addysg yn flurfiol a llythyrenol drwy addaw rhan o'i chynyrch arianol i gynorthwyo y coleg yn Aberystwyth, y sydd, fel y gwyddoch, wedi ei sefydlu gan ddyrnaid o foneddigion haelionus a llafarus dan arweiniad Mr. Hugh Owen, gwr o Fon, y gall gwyr Mon anturio dywedyd yn unllais o Borth Euthwy i Ben Caergybi am dano, na fagodd Mon mam Gymru erioed wladgarwr mwy, neu fwy dirodres a didroi yn ol. Ond hwyrach y gellid cysylltu yr Eisteddfod yn agosach fyth ag addysg y genedl, sef drwy ei gwneuthur yn foddion effeithiol i lenwi rhieni Cymru â brwdfrydedd ac awydd i yru eu plant i gael addysg yn y coleg hwnw a'r colegau a'r ysgolion ereill rhagorol sydd genym yn ein gwlad ar hyn o bryd. Pe buasai amser yn caniatau buaswn yn anturio eich anerch ar y pen hwn, er fod yn anhawdd dros ben cael dim newydd i'w ddywedyd ar bwnc mor adnabyddus. Yn mhlith pethau ereill nid anmhriodol fuasai dwyn ar gof i chwi y byddai rhai o honoch gynt yn gwneyd esgus eich bod yn drwg-dybio dylanwad Eglwys Loegr yn ysgolion gwaddoledig Cymru, ond er pan sefydlwyd y Coleg yn Aberystwyth yr ydych wedi colli yr esgus hwnw, pa sail bynag oedd iddo; a'ch dyledswydd yn awr ydyw dyfod allan yn unfrydol i lenwi sefydliadau ein gwlad â'ch plant mor foreu ag sydd bosibl; ac os bydd awydd a gallu ganddynt i fyned rhagddynt gyrwch hwy i Rydychain, ac na ofelwch pa un a fyddo genych aur ac arian i roddi yn eu llogellau os gellir rhoddi dysg yn eu penau. Nid rhyw fynych iawn mewn cymhariaeth y bydd yr hen

athrofa hono yn cael llawer o glod na gogoniant ar ddwylaw plant cyfoethogion y deyrnas. Ei hoff waith gan hyny ydyw cynorthwyo bechgyn tlodion i gyrhaedd enwogrwydd. A chofiwch nad oes gan neb yno hawl erbyn hyn i ofyn gair iddynt yn nghylch eu golygiadau crefyddol.

"Ond pe dygwyddai i ambell un o honynt ddewis yn y diwedd fyned yn offeiriad, peidied neb a ffromi yn aruthr: y mae yn ddiddadl fod yn well i'r genedl gael offeiriaid dysgedig na rhai anwybodus o wehilion y bobl yn coledd a meithrin arferion isel a drwg anwydau gwehilion y bobl; a chofiwch o ba le y daeth Charles y Bala a chanwyllau eraill y Cymry. Gwnewch, ynteu, bob aberth i roddi i'ch plant yr addysg goreu a mwyaf trwyadl sydd i'w gael yn y deyrnas, gan adael iddynt yn y diwedd farnu drostynt eu hunain ar byneiau crefyddol. Nid oes genyf i un hawl i'ch anerch mewn capel nac eglwys, ond teimlaf fy mod yma yn sefyll ar dir canolog uwchlaw holl fariaeth yr ymraniadau crefyddol sydd yn ein plith, a chymeraf yr hyfdra o alw eich sylw at yr hyn a ddysgir gan Darwin ac ereill sydd wedi ymgydnabyddu yn fanwl â deddfau natur yn y byd anianyddol, sef mai ei harwyddair mawr a gwastadol ydyw 'The survival of the fittest', neu Oruchafiaeth i'r Cymhwysaf. Felly hefyd y mae, yn ol fy marn i, yn y byd moesol a chrefyddol; ac nis gall neb sydd yn credu yn Rhagluniaeth lai na chydsynio â mi yn ddifloesgni, y bydd yn y diwedd i'r ffurf hono o'r grefydd Gristionogol a brofo ei hun y fwyaf effeithiol i wneuthur lles i ddynolryw gael yr oruchafiaeth ar bob ffurf arall yn Nghymru a phob man arall o'r byd. Byddwch gan hyny yn esmwyth ar y pen hwnw, meddyliwch fwy am lwyddiant a dedwyddwch y genedl fel cyfangorph nag am fri a gogoniant unrhyw ran neu enwad neillduol o honi, ac ymwrolwch heb betrusder yn y byd i osod eich plant ar y ffordd i enwogrwydd; ond i chwi wneyd hyny ni bydd arnaf ofn na bydd i gynifer o honynt ei gyrhaedd fel na byddo angen byth mwy i neb sydd yn teimlo eiddigedd

dros ei genedl ymwregysu, dan amgylchiadau lled anffafriol, i wrthbrofi haeriadau anghariadus rhai o'r newyddiaduron Seisnig am ein distadledd, gan y byddai y Cymry yn fuan yn debyg o dori eu nod a'u hargraph yn ddwfn ar lenyddiaeth y byd, ac yn abl i herio gwaethaf tonau amser i ddileu oddiar dywod hanesyddiaeth ein hen arwyddair a dyhewyd ein henaid—

"'Tra mor tra Brython!'"

We regret, we repeat, our inability to give a full account of the many excellent speeches delivered at this Eisteddfod. On the last day Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. Henry Richard acquitted themselves admirably and to the great satisfaction of the audience.

We must not, however, close without presenting to our readers the following graceful tribute to the Eisteddfod by Mr. Lewis Morris:—

PRESIDENT'S CHAIR, MENAI BRIDGE,
AUGUST 8TH, 1878.

The close-ranked faces rise
With their watching eager eyes,
And the banners and the mottoes flare above;
And without, on either hand,
The eternal mountains stand;
And the salt sea-river ebbs and flows again,
And thro' the thin-drawn bridge the wandering winds complain.

Here is the congress met,
The bardic senate set,
And young hearts flutter at the voice of fate;
All the fair August day
Song echoes, harpers play;
And on the accustomed ear the strange
Pennillion rise and fall through change and counterchange.

Oh, Mona, land of song!
Oh, mother of Wales! how long
From thy dear shores an exile have I been!

Still from thy lonely plains,
Ascend the old sweet strains,
And by the mine, or plough, or humble home,
The dreaming peasant hears diviner music come.

This innocent, peaceful strife,
This struggle to fuller life,
Is still the one delight of Cymric souls.
Swell blended rhythms still
The gay pavilions fill!
Soar, oh, young voices, resonant and fair!
Still let the sheathed sword gleam o'er the bardic chair!

* * * * *

The Menai ebbs and flows,
And the song-tide wanes and goes,
And the singers and the harp-players are dumb:
The eternal mountains rise
Like a cloud upon the skies,
And my heart is full of joy for the songs that are still:
The deep sea, and the soaring hills, and the steadfast Omnipotent will.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 3.

CRAFFDER.

A wna angall o ddengair,
Llunier i gall haner gair.

ADDRESS OF LORD ABERDARE AT THE BIRKENHEAD EISTEDDFOD, 1878.[1]

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I beg to thank the committee very heartily for the kind, the only too kind and flattering language that they have addressed towards me. When I look at this vast building and see the audience, many of whom are so far removed from me, I cannot but wish that, like the hero in one of Dryden's poems, I had a voice like a silver trumpet. Unfortunately the change of weather we have had has visited me, and affected even those small natural powers of voice which I possess. I must ask, therefore, the consideration of those who have got one of the most difficult tasks I know of, and that is to listen patiently to a public speaker without being able to hear one word he says.

I am happy to have heard from all quarters how entirely successful the visit of this great Welsh institution to your English neighbours has been. The Welsh have descended, as they used to do a hundred years ago, from their mountains, and carried off the Saxon spoil in large quantities. On this occasion, I am happy to think that

[1] Several motives have urged us to give an enduring place to this speech in *Y Cymmrodor*; not the least of which has been the practical good sense it brings to bear on the Eisteddfod. Lord Aberdare speaks from a standpoint whence English prejudice and Welsh laudations are equally excluded. He holds and adjusts the scale with impartiality. It is well, occasionally, to have our weaknesses laid bare; and we, of all people, may well say with Burns:—

> "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

the spoil has been willingly surrendered—(laughter)—and that it will be a satisfaction to the Saxon if they hear that it has been ample and in all respects remunerative. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I feel that in the language addressed to me just now there was, amongst other qualities, a great deal of Christian charity, because it is well known that some twenty years ago I took upon myself to utter rash and, perhaps, presumptuous words of advice to the conductors of Eisteddfodau—words that have not been, on the whole I think, very accurately represented, but which I spoke at that time with the most sincere desire that these Eisteddfodau might be, even more than in the past, a means of educating and elevating the people of Wales. (Applause.) At that time a great controversy was waging in the press, and whilst some persons fastened entirely upon the merits of the institution, others, with even less of justice, fastened entirely on its defects. I could not but admit that there were defects in Eisteddfodau. There are still, probably the most judicious supporters of this institution will admit, defects in the institution, but it is an institution full of life and growth; and being full of life and growth, it needs constant attention, in order to develop its full usefulness. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think it may be said of all the amusements of our people that they are, I am sorry to say, brutal, or innocent, or instructive, or even elevating. The brutal amusements, I am happy to think, are becoming less and less in their number. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting are things of the past, and if cock-fighting is practised—as I am afraid it is, not far from Birkenhead occasionally—it is done surreptitiously. I speak at any rate from official knowledge, which came to me as to practices in the county of Chester some years ago, when, I think, they were patronised not only by the common people, but even by a magistrate or two—(laughter)—who had given into the irre-

sistible attractions of what had been the amusement of his early youth. Well, they are disappearing. I am sorry to say some amusements of a brutal character still remain. We have still among us a good deal of dog-fighting, and we have still what I suppose must be considered a popular diversion amongst the most degraded of our classes, and that is, a little wife-beating. (Laughter.) As to pleasures in general, to my mind they are absolutely necessary to mankind. Life, in my opinion, would be intolerable if it were not relieved from time to time by its pleasures ; and it is the duty of those who are more happily situated to do all they can to promote and to extend innocent amusements for the people. I know that perhaps the very greatest of modern Welshmen—who, however, had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Wye—I mean Sir George Cornewall Lewis—once said that "life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements"; but when he said that, he had in his eye the frivolous amusements of fashionable life, in which he found but little pleasure. He had his own amusements and diversions, which were to him what an Eisteddfod, no doubt, is to a Welshman, or what an occasional game of cricket is to a country rector, who wishes to recall the happy days of Eton and of Oxford. It was during the time that he held the seals of the Home Office that he roused himself by writing a work upon the astronomy of the ancients, and it is reported that within a fortnight of the time that he took the seals of the War Office, some friend of his, on calling at the office, found on his desk a treatise on the "Defensive Armour of the Lycadonians"—a treatise which it must be presumed he was studying rather for amusement and diversion than for any assistance it might render him in providing proper arms for the English forces. But with respect to the Eisteddfod, it does not seem to me to fall within the third category I have mentioned, as an amusement which can be

turned into an instruction, and also into an elevation of the national character, especially if properly used. Now, if there is one expression in that very kind address to which I have listened with which I find fault, it is, perhaps, that I think the educational side of the Eisteddfodau is rather too much dwelt upon. It has its educational side; but let us be bold and manly, and say that it has also, and to a very great extent, and perhaps principally, the object of popular amusement. But we want to make even our amusements instructive and educational. No doubt it may be said that music is much more than an amusement; that, if properly followed, it may be made, like poetry or anything else, an instrument of education; but, on the whole, music as practised is a refining amusement, and I am happy to say that in my day I have seen a most extraordinary advance in the cultivation of music, and that advance throughout Wales has been very largely due to the Eisteddfodau, to the competitions, and to the means they afford to each choir of seeing what progress other choirs have made, and, above all, to the judicious and often courageous advice, such as has been tendered to the various choirs during this meeting by Professor Macfarren, and by other distinguished members of the musical world. I wish to say most emphatically that, living as I do in a thick population of the working classes, I have found the cultivation of music to have a most admirable effect on the people. In the village of Mountain Ash, which is a creation of yesterday you may say, we have a very considerable number of choirs, and I think I should hardly be exaggerating if I said that in a population of some 8,000 people there are at least 800 who devote themselves steadily to their improvement in the knowledge of music. I would also say that among those eight hundred there are hardly any who might not be considered as most excellent and credit-

able specimens of the working classes. It used to be supposed that the practice of music led to effeminacy, or occasionally to profligacy; that it conducted almost immediately to the public-house. But we find exactly the contrary, and that there are no persons more self-respecting than those who belong to the various choirs. And I may also add—and I think it will not be without interest to some of my hearers—that my family, being extremely fond of music, have been within the last year or two honoured by the visits of two of the most eminent professors of music in this country—I mean Signor Randegger and Mr. John Farmer of Harrow. On each occasion I invited the neighbouring choirs to come and perform before them, and they had in private assured me, not only of the pleasure with which they had listened to them, but of the admiration and surprise they had experienced in seeing so much progress made against so many difficulties and with so few advantages. In one of the competing choirs the other day—the Aberdare choir—out of one hundred and fifty members some fifty-six came from this village of Mountain Ash. Well, I am sorry they were beaten. But I am told, for the credit of Wales, that there was a choir who could beat so good a choir. I felt something like the Spartan lady of old, who, when her son was brought home dead to her on his shield, said she thanked God there were in Sparta still remaining five hundred at least as good as he. And if the Aberdare choir (with the Mountain Ash choir) has attained, as it justly has attained, a very considerable reputation in South as I believe in North Wales, it is a credit to the Principality that there has been one found to give them a sound beating. And I may add, what perhaps may be considered presumptuous in me to add, that I most entirely concurred with the criticisms offered by Professor Macfarren on that occasion. The defects that he

observed were just the defects that I had observed; and I have no doubt that they will derive a useful lesson from the advice which he so kindly tendered to them.

Now with respect to the literary side of Eisteddfodau, about that I know opinions vary very much. Some say that so much effort is made in all directions to obtain prizes—the various literary prizes offered—that it cannot but have a good effect upon the national character; and, upon the whole, I must say I am inclined to that view of the question. But then it is of the utmost importance that a high and correct standard of excellence should be constantly maintained, and it was with reference to that that I ventured to make some observations which were then very much misunderstood. The two points on which I objected to Eisteddfodau, as I understood them, were that there was too much a habit of self-laudation. Like Addison, all we Welshmen were expected to sit and attend to our own plaudits. We heard that it was quite true that England had produced very great men; there was Shakespeare, there was Milton, there was Cromwell, and there was the Duke of Wellington; but in all of these there was a trace of Welsh blood in their veins, without which they would not have been the men they were. (Laughter.) And although I have a strong feeling myself for the heroes that our country has produced, it is to me a matter of congratulation and pleasure that I have not in the speeches which I have read during the last three days observed one single reference to Caractacus or Sir Thomas Picton. Nor, again, have I seen or heard—what I have often read and heard—a comparison, very unjust in itself, between the popular amusements of the Welsh and those of the English. On the one side you took the Eisteddfod in its most elevating aspect, and on the other you took dog-fighting and cock-fighting, and said, "There is the amusement of the English." (Laughter.) Now, I

think all those sort of disparaging comparisons are most injurious. No doubt a Welshman may be fairly proud of the Eisteddfod, but let him be proud without disparaging his neighbours. Let us be modest, and remember whatever natural gifts the Welsh may have, at this time Wales, perhaps from no fault of her own, does not hold a very distinguished place in the educational statistics of this country. Taking such means as we have of comparing the educational advancement of different parts of the country—I mean the signing of the marriage register, which is one, almost the only test we can apply — it appears that Wales and Lancashire, who are now brought together in this room, are at the very bottom of the list. A very eminent friend of mine suggested to me the reason why the Welsh showed so badly was on account of the intense national modesty of the brides and bridegrooms, who were well able to sign their names, but shrank from doing so in the excitement of that particular moment; and also because they were afraid of not doing it well, and therefore preferred not doing it at all. I have never observed among the defects of my countrymen any exaggerated sense of modesty. It seems to me they have always had a great deal of self-possession, much more so than the English; and I should say most Welshmen were more self-possessed than Englishmen. Englishmen have a more robust mind, but it is more slow. I cannot, therefore, accept that solution. I believe that in matters of education England, on the whole, is considerably in advance of Wales, and that these are comparisons which it is useful to make. It is not for us to exalt ourselves for the possession of certain advantages, but to institute a natural comparison, in order to see in what points we are wanting, and to see that those points are reduced to the lowest limit; and I have no doubt myself that the progress which will be made during the next ten or

twenty years in national education, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870, will soon place the people of Wales in a creditable position, as compared with other parts of the country. I wish I could say as much for our higher education, because there arise difficulties which we have been able to overcome with respect to popular elementary education. The country, rich and all alike, have generously put their hands in their pockets to provide a system of national education for the poorer classes, for those who needed assistance. But we cannot expect them to do so, except perhaps in a very limited degree, to provide education for the richer and easier classes. What has been the result in England? Enormous sums have been left by generous persons from time to time for endowing grammar schools; and the result has been that the country is pretty well covered with a network of schools, many of which have fallen into neglect, but which, by the judicious legislation of past years, have been reformed. Wales has its share, but a much smaller share, and the provision made for what are called the middle classes of the country are very inadequate. Our higher classes have no difficulty in going to the best public schools in England, but you cannot expect the children of our struggling middle classes to cross the border in the same manner as the children of the richer classes. If we want to have an effective system of middle class education, we must provide it for ourselves; and remembering that after all that is the class that on the whole directs the industry of the country, and even directs the morality of the country—for we look to that class for the supply of all our most energetic business men, and we look to that class for the main supply of our ministers of religion—it is of the highest importance that those men should have the means of an excellent education. But not only have we no means of educating them in our schools or preparing them for a higher

education, but the means of higher educating themselves have up to this time been most lamentably wanting. It is quite true that primarily for the benefit of the Church of England in Wales the college of St. David's, Lampeter, was founded by Mr. Harford, an Englishman, but that was for young clergymen. It is also quite true the trustees of that establishment have nobly and generously thrown open their college to all who go there, whether they wish to enter the church or not, and they are enabled to do so without any interference with their religious belief; but we know that it has received the stamp of a Church of England college, and practically I believe three or four at the outside go to St. David's, Lampeter, for the purpose of receiving a good lay education. Then an attempt has been made, which I hope will be a successful attempt, and I hope that a second will soon be made, to found a good secular college at Aberystwith. It is by the extension of such colleges as that at Aberystwith that I look for the intellectual elevation of my countrymen, and for full justice being done to our natural abilities. Let me put before you, as a question which is only one among many—what are the difficulties that the Nonconformist ministers of our country have to go through who wish to provide themselves with a good education, in order that they may command influence with their flocks? What can they do? Few of them can afford to go to the good schools in England. In Wales, the schools are by no means sufficient to give them a good education up to the time they enter a university. They do as they can. They struggle on, and present themselves to a theological college, go through three or four years of such instruction as they receive there, and are then entered on the ministry. A certain proportion of them, at least generally the most distinguished of them, strive by winning scholarships founded by generous persons to obtain the means of going to a Scotch

university, and you will find that a large proportion of the educated clergy in Wales have received their education at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Why? Because in Scotland there are eminently popular institutions. They are made to take those up who have been educated at the national schools of the country, to receive them at the early age of fifteen or thereabouts, and to complete their education by nineteen. Now at the English universities, on the contrary, the position is quite different. The education begins in the English universities at nineteen and finishes at about twenty-three, and no man has the slightest chance of obtaining the honours, the distinctions, and the rewards of the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who up to the age of nineteen has not received the very best education which this country is capable of giving him. Well, how can we expect the poorer classes, out of whom so many of our Dissenting ministers are drawn, to find the means of an excellent education up to nineteen, and then to send them all to universities like those of England? There is nothing more striking—and I say it has occurred to me long ago, but I was glad to see the other day that the point had again been referred to in the interesting controversy that is now going on with respect to the future of Jesus College—there is nothing more interesting, and at the same time more distressing, than the comparison between the literary position of Wales two hundred years ago and its present one. There is a book well known in the literary world, Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, which I think was published about one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, which contains an account of the men who had distinguished themselves at the university of Oxford. Turn over the pages of that book and you will hardly turn over one in which you will not find the name of one or two or three Welshmen. The preparation of Welshmen who attained distinction at Oxford in those times is truly astonish-

ing, and very difficult of explanation. But one advantage, at any rate, they had then which they have not now, and that is that education, not being so prolonged as it is at present at the universities, they were enabled to go from the country grammar schools to Oxford at the age of fifteen, and to complete their education at nineteen. All those means of education are now withheld, and there is probably at this moment not only in the whole Dissenting community of North and South Wales hardly a single minister who has availed himself of the advantages of those great institutions, while a very large proportion of the clergy of the Church of England in Wales have also been unable to pursue their studies there. Well, now, this is a great national misfortune so far as Wales is concerned, and it behoves us, it seems to me, to bring home to our people the means of a cheap education, one suited to their present position and to their future objects in life. And that can only be by providing them with a higher education, which shall cease, so far as the public teaching is concerned, at the time when the teaching at the English universities begins. That has been the object of the excellent men who bestirred themselves to found the college at Aberystwith; and when I use that epithet you will at once understand that I am not taking any credit for being one of those men, because I joined the movement after it had already attained considerable success. But it seemed to me a wise and excellent plan, and I hope, old as I am, to live to see the time when, not only the college of Aberystwith shall have received a very large extension, but when similar colleges shall have been founded in various parts of Wales. Is it not monstrous—does it not reflect disgrace upon the Principality which, once poor, has become almost as wealthy as any other part of the empire—that Scotland has its four universities, each of which contains many schools, whilst Wales has only one college set aside for general

teaching in secular knowledge, unless we also include Lampeter, which to a certain extent now fulfils those conditions, but it is subject to the observations I have ventured to make upon it. This matter having been brought fairly before the Welsh people, will they allow it to remain where it is? I have seen predictions, I cannot understand why, that even this first attempt at Aberystwith is about to fail. Ladies and gentlemen, do not believe it. It will not fail. (Applause.) It shall not fail. (Renewed applause.) On all sides we are receiving marks of sympathy—practical marks of sympathy. Every year we are receiving benefactions of generous persons; every week almost we are receiving some notice that at some future time there will be something for this struggling institution in South Wales. I believe all we want to do is to understand what our objects are; that we are not supplanting Oxford or Cambridge, not preventing Welshmen from going to Oxford or Cambridge to get an education; that we throw no impediment in the way of enjoying the advantages of Oxford and Cambridge; but that what we are doing is to bring home to the hearths and homes of our own people the means of possessing an education equal to that which is given to the people of Scotland and Ireland. There is sometimes a danger that institutions like these Eisteddfodau should divert the mind from the really serious and hard work of education. We are apt to think that because we have this sort of literary institution among us we are doing great things; but, ladies and gentlemen, much as I sympathise with all these efforts, believe me, the amount of work and the amount of talent required for winning a prize at Eisteddfodau is not that which will qualify a man for the arduous work of life. One likes to see the effort made; one likes to see the exhibition of talent; but we know very well that real education implies heavy, long, steady, and continuous labour, and without that nothing can be done; and

it is just the means of that steady continuous labour in higher education in which Wales is entirely wanting. Now I confess that I rose fully prepared to pass from the subject of Eisteddfodau into the subject of national education in Wales; but I did not intend to divert your attention so long from the proper objects of the Eisteddfod, in which amusement is joined with instruction, to these more serious subjects. The reason why, after the long interval of twenty years, I have consented once more to preside at an Eisteddfod, was my sentiment of gratitude to the people of Wales for the feeling they have shown at recent Eisteddfodau towards this effort we are making to improve education in Wales. (Hear, hear.) The Carnarvon Eisteddfod forwarded to us a sum of no less than £600. (Applause.) At other great Eisteddfodau—I forget at this moment the names—similar sympathy and liberality has been shown. I say nothing about the present Eisteddfod. Let those who conduct it act as they think right. I hope it will be a profitable one. I have no doubt that the money, whichever way it is employed, will be useful for the benefit of the people of Wales; but, having seen at these Eisteddfodau marks of sympathy with a true liberal education in Wales, I could not, when my friend Mr. Robert Jones and other gentlemen asked me to preside at this Eisteddfod, refuse to show my respect for an institution to which I am so much beholden. (Loud applause.)

Reviews of Books.

Lectures on Welsh Philology. By Professor Rhys. 2nd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

Its great publishing houses are some of the marvels of London. The intelligence they bring to bear on the conduct of their business is such as the outer world has little conception of. Experience, it is true, aids them in avoiding rocks and shoals; but without a keen insight into the future, its tastes and requirements, they would but ill discharge their duty to themselves or to the innumerable readers of their publications. Through their extraordinary acumen certain houses have acquired the confidence of the public; and the value of a book is enhanced or depreciated by the name of the firm on its title-page. In the first half of the present century, the name of *Pickering* stamped a book with high value, and it still continues to do so. Auctioneers of literary property and second-hand booksellers record it in their catalogues almost as they do that of *Elzivir* or *Aldus*. In the present day the names of publishers such as the Longmans and John Murray, not only give an additional value to a publication, but greatly increase its circulation.

We doubt, however, that among them all there can be found a more enterprising publisher than Mr. Trübner. While the larger houses consult the prevailing taste, and sail down with the popular current, responding to the exigencies of the million, Mr. Trübner, as though he looked with indifference on both profit and popularity, confines his energies to the exigencies of science, literature, and language. Would the philologist, ethnologist, antiquary, or scientific scholar find the works essential to his craft, he wends his

way to Mr. Trübner, almost without fear of disappointment. As a proof of our statement, we have now on our table three works of high character, but which must necessarily be confined in their circulation to the class for whom they are specially intended—Mr. Rhŷs's *Lectures, Letters and Papers on Philology* by Lord Strangford, and a *Dictionary of English Etymology* by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Of Mr. Rhŷs's *Lectures* we have already spoken when his first edition appeared. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work to every Cymric student. Like a subtle key, despite innumerable and intricate wards through which it turns, it unlocks the mysteries of Celtic philology and reveals the rich treasures of etymology hidden in our grand old tongue. But we must refrain, that we may notice some of the peculiarities and additions contained in this new edition.

The larger extracts from Latin, without expunging the original text, are translated into English.

Mr. Rhŷs had been challenged by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville on the subject of ancient British numismatics, on the supposition that they made against his theory of the classification of the Celts; but, as far at least as the coins are concerned, Mr. Rhŷs has turned the tables on his opponent, following very much in the direction of Dr. John Evans's book on the coins of the Ancient Britons.

But as we begin to enumerate the changes and improvements in the present edition, we find we are overwhelmed with their number. They occur on almost every page. Though in themselves small and sometimes of a trifling character, they form a whole of considerable importance. Most advance has perhaps been made in the early Brythonic inscriptions. The number of epitaphs has been increased —several of them are quite new—while the readings of others have been completed. Mr. Rhŷs seems to have been very anxious to render the minutiæ of his book as perfect as

its more important parts. These, while costing perhaps an infinity of trouble, will be appreciated only by the exact philological student. We trust that many an edition will be called for, when this second one shall have been exhausted.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, with an Introduction on the Origin of Language. 3rd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

This is an excellent edition of a very valuable book, which has been carefully revised and enlarged. We notice it, however, for its Celtic, and more especially for its Cymric etymologies. Mr. Wedgwood has made considerable advance in this particular field of enquiry; though, in common with all English etymologists, he has still much fallow ground to break up. The want of a more thorough knowledge of the Celtic family of languages keeps our lexicographers in continual thraldom. They search for roots anywhere rather than where they would be patent to them. Space precludes us from giving instances; but we must mention one as a testimony of our indictment. We turn, in Mr. Wedgwood's *Dictionary*, to *Bastard*, of which he speaks as follows: "Apparently of Celtic origin from Gael—*baos,* lust, fornication." But there he stops. Of the latter syllable, *tard,* he gives no explanation; but a mere tyro in Celtic etymology would see at once that it is nothing else than an Anglified form of the Cymric *bas,* base, and *tarddu,* to spring from. Bastard being simply base-born.

Original Letters and Papers of the late Viscount Strangford upon Philological and Kindred Subjects. Edited by Viscountess Strangford. London: Trübner and Co. 1878.

These papers are very interesting; and in some parts touch upon Cymric philology and phonology. In a letter addressed

to Mr. Freeman, which will be found at page 160, Lord Strangford makes some original remarks on the terms Cymric, Gwyddyl, Gael, etc. We can only call our readers' attention to the book itself, which, like everything else that comes from the pen of Lord Strangford, is worthy of a careful study.

The Ancient British Church: a Historical Essay. By John Pryce, M.A., Vicar of Bangor. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1878.

This is an excellent History of the Early Church in Britain, and written in a broad loving spirit. We congratulate Mr. Pryce, not only on the lucid, masterly style in which his history is couched, but on the admirable arrangement of his facts and dates. He has been not only industrious, but painstaking in dealing with the subject, and we trust his reward will be a very numerous class of readers. The notes, which are as extensive as the text, are very interesting, and will repay a careful perusal.

But what strikes us as most admirable in the book is the care with which the author refers almost every incident he relates to the source whence he has derived it. He leaves nothing unproved. And what a host of witnesses has he summoned to bear testimony to his narrative. They are almost a legion. We trust to recur to this book again.

Jeremiah: an Oratorio. By John Owen (Owain Alaw). London: C. Jefferys, Berners Street.

This work is interesting as a duoglott; the words are in both Welsh and English. The oratorio—and some of the melodies are very beautiful—testifies to the hand of a master. The rhapsodies of the old Hebrew prophet are excellently expounded by the music of Mr. Owen.

THE ART JOURNAL for January 1856, June 1856, January 1864, January 1867, and January 1870.

IN a work like the *Cymmrodor*, dedicated to Art as well as to Literature, it would be unpardonable not to give prominence to the many high-class works of art that have sprung into life under the chisel of our national artist—Joseph Edwards. And yet we feel that we are treading on delicate if not dangerous ground,—such is our love for the man, for his high character and noble, loving heart, and more especially for his self-sacrifice in the cause of some whom he deems it a sacred duty to assist, though not bound by either ties of relationship or gratitude.

Our review must necessarily be of a retrospective character; but it is with no little pride that we draw attention to three or four beautiful examples that have been fitly represented by exquisite engravings in the *Art Journal.* Two of these appeared in the year 1856—"Religion Consoling Justice", and "The Last Dream". These pictures are full of pathos, which is again enhanced by the delicacy wherewith they have been worked out. A delightful tenderness floats about them. His "Vision", which appeared in the same journal in 1864, is remarkable for the grace of its figures and their artistic grouping. The "Angel of Light"—January 1870—is, however, our ideal of the genius of the sculptor.

We are afraid, we repeat, of being deemed too eulogistic of a national artist. Let the *Art Journal*, then, speak for us. The following paragraph, to which our attention has been called just as we were going to press, appeared but a few weeks ago, and will be found at page 174:—

"*A Bust by Joseph Edwards*, although a work of considerable merit, will be little noticed among the crowd in the sculpture passages at the Royal Academy. It will not be so when it reaches its destination in South Wales. It is the

bust of an eminent and largely-gifted Welsh scholar, Thomas Stephens, and is produced as a compliment from his countrymen, admirers as well as friends of the author of *The Literature of the Cymry.* The Welsh are proverbially clan-ish—we cannot say what word they would use to denote the resolution with which they help one another—and that is surely not a fault. They may well be proud of their countryman, Joseph Edwards. There are artists who will make as good busts, but there is no living sculptor who can produce monumental work so pure, so refined, so essentially holy. There seems to be in his mind and soul a natural piety that manifests itself in his work; an out-pouring of a lofty religious sentiment; a true conception of what is just and right. There is no one to whom we would so instantly assign the task of perpetuating in marble what is lovely and of good report; he gives a sweet repose to death, and makes the change a sure indication of happiness. Perhaps that is the highest, as it is certainly the holiest achievement of the sculptor's art. If we desired evidence to confirm our opinion as to the genius of Mr. Edwards in this especial and most important branch of art, we should refer to several engravings given in the *Art Journal* during years past. The artist is in the prime of life. Yes; Wales may well be proud of the Welshman, Joseph Edwards."

Notice of forthcoming Book.

It is with no little pleasure that we announce a new work by our talented countryman, Mr. Lewis Morris. What gives us peculiar satisfaction is, that it will be a Drama on a *Welsh* subject. Its title is Gwen, and it will be dedicated to the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P. If we mistake not, our readers will find that Mr. Morris has, in this new poem, excelled all his previous achievements.

Report

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION,

For the Year ending the 9th of November, 1878.

During the year ten new members have been admitted.

By the lamented death of Mr. John Griffith (Gohebydd), the Society has suffered a loss they can hardly hope to repair. The proposal to revive the Society in 1873 was made by him. He also rendered valuable assistance in organising the revived Society; and ever maintained a deep interest in its welfare and progress.

Reference was made in our last Annual Report to a decision to obtain a Medal for the Society, which might be awarded for the encouragement of certain objects coming within the scope of the Society's aim. The Council have the gratification of announcing that one of their Members, Mr. Joseph Edwards, has designed a Medal of singular merit and appropriateness, which the Council have unanimously adopted. A full description of this design will, in due time, be communicated to the Members.

Four Papers, of great interest, were read before the Society during the past year, namely :—

1. By Professor McKenny Hughes, M.A., "On the Prehistoric Races of Britain." Chairman, J. Ignatius Williams, Esq.

2. By Professor Rudler, F.G.S., "On the Mineral

Wealth of Wales." Chairman, the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., Vicar of All Saints', Rotherhithe.

3. By John Thomas, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia), Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, "On the National Music of Wales." Chairman, Major W. Cornwallis West, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

4. By Professor Cowell of Cambridge, "On Dafydd ab Gwilym." Chairman, B. T. Williams, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

With *Y Cymmrodor* for the past year there were issued to the Members the remaining portion of the reprint of Wyllyam Salesbury's *Dictionary*, and a large selection of the *Works of Iolo Goch*, Poet Laureate of Owain Glyndwr, as well as a continuation of the *History of the Cymmrodorion Society*.

Arrangements were made with the Committee of the Birkenhead Eisteddfod for attaching to that Eisteddfod a "Cymmrodorion Section", in connection with which Meetings were to be held, and Papers read on subjects embraced by the objects of this Society. The management of the Section was delegated by the Council to a Committee composed of the following gentlemen:—Professor T. McKenny Hughes, M.A. (Chairman); Mr. Stephen Evans; Mr. Ivor James; Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.; Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A.; Mr. Hugh Owen; Mr. T. M. Williams, B.A.; and Mr. Howel Thomas, who acted as the Honorary Secretary of the Section.

At the first meeting of the Section, Sedley Taylor, Esq., M.A. of Cambridge, delivered a Lecture "On the Acoustics of Music." This Meeting was fairly attended; but the attendance subsequently was not such as to encourage the holding of further Meetings during that Eisteddfod. The Council do not, however, doubt that the work of the Section may be resumed at the next National Eisteddfod with the confident hope of success.

The Council desire to express their strong sympathy with

the efforts which are being made to oppose the proposed alienation from Wales of those Scholarships and Exhibitions at Jesus College, Oxford, which, in accordance with the Wills of the Founders, have hitherto been restricted to natives of the Principality; and they have pleasure in stating that a Meeting of the Members of this Society will shortly be convened to consider the subject, and to determine on the best measures to be adopted for protecting the rightful heritage of the Welsh in connection with the College in question.

A Statement is appended to this Report, shewing the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society during the past year. The total Receipts (with the balance brought forward from the previous year) amounted to £206 13s. 8d., and the Expenditure to £197 0s. 4d. There is, therefore, a balance of £9 13s. 4d. standing to the credit of the Society.

Signed, on behalf of the Council,

STEPHEN EVANS,
Chairman.

7, *Queen Victoria Street*,
9th November, 1878.

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THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure,

FROM 9TH NOVEMBER, 1877, TO 9TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	*Cr.*	£	s.	d.
To Balance from last year	16	4	2	By *Y Cymmrodor* ...	112	6	6
,, Subscriptions ...	190	9	6	,, Printing & Stationery	16	16	6
				,, Hire of Rooms and other Expenses of Lectures	16	18	0
				,, Secretary's Salary and Expenses, including Arrears for 1877	35	0	0
				,, Postages and Petty Expenses ...	15	19	4
					197	0	4
				,, Balance in hand ...	9	13	4
	£206	13	8		£206	13	8

Examined and found correct.

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4

THE WORKS

OF

IOLO GOCH,

WITH A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY THE

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THE WORKS OF IOLO GOCH.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

I.

AWDL CYFFES Y BARDD.

Crair[1] cred, ced cynnydd,
Creawdr llu bedydd,[2]
Crist, Fab Duw Ddofydd,[3]
 Cynnydd dyhedd;[4]

Gan na wn pa bryd,
Pa awr, pa ennyd,
Y'm dyccych o'r byd—
 Ddiwyd[5] ddiwedd;

Arglwydd Dad mad, mawr,
Eurgledd[6] nef a llawr,
Erglyw fi bob awr,
 Gwawr[7] gwirionedd.

[1] *Crair cred*, 'the ornament of our faith'. *Crair* also means, as Dr. Davies tells us, the thing taken up by the hand to swear by.

[2] *Llu bedydd*, 'the host of baptised ones'; the whole body of Christians.

[3] *Ddofydd.* Dofydd —MS.

[4] Cyn dydd dy hedd. — MS. Cyn dydd dialedd.—MS.

[5] *Ddiwyd.* If this word be taken as a compound of *gwŷd*, 'vice', 'passion', it will imply that sin terminates with death.

[6] *Eurgledd.* Eurglo.—MS. The former term is significant of God as holding the golden sword of justice.

[7] *Gwawr*, 'the dawn', whence light springs. It regards God as the source of all righteousness.

I Ti cyffesaf,
Ac yr addefaf,
Canys wyd benaf,[8]
Naf tangnefedd.

A bechais i 'n llwyr[9]
O bob gwall synwyr,[1]
Rhwng llawr ag awyr,
Llwyr argywedd;[2]

Saith briod bechawd,[3]
Glythni, a meddwdawd,[4]
Chwant cnawd, cas ceudawd,[5]
Cadarn chwerwedd;

Moethiant,[6] glythineb,
Gwneuthur godineb,
Casineb[7] cudeb,
Cadarn salwedd;[8]

Balchder, syberwyd,[9]
Torri dïofryd,[1]
Cym'ryd bwyd ammhryd,[2]
Amryw faswedd;[3]

[8] Can's wyd benaf Naf
Nawdd tangnefedd.—MS.

[9] Am a bechais i 'n llwyr.—MS.

[1] O bob rhyw synwyr.—MS.

[2] *Argywedd*, 'detriment', 'mischief'.

[3] Saith brif-ffordd pechod.—MS.
Saith brifwŷd pechod.—MS.

[4] Rhythni a meddwdawd.—MS.

[5] *Ceudawd*. Geudawd.—MS.

[6] Methiant, glothineb.—MS. The former term signifies 'omission', according to Iolo Morganwg.

[7] Methineb, cudeb.—MS.

[8] Cadw fy salwedd.—MS.

[9] Balchder, seguryd.—MS.

[1] Torri yr ympryd.—MS.

[2] Bwyd amryd.—MS. *Ammhryd*, 'at unlawful seasons', such as days of fasting.

[3] *Faswedd* is here 'pollution', though it is often used to signify 'pleasure', 'enjoyment'.

Goganu, tybiaw,
Llesgu,[4] dymunaw,
Llidiaw, a digiaw,[5]
Dygn greulonedd;

Colli pregethau
Ac offerenau,[6]
Maddau y Suliau,[7]
Meddwi â salwedd;

Gair meddwl anghred,
Cilwg, camgerdded,[8]
Gweithred dynwared,[9]
Gwaith anwiredd;

Cyhuddaw gwirion,
A cham ddych 'mygion,
Cadarn draws holion,[1]
Hylith daeredd;

Gochel maddeuaint,
Digio mewn hir haint,[2]
Sathru maddau 'r saint,
Braint brenhinedd;[3]

[4] Llesged.—MS.

[5] Anlladrwydd, llidiaw,
Llid greulonedd.—MS.
Dygn wythlonedd.—MS.

[6] *Offerennau*, 'masses'.

[7] *Maddau y Suliau*. The pardons or absolutions pronounced on the Sundays.

[8] Golwg am gerdded.—MS.

[9] *Dynwared*, here 'mockery'.

[1] *Draws holion*, 'cross questioning', or 'examinations'.

[2] Digio rhag hir haint.—MS.

[3] *Brenhinedd*, 'royalty'; the abstract, perhaps, for the concrete—to enhance the strength of the term.
Braint brenhinoedd.—MS.
The expressions here used prove the devotedness of the bard to the Roman Catholic religion. The forgiveness of even the saints he deems a privilege worthy of kings.

[4] *Creiriau*, see page 1, line 1. Some MSS. have *lyfrau* instead of *creiriau*.

Tyngu anudonau
Ar werthfawr greiriau,[4]
Camgredu ac ammau
Geiriau gwiredd;

Trais, twyll, brad, cynnen,
Murn,[5] lledrad, absen,
Llid, a chynfigen,
Rhan pob rhinwedd.[6]

Gwag gynnwys,[7] glwys Glyw,
Gwawr mawr meirw a byw,[8]
Gwirion Dad, rhad rhyw,[9]
Llyw llaweredd;

Dy rad a geisiaf,
Dy nerth a archaf,
Dy nawdd a alwaf,
Naf nefol-wledd;

Rhag cwyn gwenwynig,[1]
Rhag cŵn dïeflig,
Rhag cynnen dremig,[2]
Ddig ddygasedd;[3]

[5] *Murn*, 'a foul deed', 'murder'.

[6] Rhag pob rhiedd.—MS.

[7] There is considerable difficulty in this passage. *Gwag gynnwys* is probably an allusion to his own emptiness or wants, inasmuch as he immediately afterwards asks for the blessing he needed.

[8] Clod mawr marw a byw.—MS.

[9] *Rhad rhyw*, Radryw. — MS. We conceive the bard's meaning to be: 'The God of truth is the giver of grace to some, but the sovereign of the many.'

[1] Rhag hun gwenwynig.—MS.

[2] *Dremig*. Drennig.—MS.

[3] Dig dygasedd.—MS.

[4] *Mwg mignwern*, 'the exhalations of a quagmire or bog'; a no uncommon expression of the mediæval poets.

[5] *Caith* for caeth.
Gwaith gaith gethin-wern.—MS.

[6] Drewiant gern uffern.
Effaith ddygnedd.—MS.

Rhag drwg mwg mign-wern,[4]
Trwy waith caith[5] cethern,
Drewyant[6] cyrn uffern,
　　Affaith ddygnedd;

Rhag trais trag 'wyddawl
Tan trwch callestrawl,
Tan llwyth[7] uffernawl
　　Ffyrnig dachwedd;[8]

Rhag tanllyd sybwll,
Tanllwyth fflam gyndwll,[9]
Tinllwm trwch rhwdbwll,[1]
　　Rhydar lesgedd;[2]

Rhag uffern boenau,
A'i phoethion beiriau,
Cadwynau, rhwymau,
　　Dreigiau drygwedd;

Rhag uffern byllfa,
A'i gweision[3] gwaetha',
Uffern-llid Adda,
　　Dryma' dromwedd;

Rhag poen a thrydar
Poeth-ferw tân llachar,[4]
Pwll byddar daear—[5]
　　Duoer fignedd.

[7] *Tanllwyth*, tanawl.—MS.
[8] *Tachwedd*, 'ending'.
[9] *Gyndwll*, gymwll.—MS.
[1] *Rhwdbwll*, drewbwll.—MS.
Tanllyd trwch trydwll.—MS.
[2] Drydar llesgedd.—MS.
[3] A'i ffeilsion dyrau.—MS.
[4] Tanllwyth tân llachar.—MS.
Pell fyddar ddaear.
　Duoer ddygnedd.—MS.

Rhag llith llwythau blin
Llys uffern fegin,[6]
Llin Addaf fyddin—
Gwerin gwyredd.

Brenhinawl Fab Mair,
Brenhin loyw-grair,
Brenhin nef y'th gwnair,
Gair gorfoledd.

Ti a faddeuaist,
Da y meddyliaist
Y dydd y'm prynaist
Ar bren crogedd ;[7]

Dy boen a'th alaeth,
A'th ferthyrolaeth,
Y rhai a 'i gwnaeth,
Eurfaeth[1] orfedd.

Wrth hynny, Arglwydd,
Cadarn da dramgwydd[2]
Cydrwydd cyfyngrwydd
Coloferedd.

[6] *Uffern fegin.* The Cymric bards frequently introduce the term *megin*, 'bellows', in their descriptions of hell. Wiliam Wyn says :—

"A'i anadl diadlam dwyn
Yn meginaw mwg annwyn."

Llafar gwlad applies the term *megin uffern* to one who creates dissension, an inciter of quarrels.

[7] Ar bren palmwedd.—MS.

[1] *Eurfaeth*, for eurfaith. It will be seen that the poet is constantly changing the termination of words to suit his rhyme and cynghanedd.

[2] Errors have crept into these poems by transcription, and of so grave a character, as almost to defy our arriving at their true meaning. It is difficult to say at this time what the poet means by Cadarn da dramgwydd. Should it not be Cadarn dy dramgwydd? *Coloferedd?* coel oferedd.

Gwna, Ddofydd, faddau
Fy holl bechodau,
A'm dwyn i'th ddeau
Dau yn y diwedd.

Fal y maddeuwyf
A wnaethpwyd trwy nwyf
Ar fy nghawd o glwyf,
Glew ddigllonedd.

O drais golled,
O gawdd,[3] o godded,[4]
O bob eniwed,
Cyred[5] caredd.

Eich diau deugrin[6]
Y bwyf gynnefin,
Cyn rhwym daearin,
Erwin orwedd.

Lle mae lle difrad
Ar lawr llethr gwen-wlad,[7]
Lle mae goleuad[8]
Rhad anrhydedd;

Lle mae diddanwch,
A phob rhyw degwch,
Lle mae dedwyddwch
Dilwch[9] orsedd.

[3] *Cawdd*, 'offence'.

[4] *Codded*, 'tribulation'.

[5] *Cyred* for cyrid, 'adulterous love'. Gyred garedd.—MS.

[6] Equal difficulty attends the deciphering of this stanza. *Deugrin* is manifestly a corrupted form. Hence it is scarcely possible to say with what object the bard hopes to be accustomed before his descent to the grave.

[7] 'The slopes of the beautiful land.'

Lle mae cywirdeb,
Lle mae diweirdeb,
Lle dibechod neb,[1]
Lle da buchedd ;[2]

Lle mae gorphywys[3]
Yn ngwlad Baradwys,
Lle mae mirain lwys,[4]
Lle mae mawredd.

Lle mae nefolion,
Lle mae urddolion,[5]
Lluaws angylion,
Gwirion garedd.[6]

Lle mae eglurder,[7]
Lle mae dwyfolder,
Lle mae ynifer[8]
Nefol orsedd ;

[8] 'Where its honours emit light or splendour.'

[9] Deilwng orsedd.—MS.

[1] To render this line intelligible, it is necessary to divide *dibechod* into two words, *di bechod*, so that *neb* may apply to the latter only.

[3] The short adjectives qualify sometimes the preceding and sometimes the following noun. There is consequently some difficulty in giving the exact rendering. If *da* qualifies the preceding word *lle*, the rendering of the bard will then be, 'A good place for life', or 'to enjoy life'.

[3] *Gorphywys* for gorphowys, or gorphwys, 'to rest'.

[4] There is great difficulty in this line. If mirain, however, be changed into *miraint*, 'beauty', it will in a measure vanish. Its qualifying adjective in that case would naturally be *glwys:* but see note 9.

[5] This term denotes that the poet believed in rank and order in the heavenly world.

[6] This line stands in beautiful opposition to the 128th, where we have *gyrid garedd*.

[7] He here describes the abode of the blessed, with its brightness and glory and redeemed multitude.

[8] *Ynifer*. In the old poets *nifer* is sometimes ynifer, anifer, and enifer.

Rhif cred, ced cadair
Arglwydd pob cyngrair,
Erglyw fi, Mab Mair,
Berthair,[9] borthedd ;[10]

Cyd bwyf bechadur,
Corphorawl natur,[1]
Rhag tostur, dolur,
Mawr ddialedd.

Canys wyd Frenhin
Ar ddeau ddewin[2]
Hyd y gorllewin—[3]
Llywiawdr mawredd.

Canys wyf gyffesol[4]
Ac edifeiriol,
A Mair i'm eiriol
Am oferedd.

Wyd frenhinocaf.[5]
A dyledocaf,
Can's wyd oruchaf;
Naf, na 'm gomedd.

[9] *Berthair*, the name of God spoken to Moses from the bush was, 'I am'.

[10] *Borthedd*, the portal of peace.

[1] His nature was that of the body rather than of the spirit.

[2] On the right hand of Divinity.

[3] "To the going down of the sun."

[4] This and the lines that follow give the essential doctrines of Roman Catholics as compared with Protestants : 'Confession, penance, and the intercession of the Virgin.'

[5] The poet rises with his subject, and his adoration becomes lofty:—"Thou art most royal ; to thee all fealty is due ; thou, Most Highest, refuse me not." And not a whit less grand is the verse that follows.

Er dy ddiwedd-loes,
Er dy greulon-groes,
Er poenau 'r pumoes—[6]
Bumustl[7] chwerwedd;

Er y gwayw efydd[8]
A 'th frathodd elfydd
Dan dy fron, Ddofydd,—
Ddwyfawl agwedd;

Er dy welïau,
Clyw fy ngweddïau,
Er dy grau angau
Yn y diwedd;

Er dy farw loesion
Gan ddurawl hoelion,
Er y drain-goron,[9]
Dod drugaredd.[1]

Er dy bum weli,[2]
Er dy gyfodi,
Crist Celi, â 'th *fersi*[3]
Rhwym fi i'th orsedd.

Er dy ddigoniad[4]
Ar ddeau dy Dad,
Dod im' gyfraniad
O' th wlad a 'th wledd.

[6] *Pumoes*. 'Five periods.' A term used in theology to denote the ages previous to our Lord's Advent. These were divided into five.

[7] *Bumustl*, 'hemlock', 'oxbane'.

[8] *Gwayw efydd*, 'brazen spear'.

[9] This litany of the bard is exquisitely wrought by means of the compound terms he uses—terms, each containing within itself a poem.

[1] Dy drugaredd.—MS.

[2] In His hands and feet and side.

[3] *Fersi*, 'mercy'.

[4] See Isaiah liii, 11.

II.

CYWYDD I DDEWI SANT.

Dymunaw da i'm enaid—
Heneiddio 'r wyf,[1] hyn oedd raid—
Myned i'r lle croged Crist
Cyn boed[2] y ddeu-droed ddidrist;[3]
Mewn trygyff y mae 'n trigaw[4]
Ni myn y traed myned draw;
Cystal am ordal[5] yni' yw
Fyned deirgwaith i Fynyw[6]
A myned, cynnired[7] cain,
Ar hafoedd hyd yn Rhufain.
Gwyddwn lle mynnwn fy mod,
Ys deddfawl yw 'r eisteddfod,

[1] This poem—its context informs us—was written in advanced life. It is necessary to bear this in mind for its right understanding.

[2] *Boed* for bod. When Grammar and Cynghanedd compete, the old bards keep true to the principles of their distinctive art. Too often is the sense also sacrificed to the same end. One MS. has 'Cyd boed'.

[3] *Ddidrist*. There is some difficulty as to the meaning of this term. If it alludes to 'a pilgrimage on feet weary with age', *ddidrist* will apply to the life beyond the grave; but if, on the contrary, his allusion be to a pilgrimage to be made ere old age incapacitates him for it, we must—unwillingly—amend the text and use *ddydrist*.

[4] He was, he tells us, hale in body; but his limbs refused to perform their office.

[5] *Ordal*, 'satisfaction', 'atonement'. Ieuan ab Rhydderch ab Ieuan Llwyd, a contemporary bard, has:—

> "Cystal am ordal i mi
> Dwywaith fyned at Dewi,
> A phe deuwn i Rufain."

One MS. has:—

> "Cystal am ofal ym 'yw."

[6] *IFynyw*, 'Menevia', St. David's, the seat of the holy Archbishop.

[7] *Cynnired*, 'visit'.

Ym maenol[8] Ddewi 'm Mynyw—
Mangre gain, myn y grog, yw—
Yn Nglyn Rhosyn[9] mae 'r iessin,[1]
Ac oliwydd a gwŷdd gwin:
Ademmig[2] musig a moes,
A gwrlef gwŷr â gorloes,[3]
A chytgerdd hoyw, loyw lewych,[4]
Rhwng organ achlân a chlych;
21. A thuriblwm[5] trwm, tramawr,
Yn bwrw *sens*[6] i beri sawr;
Nef nefoedd yn gyhoedd gain,
Ys da dref, ysdâd Rufain;[7]
Paradwys Gymru lwys, lefn,
Por dewis-drefn, pur dwys-drefn.[8]
Petrus fu gan Sant Patrig[9]
Am sorri Duw—amser dig;
Am erchi hyn, ammharch oedd,
Iddo o'r lle a wnaddoedd:[1]

[8] *Maenol*, 'a hamlet', 'a farm'; here it refers to the Archbishop's church and home, with perhaps the surrounding religious houses.

[9] *Yn Nglyn Rhosyn*, the Valley of Rhos.

[1] *Iessin*, probably 'jessamine'.

[2] *Ademmig*. This word is a puzzle. The dictionaries have nothing even like it.

[3] Ag arloes.—MS.

[4] *Lewych*, 'brightness', 'brilliancy'; a term often applied to music, although in its original intention it refers to light only.

[5] *Thuriblwm*, 'thurible', 'censer'.

[6] *Sens*, 'incense'.

[7] *Ysdad*, ystâd, *Rufain*; the meaning probably is that St. David's was in the same condition as, or equal to, Rome.

[8] This reading is manifestly corrupt; but it is the best we can now offer.

[9] San' Patrig.—MS. St. Patrick is said to have been of Welsh origin, and to have chosen as the field of his ministrations the district surrounding Rose Vale—*Glyn* Rhosyn, in Deyfed—Demetia. While there, tradition has it that an angel appeared to him, telling him 'that that place was not for him, but for a child to be born some thirty years later'. On hearing the message, St. Patrick became surprised, sorrowful, and angry. The child thus predicted was St. David.

Fyned ymaith o Fynyw
Cyn geni Dewi, da yw;
Sant oedd ef o nef i ni
Cynwynol cyn ei eni;
Sant glân oedd pan ei ganed
Am hollti 'r maen graen i gred.[2]
Sant ei dad[3] diymwad oedd.
Pennadur saint pan ydoedd.
Santes gyd-les lygadlon
Ei fam yn ddi nam oedd Non;[4]
Ferch Ynyr,[5] fawr ei chenedl,
Lleian[6] wiw, uwch ydiw 'r chwedl.
Un bwyd a aeth yn ei ben—[7]
Bara oer a beryren—
Ag aeth ym mhen Non wen wiw;
Er pan gaed penaig ydiw[8]
Holl saint y byd gyd gerynt[9]
A ddoeth[1] i'r Senedd[2] goeth gynt

[1] *Wnaddoedd*, for wnaeth; this form is now obsolete.

[2] Non, in the throes of birth, pressed her hands against a stone, which took the impression as though it had been wax. In some mysterious way it condoled with the sorrowing mother; part of it, then, leaped over her head and fell at her feet as she was bringing forth. A church was afterwards built on the spot, and the stone placed in the foundations of its altar.

[3] *Ei dad;* Sandde, the father of David, was son of Ceredig, a prince from whom Ceredigion, or Cardiganshire, derives its name.

[4] Non, the mother of David, was a nun, and held in high repute for holy life.

[5] Gynyr, the father of Non, was a nobleman of the district of Pebidiog, in which the town of St. David's is situated.

[6] Lleian, a daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, and an ancestress of Non.

[7] From the time of her conception, Non lived on bread and water only. Hence, St. David was regarded as abstemious from the womb. Iolo Goch, however, adds 'a cress' to his food in the next line.

[8] *Ydiw* for ydyw, to meet the exigencies of the rhyme.

[9] *Gerynt*—? for geraint.

[1] *Ddoeth* for ddaeth in the dialect of South Wales.

[2] A synod held at Llanddewi Brefi, which St. David, after

I wrandaw yn yr un-dydd
Ei bregeth a pheth o'i ffydd.
Lle dysgodd llu dewis-goeth[3]
Lle bu 'n pregethu yn goeth.
Chwe-mil saith-ugein-mil saint
Ag un-fil. Wi! o'r genfaint.[4]
Rhoed iddo fod, glod glendyd,[5]
Yn ben ar holl saint y byd.
Codes[6]—nid ydoedd resyn—
Dan draed Dewi Frefi, fryn.
Ef yn deg a fendigawdd
Cantref o nef oedd ei nawdd;[7]
A'r enaint[8] twym arennig
Ni dderfydd, tragywydd trig.
Duw a rithiawdd, dygn-gawdd dig,
Ddeu-flaidd o anian ddieflig
Deu-wr hen oedd o Dir Hud,[9]
Gwydro[1] astrus a Godrud,

repeated solicitations, attended; he preached there, it was said, the law and the gospel of Christ so clearly and plainly, that it seemed as if he spake to them with a silver trumpet. He was heard by the furthermost person in that great assembly, and seen, too, as clearly as the sun is seen at mid-day.

[3] The synod was composed of saints and the most distinguished of those who held office in the church.

[4] *Genfaint*, 'assembly' or 'congregation'.

[5] *Glod glendyd*; Glod gleinyd.—MS. 'The praise', in the sense of 'the reward of holiness'. David was elected by the Synod to be chief or prince of the saints of Britain.

[6] When the multitude assembled would have taken him to the top of the hill to preach, he excused himself, and said he would have no place to stand on but the flat ground. But as he was holding forth, the ground arose as a high mount under his feet in the presence of the assembly.

[7] 'He blessed with blessings from heaven a district that was under his protection'; literally, 'that was his protection'.

[8] *Enaint*, 'the unction'; that is, the blessing.

[9] *Dir Hud*, 'Pembrokeshire'.

Am wneuthur, drwg antur gynt,
Ryw bechod a rybuchynt.[2]
A'u mam: ba ham y bai hi
Yn fleiddiast? oerfel iddi!
71. A Dewi goeth a'u dug hwynt
O'u hir-boen ag o'u herw-bwynt.[3]
Diwallodd Duw ei allawr;
Ei fagl[4] a wnaeth miragl mawr;
Yr aradr, gwyllt o redeg,
Yrrai i'r tai, fy ior teg!
A'r ceirw osgl-gyrn, chwyrn a chwai,
Gweision uthr, a'i gwas 'naethai.[5]
Dyw Mawrth, Calan Mawrth,[6] ym medd
I farw aeth ef i orwedd.
81. Bu ar ei fedd, diwedd da,
Cain glêr yn canu *gloria;*
Engylion nef yn nglan nant
Ar ol bod ei arwyliant.
  I bwll uffern ni fernir[7]
Enaid dyn, yn anad tir,

[1] GWYDRO and ODRUD. No authentic account has been handed down of these persons, nor yet of the particular sin they committed. The lives of St. David, in *The Cambro-British Saints*, do not mention them.

[2] *Rybuchynt*, 'devised', 'meditated'.

[3] *Herw-bwynt*, 'prædatory state'. Dr. Davies translates *pwynt*, 'valetudo', 'convalesence', a meaning scarcely to be found in Wm. O. Pughe.

[4] *Fagl*, 'crozier'.

[5] If we may be pardoned for a remark or two, we would draw attention to this beautiful passage. Nowhere can truer poetry be found than in the account here given of St. David's miraculous life and triumphant death; where white-robed choirs are described as singing over his entombment, and heaven's angels as hovering around the spot hallowed by his relics.

[6] *Dyw Mawrth, Calan Mawrth.* The saint died on Tuesday, in the calends of March. Hence, the first day of March has been dedicated to St. David, and the festival is kept to the present day.

[7] The reverence in which St.

A gladder, di-ofer yw,
Ym monwent Dewi Mynyw.
Ni sang cythraul brychaulyd
Ar ei dir byth, er da 'r byd.
Hyder a wnaeth canhiadu
Gras da y Garawys du;
I Frytaniaid, Frut wyneb,[8]
Y gwnaed rhad yn anad neb.
  Pe bai mewn llyfr o'r pabir,[9]
Peunydd mal ar haf-ddydd hir,
Nottri Peblig[1] un natur,
A phin a du a phen dur,[2]
Yn ysgrifenu, bu budd,[3]
Ei fuchedd ef o'i achudd,[4]
Odid fyth, er daed fai
Ennyd yr ysgrifenai
Dridiau a blwyddyn drwydoll[5]
A wnaeth ef o wyniaeth oll.

David was held may be gleaned from what the bard here says—and he was doubtless but echoing the sentiments of the country—of the sacredness of the ground where the good man was buried—no evil spirit ever daring to visit or approach the place.

[8] *Frut wyneb*, 'having the features of Brutus'.

[9] *Pabir*, 'papyrus'.

[1] *Nottri Peblig*, 'A notary public', 'a ready writer'. Nottri Pheblig.—MS.

[2] *A phen dur*; an enthusiast would regard this as a prophecy of the steel pen.

[3] *Bu budd*, 'a being of good or advantage'; or it may be the verb *bu*.

[4] *Achudd*, 'cloister'; that is, from the time that St. David appeared in public to take command in the Church.

[5] See St. John xxi, 25.

III.

CYWYDD I'R DRINDOD.[1]

Duw, Ior[2] y duwiau eraill,
Dofydd a Llywydd y llaill;
Dawn[3] llawn—Duw yw 'n llawenydd—
Duw a weddïwn bob dydd.
Dawn[3] yw gweddïo Duw Naf,
Duw byth, nis diobeithiaf!
Heb Dduw ym' dysg, heb ddim dawn;
A Duw agwrdd,[4] a digawn.[5]
Mwyaf yw pwys fy mywyd,[6]
Ar Dduw byth, nag ar dda 'r byd.

[1] This poem is given as transcribed by Rhys Jones, of Tyddyn Mawr, Meirion, in his celebrated work, *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*. We have taken the liberty, however, of amending the text, where we found it manifestly incorrect. Rhys Jones was a poet and a no mean scholar; we consequently defer to his judgment on many points; but his book was printed in London, and bears evident marks of having passed through an English compositor's hands.

[2] *Ior*, 'Lord', 'Prince'.

[3] *Dawn*. In the third line this term is used in its first intention, signifying, 'a gift', 'a present'; but in the fifth, it means 'a gift by way of ability to accomplish any mental function with effect'; as *Dawn llefaru*, 'the gift of eloquence'; *dawn gweddio*, 'the gift of praying'.

[4] *Agwrdd*, 'potent', 'powerful'.

[5] These two lines, it will be seen, are the Bard's poetical version of the well-known old proverb:—

"Heb Dduw, heb ddim;
Duw a digon."

[6] 'The weight of my life', that is, my dependence, 'is ever upon God, not on the good things of the world'. There is a rough kind of devotion to be found throughout the whole of the Bard's compositions. According to the light of his day and the peculiar tenets of his Church, he is by no means deficient in religious knowledge. A glance at his *Cyffes Iolo* will prove this.

Rhodd yw, rhai addewynt,
Rhaid yw ym' wybod ar hynt,
Pwy ddeil gof? pa ddelw y gwn?
Pa Dduw? pwy a weddïwn?
Pybyr Greawdr[7] pob hoywbeth,
Pob rhai byw, pob rhyw o beth.
Pwy a wnaeth y nef hefyd?
Pob rhyw, feirw a byw, a byd?
Pwy sy 'n cynnal, grwndwal[8] grym,
Llawr yr adail lle 'r ydym?
Pwy a oedd Dduw? pwy a ddaw?
Pwy sydd piau sy eiddaw?
Tri 'n y nef a gartrefan'—[9]
Tadwys,[1] Mab, Yspryd glwys Glân.
Tri Pherson, undôn[2] Unduw,
Ag nid un, onid un Duw.
Nid oes fry, yn eu dwys frawd,
Ond yr Unduw a'r Drindawd.

[7] *Greawdr*. The orthography of this term, whether it be that of the Bard or of his Editor, is much to be preferred to that of *Greawdwr*—the affix *gŵr* not being applicable to the Godhead.

[8] *Grwndwal*, 'ground - wall', 'foundation'. Iolo Goch is not solitary in the use of the word. Lewis Glyn Cothi writes:—

"Daw o rwndwal Iorwerth Drwyndwn;"

and Dr. John Davies also has, "Grwndwal pob iaith", 'the basis of every language'. The bards, both of this and the two succeeding centuries, often introduce Cymricised forms of English words. This has been avoided in the last and present centuries.

[9] Whatever were the errors into which the Roman Catholic Church had fallen, it ever held fast the doctrine of the Trinity. The explicit declarations the poet here makes are second only to those of the Athanasian Creed. So involved is this doctrine with that of the atonement, that we hail its presence with satisfaction in any Church, however erroneous in other matters.

[1] *Tadwys*,—from *tad* and *gŵys*. The abstract is here used for the concrete—'fatherhood' for 'father'—a not unusual mode of diction among the poets.

[2] *Undôn*, 'one in utterance'.

Trindawd yr Unduw ydynt;
Ag un Duw—gogoned ynt.
Un feddiant yn eu glândy,
Un gadernyd, un fryd fry;
Un fraint, un feddiant, un frys,[3]
Un allu, un ewyllys;
Un dôn, un wath,[4] da 'n un wedd,
Un Duw ynn' yn y diwedd.
Gair[5] oedd yn y Goreu-dduw,
A'r Gair a ddaeth o'r gwir Dduw.
Gwnaethpwyd o'r Gair gwenith-bwys[6]
Gnawd glân, Mab gogoned glwys;
Ag o ryw y Goreuair
Y ganed Mab o gnawd Mair;
Ym Methlem o'i fam wythlwys[7]
Y ganed ef, Fab gwyn dwys:
A'i eni 'n Fab, anian fwyn,
O'r wyryf Fair, wir forwyn.

[3] *Frys*, 'readiness', 'quickness', 'promptitude in performance'; as exemplified in that particular act of creation in which "God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light".

[4] *Gwath*, 'intent', 'design'—a term not to be found in Dr. Owen Pughe's Lexicon.

[5] *Gair*. The poet uses this term as a *name* of our Lord. He does not say *Y Gair*. This accords with the similar use of *Crist* when used without the definitive article. The article, however, is used in the following line in accordance with Scripture.

[6] *Gwenith-bwys*. We can but conjecture the poet's meaning. 'As wheat-corn is pre-eminent amongst all other grain, so is our Lord among all other beings.' This use of the term *gwenith* will be found in the works of other poets. We have it in the old pennill:—

"Blodau 'r flwyddyn yw f' anwylyd—
Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin hefyd;
Llewyrch haul yn t'wynu ar gysgod,
A gwenitheu y genethod."

[7] *Wythlwys*, the only meaning we can attach to this term is, 'Eight times beautiful'.

Nid o natur dyn yttoedd,
Eithr o Dduw medd Athrodd oedd;
Ag o radd y Goreudduw
A'r Ysbryd Glân buan, byw.
Graddau y Mab goreuddoeth
O allu Duw oll y doeth;[8]
Dau a gyssylltwyd mewn dawn,
Duw a dyn, diwyd uniawn.
Duw yn ein mysg,[9] dawn a'n medd
A dry gair, o'i drugaredd,
I'n dwyn i nef dan ei nawdd—
Ddofydd a ddioddefawdd.[1]

[8] *Doeth* for *daeth*.

[9] *Yn ein mysg*, 'Immanuel, God with us'.

[1] This poem has, comparatively, few difficulties. We are inclined to ascribe this in a great measure to its former Editor. Rhys Jones was a careful transcriber, as is manifest from the text he has here given of this poem of Iolo Goch. We shall see more of this care in the poem that follows.

IV.

CYWYDD I'R BYD.

Yr un bai ar ein bywyd
Ar bawb, a hudol yw 'r byd;
Hud ar ddyn, hyder ar dda,
Hudol anneddfol[1] noddfa.
Malu[2] y Sul, melus son,
Marwol bechodau mawrion!
Balchder yw ein arfer ni,
Digio, cybydd-dra, diogi,
Cynfigen, bresen[3] heb rodd,[4]
Godineb—gwae adwaenodd!
Glothineb y glwth enau,
Nid mwyn, mi a wn nad mau;
Nid trem fawr,[5] nid trwm ei fod,[6]
Nid baich, onid o bechod.

[1] *Anneddfol*, 'lawless', unlawful', 'immoral'.

[2] *Malu*, literally 'to grind'. Its secondary signification here is 'to work out laboriously'.

[3] *Bresen*, a Cymricised form of the English word 'present'. The term seems to have been introduced into our language at an early date. Taliesin has:—"Nid aeth neb i nef er benthyg y bresen:" 'No one has gone to heaven for the lending of his present'. *Presen*, the root of *presennoldeb*, is the same word; but in the former meaning of 'a present', it has come to us through the English.

[4] *Heb rodd*, 'a bootless or unavailing gift'.

[5] *Trem fawr*, 'lofty look', 'the look of pride'.

[6] *Trwm ei fod*, 'burdensome his existence'.

Many of the poet's lines are "dark sayings"; and we must attribute to the exigencies of *cynghanedd* much of the difficulty that attends their wording. Iolo Goch, however, is not so wedded to the former as on all occasions to sacrifice sense to it. In the poem before us he violates the bardic rules by *twyll odl*.

[7] *Naw pwys ryfel*. In the spiritual

Naw pwys ryfel[7] ein gelyn
Yw 'r naw pwys, a ŵyr neb hyn ?
Dêl i'w cof adail a'u cudd,
Dïoddefaint Duw Ddofydd.
Duw i'r hawl, a da yw rho'm
A drwsiodd Mab Mair drosom ;
Mawr gur a gafas, mawr gŵyn,
Mawr farw un Mab Mair forwyn !
A'i boen—ar Wener y bu—
Ar un pren er ein prynu.
I nef yr aeth yn ufydd
At y Tad deugeinfed dydd ;
Yn Dad, yn Fab, Bab y[8] byd,
Yn oesbraff,[9] glân yn Ysbryd ;[1]
Yn un nifer hynafiaeth,
Ag yn un gnawd, gwn i'n gwnaeth.[2]
Duw 'n cyfoeth,[3] dawn a'n cyfyd
Y dydd y bo diwedd byd.
Dydd a bair ofn fydd dydd brawd,
Dydd tri-llu,[4] diwedd trallawd.

warfare the soldier is weighed down by the nine besetting sins the poet has just enumerated,—worldliness, Sabbath-breaking, pride, hatred, covetousness, idleness, envy, adultery, and gluttony.

[8] *Bab y byd.* The poet's loyalty to his spiritual Head is shown by his applying the name 'Pope' to the Saviour.

[9] *Oesbraff*, 'of prolonged or ample life'.

[1] This and the previous line confirm the orthodoxy of the poet's views regarding the Trinity. Our Lord ascends into heaven, and appears there the only representative of the Godhead. He is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

[2] There is much difficulty in these lines. The solution probably is: 'He made us partakers of his eternity and of his manhood.' *I'n gwnaeth.* 'Ein gwnaeth.'

[3] It must be remembered that the poet is speaking altogether of Christ. As the SON OF MAN he is our wealth, and the one who will raise us up at the last day.

[4] *Trillu.* Goronwy Owen's lines in *Cywydd y Farn* will explain the use of this term.

"Try allan ddynion tri-llu,
Y sydd, y fydd, ac a fu."

Diau fydd, drwg a da fo,
Ufudd iawn a fydd yno;
A'r dyfyn[5] a'r wŷr Dofydd,
A fu, ac etto a fydd:
Yn rhagor i'n rhywogaeth
Y nef a'r bresen a wnaeth.
Pum archoll[6] i'n arfoll ni,
Pum aelod y pum weli;
A'n rhoi yn iach, ein rhan oedd,
Wnai Siesws[7] yn oes oesoedd.
Bid yn wres,[8] bod yn rasol,
Bid yn nef, bod yn ei ol.
Er ei gof hir a gyfyd
Er ei loes dros bumoes[9] byd;
Er ei lun a'r oleuni[1]
Er a wnaeth a'i roi i ni,
Er ei wyneb ar Wener,[2]
Er ei boen fawr ar y ber,[3]

[5] *Dyfyn*, 'summons'.

[6] *Pum archoll.* In the Saviour's hands, feet, and side. Roman Catholics are careful in the enumeration of the acts and incidents of our Lord's life, and especially of those of the Crucifixion.

[7] *Siesws*, 'Jesus'.

[8] *Bid yn wres.* The meaning of the poet probably is: 'Be it our warm object to obtain his grace; be it our heaven to follow him.'

[9] *Bumoes.* See page 10, note 6. Dafydd Benfras also uses the term in the same meaning:—

"Achaws pumoes byd y bu iddaw,
Uchelwr mirain, bêr drain drwyddaw."

'For the sake of the five ages of the world, glorious lofty One, spikes of thorn pierced him.'

[1] *A'r oleuni.* It is impossible to extract sense out of this expression. Were the text amended with some such word as *aur*, making aur oleuni, it would be intelligible.

[2] *Er ei wyneb ar Wener.* The agony, doubtless, imprinted on his face on the day of his crucifixion.

[3] *Bêr*, literally 'spit'; here used for the cross.

[4] *Gwedd.* So various are the meanings of this word, that it is scarcely possible to make sure of the poet's drift. Sometimes 'countenance', sometimes 'connexion', and oftentimes 'team' or 'yoke';

I'r un gwedd,[4] er ein gweddi,
Y nef a brynodd i ni.
Y marw ni ŵyr ymorol
Am y wnaeth; y mae yn ol;
Nid edwyn, yn nodedig,
Na 'i phlaid trwm[5] na ph'le y trig.
Ni chyrraedd yn iach arian,
Nid oes ond a roes o ran,[6]
Llaswyr[7] Fair yn llaw Iesu,
Lle fydd erbyn y dydd du;
Unpryd Wener offeren[8]
O'n dig byth a'n dwg i ben;
A'm gwlad fyth a'm golud fo
I'w 'mgeledd, Duw a'm galwo!
Doed y Gair, deued i gof,
Trwsiad o law Dduw trosof;
Er ei fedd, a'i chwerwedd chwŷs,
A'r anfad farn,[9] a'r enfys,[1]
Un doeth rwysg,[2] Un Duw a Thri,
Un Duw dêl i'n didoli.

we shall in this instance leave our readers to choose their own meaning.

[5] *Na 'i phlaid trwm.* The poet's meaning is again a matter of considerable doubt. It is probable that Rhys Jones gave the best text in his power, though sometimes scarcely intelligible to himself.

[6] The same remarks apply to this and the previous line also.

[7] *Llaswyr Fair.* Owen Pughe translates the former word, 'an aërial freshness'; in that case, it would apply to Mary's countenance. But we apprehend that the term is a corrupted form of *Sallwyr*, 'Psalter', although he makes no mention of this signification. The poet may have been driven by the exigencies of the *cynghanedd* to use the peculiar form here given.

[8] *Wener offeren.* The Friday's Mass—the day on which our Lord was crucified.

[9] *A'r anfad farn*, 'the unrighteous judgment of Pontius Pilate.

[1] *A'r enfys*, 'the halo' around the Saviour's countenance.

[2] *Un doeth rwysg*, 'one whose uniform career was wise': literally, 'one of wise career'.

V.

CYWYDD I DDUW.

Myfyr wyf yn ymofyn,
O Dduw, beth orau i ddyn :
Ei eni er llenwi llid,
Naws gwywnoeth,[1] ai nis genid,
Wrth ddeallt araith ddiwyd
O bregeth ? neu beth yw 'r byd ?
Pur olaf, pa ryw eilyn ?
Diana 'r[2] ddaear yw dyn.
I'r farn, pan fo gadarnaf,
O'i lys rhydd[3] a'i les yr â.
Angau a ddaw, distaw don,[4]
I'w ddwyn o fysg ei ddynion.
Gado 'r wlad i gyd a'r wledd,
A'i farw, er maint ei fawredd ;
Rhyw gyfle, rhew gafaeloer,[5]
Rhaw a chaib a wnai rych oer ;[6]
Ac yno, yn ol dolef,
"Ber yw 'r oes", y bwrir ef ;

[1] *Gwywnoeth. Gwyw*, *gwywo*, 'to wither'.

[2] *Diana.* The text of this poem is very inaccurate. What the poet means we can but conjecture.

[3] *Rhydd*, in opposition to the grave, where man may be said to be bound and fettered.

[4] *Distaw don.* A highly poetical expression, whence many a simile may be extracted.

[5] *Gafaeloer;* an allusion to 'the cold grasp of death'.

[6] The term *rhych* is a favourite expression with the Welsh when speaking of the grave. It points to the resurrection. As the seed-corn is thrown into the furrow in anticipation of a future harvest; so our bodies are, as it were, planted in the furrow of the grave to await the resurrection.

A'i gladdu dan graian gro,
Ner addwyn! a wnair iddo;
A'i genedl, a'i ddigoniant,
A'i arfau, oedd gynnau gant.
Os gwirion sy o gariad[7]
Oes dim ond Iesu a'i Dad.
Gwae neb o'r cwbl a fegyd
Byth ymddirietto i'r byd!
Gwae a gollo naw-bro[8] Ner,
Duw nef, er doniau[9] ofer!
Gwae 'n enw llid, a wnel llys
Fry 'n ol i'r fro annilys![1]
Gwae a gred[2]
Ddim mwy ond i Dduw mawr!
Y gŵr a ddichon i gyd,
O Fair wyryf, fawr wryd.[3]
Gostwng y gwynt, hynt hynod,
A phaidio, pan fynno fod.
Nid credu, haenu[4] henaint,
I goelau, swynoglau[5] saint;

[7] These two lines are manifestly corrupt.

[8] *Naw-bro*. These are the mansions of the *Naw-radd*, or the nine grades or ranks of the heavenly hierarchy.

[9] *Doniau* literally 'gifts'; here probably 'pleasures' are meant.

[1] *Annilys*, 'uncertain'. Can the bard, in the use of this term, refer to Purgatory? That such an intermediate state lay within the scope of his creed we cannot doubt.

[2] The MS. copy in the British Museum does not even give the ending of this line.

[3] *Wryd*, 'manhood'. As we have elsewhere stated, however erroneous the creed of the bard may have been respecting other tenets of his faith, the doctrine of the Trinity, and, in conjunction with it, that of the manhood of the Lord Jesus, stands out in bold relief throughout his works. The 'very God of very God' is also very man of very man.

[4] *Haenu henaint*, 'To the besmearing of old age'.

[5] *Swynoglau*, 'amulets', 'charms'.

Neu gredau i'r myrriau, maeth
I freuddwyd gwrach afrwyddiaeth;
Neu gredu ymlu amlwg[6]
I lais y dryw annlles drwg;
Neu lais y frân yn canu,
Llef ormes Iuddewes ddu!
Na chedwn gred[7] ddiognef
I neb ond i Dduw o'r nef;
Duw orau, uwch daearydd,[8]
Duw Iesu fu ag a fydd:
Duw fydd o herwydd hir-oed,[9]
Difai ras, Duw fu erioed.
Dydd brawd i geudawd[1] gadarn
Diau fydd Duw a farn.
Duw a'n dycco, o'r diwedd,
I'r wlad dragwyddol a'r wledd!
Duw draw a'n gwnel yn llawen
Gyda Mair[2] i gyd! Amen.

[6] *Ymlu amlwg.* We confess our inability to cope with the difficulties of this phrase, and we fall back on a corrupt text as our apology.

[7] *Ddwgngred*, 'ddwngred'.— MS.

[8] *Uwch daearydd*, 'above the earth's inhabitant': that is, 'the inhabitant of a higher world'.

[9] *Hir-oed*, 'the Ancient of Days'.

[4] *Giwdawd*, 'tribe', 'clan', 'nation'. This term is an ancient one. We read in the *Mabinogion*,

"Naw ciwdawd a wledycha Rhufain." 'There are nine nations that inhabit Rome.'

[2] *Gyda Mair;* faithful to Mary, the bard seems to regard the blessedness of heaven to consist in a measure in the presence of its queen there.

VI.

CYWYDD I SANT ANNA, A'I MAB, CRIST, A'U POBL.[1]

SAINT y Cait a Saint Cytus,
Siosim hendad Siesus;
Pendefig, bonheddig hael,
O Nas'reth ag yn Israel,
Yn dair rhan—ef ag Anna—
Rhinwedd ddoeth, a rannai 'dda:
Rhoi yn hyf rhan o'i gyfoeth
I dŷ Dduw—pand ydoedd ddoeth?—
A'r ail ran, ar ol ei raid,
Ar unwaith roe i weiniaid.
Efallai yn hawdd felly
O drain y da drin ei dŷ.[2]
Nid oedd etifedd neddyn
O'i gorph yn aberth Duw gwyn.[3]
Y gŵr oedd gorau o'r iaith,[4]
O'r deml a yrrwyd ymaith,

[1] It is very difficult to resolve these names into their original forms. *Cait* or 'Kate', St. Catharine; and *Cytus*, 'Kit' or Christopher, are probably the persons intended. *Siosim*, 'Joachim', *Siesus*, 'Jesus'.

[2] *O drain y da.* O draen y da.—MS. Da ar draen, 'goods or wealth in circulation'. So *aur ar draen* means 'gold spread abroad', or 'circulated'.

[3] The failure of issue was deemed a no slight misfortune by the tribes of Israel, and especially by that of Aaron, in which the priesthood was vested.

[4] *Iaith* is here probably used for 'nation', or 'people'. *Nations* and *languages* are often coupled in the same sense.

[5] The legend here given is probably of monkish invention.

[6] This line also bears evident marks of a corrupted text.

[7] *Porth euraid*, 'the golden gate'; probably one of the gates of the temple, which were ornamented with gold and silver.

A ddug ei ddynion a'i dda
Wrth hyn oddiwrth Anna:
Cyrchawdd, ni ffaelawdd ei ffydd,
I'r man uchaf o'r mynydd;[5]
Crio a wnaeth, carai nawdd,
Ar y Creawdr y criawdd;
Gweddiodd am rodd o ras;[6]
Yn y gof hynny a gafas;
Duw a ddanfones i'w dad
Deg iawn hyd atto gennad:
"Dos di, Dywysog dy iaith,
At Anna etto unwaith;
Hi a fydd blaenwydd dy blaid
I'th aros yn y porth euraid."[7]
Adref daeth i dref ei dad—
Drych ef—mwy fu 'r drychafiad,[8]
Bu ddawnus[9] bywyd Anna,
Beichioges y dduwies[1] dda;
I Anna[2] merch a aned
A honno yw Mair, crair cred.[3]
Bu Mair o'r Gair yn ddi gel
Yn feichiog o nef uchel;
Mal yr haul y molir hon
. . . drwy wydr i'r ffynnon.[4]
Yn 'r un modd, iawn-rodd anrheg,
Y daeth Duw at fammaeth deg;[5]

[8] This line is difficult in the extreme. It would scarcely be improved were we to substitute,
"Drych ef mwy i'r drychafiad."

[9] *Ddawnus*, 'gifted'.

[1] *Dduwies*. The application of the term 'goddess' to the Virgin Mary proves our poet to have been a devoted Roman Catholic.

[2] Anna is regarded throughout the poem as the mother of Mary.

[3] *Crair cred*. For an elucidation of this term, see page 1, note 1. There it is applied to our Lord, here to His mother.

[4] The exact transcript of the line is given. We will not, however, pretend to decipher it.

[5] *Famaeth deg*. The poet regards the Virgin as chosen for the lofty honour conferred on her on account of her beauty.

Gorau mam, gorau mammaeth,
Gorau i nef y Gŵr wnaeth.
Cyflawn oedd, cyflawn addwyn,
Tref[6] i Dduw, tra fu i'w ddwyn.
Angylion gwynion yw 'r gwŷr,
Oedd i Wen[7] ymddiddanwyr.[8]
Wrth raid mawr, er athrodion,
Y ganed Duw o gnawd hon.
Hon a fagawdd o'i bronnau,
Hynaws mawl yr hanes mau.[9]
Baich ar ei braich ei Brawd
A'i baich a'n dwg o bechawd.[1]
Ei Thad oedd yn y gadair,
A'i Mab oedd yn hŷn na Mair.[2]
Mair a wnel, rhag y gelyn,
Ymbil â Duw am blaid dyn;
Ar ein Duw[3] Ef a wrendy
Neges y Frenhines fry.
O chawn ni 'n rhan drwy Anna,
Mwy fydd ein deunydd[4] a'n da.

[6] *Tref i Dduw*, 'the abode of the godhead'. *Tref* is here used in its first intention—'a home'.

[7] *Wen*, 'white'; hence, 'holy', 'sinless'.

[8] Circumstances belonging to the life of our Lord are often introduced into that of the Virgin. As in the agony in the garden, angels came to uphold and comfort Jesus, so in this hour of her need, when slanderous tongues were busy, they are said to have come and comforted Mary.

[9] 'The subject of my narrative'.

[1] This and the former line are truly poetical. 'The burden the Virgin bore on her arm, was her brother; and that burden relieves us from the burden of sin,' is the poet's meaning.

[2] Nor are these lines less beautiful. 'Her Father was on the throne; and her Son was older than his mother.'

[3] Instead of this line one MS. has:—

'Yn enw 'n Duw Ef a wrendy'.

Duw, 'Christ'.

Ef, 'the Father'.

[4] *Deunydd* for *defnydd*. The concrete is here used for the abstract—*defnyddioldeb*.

VII.

CYWYDD ACHAU CRIST.[1]

Daioni Duw[2] a aned
O Fair wyryf,[3] grair arf i gred;
Ferch Iohasym, fab grym gra,
Pan torrwr pan pant ira;[4]
Fab Pante;[5] fab Pwynt eirior;
Fab Elsi; fab Eli bor;
Fab Matthan digam degwch;
Fab Ioseb ffel ateb fflwch;
Fab Mathari, gloywri glân,
Digaeth fab Amos degan;[6]
Nefawl fab Näwn afudd;
Fab Eli; fab Naggi nudd;[7]
Fab Maath; fab Mathathei,
O symaeth mydr fab Semei;
Fab Ioseb, fab wynebloyw;
Fa Siwda; fab Iohanna loyw;

[1] This poem is at best but a literary freak. The bard could scarcely have imagined a wilder thought than that of weaving into *cynghanedd* the uncouth Jewish names that form the pedigree of our Lord. Still Iolo Goch's Works must be complete.

[2] *Diaoni Duw*, 'Christ'.

[3] *Wyryf*. If this term were altered to *uyrf*, 'pure', 'fresh', and applied as an epithet to Mary, the line would be reduced to its proper number of feet. There is no doubt but this was the original reading.

[4] These lines are manifestly corrupt; and no emendation can now be suggested which would give the meaning of the bard.

[5] It is impossible to account for these names. They do not appear in the genealogies either of Matthew or Luke. There is a hiatus also in the bard's list—some important names being left out.

[6] These lines are clearly corrupt.

[7] *Nudd*. Nudd Hael ab Seisyllt was one of the three generous ones of the Isle of Britain. Hence

Fab Resa; fab oreuserch
Sorobabel, siwel[8] serch;
Fab Salathiel, bu sel sant;
Moddus fab Ner, meddant;
Fab hoyw Elmodam; fab Er;
Luniaidd fab Iesu loywner;
Fab Elieser; fab Sioram;
Bu hoff fab Matthat ba ham;[9]
Fab Liw;[1] fab Simeon wiwiaith,
Baun[2] rhyw fab Iuda ben rhaith:
Fab Ioseb, wiw wynebwr;
Fab Iona—wel dyna wr![3]
Fab Eliassym, rym rwymiaith;
Fab Melea; fab Mena maith;
Fab Mattatha, âch wrda chwyrn;[4]
Diog fab Nathan dëyrn;
Fab Dafydd frenin, gwin gwŷdd,
Broffwyd; fab Iesse broffwydd;
Fab Obeth, difeth ei dôn,
Salmwr; fab Bos; fab Salmon;
Fab Nason, wron arab,
Da bwyll; fab Aminadâb;

Nudd is used as a term to signify anyone of generous blood and deeds.

[8] *Siwel.* Our lexicographers take no cognizance of this term. We have already mentioned that English words were frequently Cymricised by the poets of this and the two succeeding centuries. *Siwel* is doubtless 'jewel'.

[9] Names are again passed by. Probably the bard was unable to weave them into his verse.

[1] *Liw*, 'Levi'.

[2] *Paun.* The frequent use of *paun*, 'a peacock', as an emblem of a chieftain or prince occurs in most of the Cymric poets. This beautiful bird, with its rich, elegant plumage is not an inappropriate representative of royalty and its trappings. English poets, however, regard it in a different light. With them it is an emblem of what is gaudy and pretentious.

[3] The poet seems to be in a great strait here to meet the demands of his *cynghanedd.*

[4] 'Of the stem of an active hero'.

Fab Arom; lin Esrom les;
O phery gwir, fab Phares;
Fab Iuda; fab ni wna nag
Eisoes Iacob; fab Isag;
Fab Abram, bab o rym bwyll;[5]
Fab Thare, deidie[6] didwyll;
Fab Nachor, fab clodfor[7] clau;
Rhugl[8] fab Saruch; fab Rhagau;
Fab Phaleg, diofeg dwyll;[9]
Heber fab Sale hoywbwyll;
Fab Cainan, wrdran[1] eurdrem;
Fab syw Arphacsad; fab Sem;
Fab No hen i[2] lên a'i liw,
A adeiliodd rhag diliw;
Fab Lameth, fab difeth drem;
A'i sel, fab Methusalem;
Fab Enog, fwya 'i bennwn;
Fab Iareth, heleth[3] fu hwn;
Fab Malalel, mawl eilwaith,
Cariad mil fu 'r ciried[4] maith;

[5] *Bab o rym bwyll*, 'a Pope in strength of mind'.

[6] *Deidie* for *deidiau*.

[7] *Clodfor* for *clodfawr*.

[8] *Rhugl*, 'dexterous', 'ready'.

[9] *Diofeg dwyll*. The meaning of the bard seems to be:—'without deceit of mind'.

[1] *Wrdran*. Whether this word is the offspring of a corrupt text, or one that, in the course of long ages, has become obsolete, it is now difficult to say. All we can say in its favour is, that it supplies the needs of the *cynghanedd*.

However *cynghanedd* may be disparaged, it has undoubtedly assisted in the preservation of our language. Some valuable, though quaint remarks on this subject by Lewis Morris will be found in his Notes on *Cywydd y Farn Fawr*, by Goronwy Owen. See London edition of the Works of the latter, Vol. i, page 37.

[2] *I* is frequently used by the old bards for *ei*.

[3] *Heleth* for *helaeth*.

[4] *Ciried*, 'beneficence', 'kindness'.

[5] *Ddwyfan ddifeth*. The name Cainan occurs twice in the genea-

Fab Cainan, ddwyfan[5] ddifeth,
Oes hir; fab Enos; fab Seth;
Fab Addaf, gloyw eurnaf glwys,
Priodor tir Paradwys;
Fab DUW ei hun, Gun gwrawl,
Tad pybyr Fab pob rhyw fawl;[6]
Brawd lles i Addaf bryd llwyr,
A'i wrol Daid a'i Orŵyr;[7]
Brawd i Fair ddiwair ddwywaith,[8]
A'i Thaid a'i Mab, enaid maith.
Brawd i bob Cristion o brudd
Du dwyfawl,[9] a'i Dad ufudd.
O hil Addaf, hylwydd-ior,
Yr ŷm yn geraint i'r Ior.
Arglwydd uwch law arglwyddi
O nef yw 'n Pencenedl ni.[1]
Gwelais faint graen[2] a galar
A oedd gaeth Adda i'w gâr.
Cymmerth ar groes dromloes draw,
Fawr dristyd, i farw drostaw.
Cyfodes, cyfa[3] ydyw,
Droedwyn Fab, dradwy[4] yn fyw;

logy. The elder Cainan lived to the age of 910 years; hence the words *oes hir*.

[6] *Fab pob rhyw fawl*, 'a son deserving of every kind of praise'.

[7] Iolo Morganwg has ventured on a note here:—"Iesu Grist yn Frawd i Addaf, &c."—Iolo Morg.

[8] *Ddiwair ddwywaith*, 'doubly chaste'. Whether these words apply to 'the exceeding chastity of the Virgin', or to 'the immaculate conception', our readers must determine for themselves.

[9] *O brudd du dwyfawl*. Can the bard mean to identify religion with gloom in this place? It seems so.

[1] Quaint though these lines may be, they are very beautiful, and make amends for the weariness of the genealogy.

[2] *Graen*, 'pungency', 'asperity'.

[3] *Cyfa*, 'perfect'.

[4] *Dradwy*, like *trannoeth*, has probably come to us through the Latin. It is one of those words that, while they prove the affinity

I ddwyn ei daid wiwddawn, dwys,
O bryder i Baradwys;
A'r sawl urddasol o'r saint
Ag a rodd Duw, a'i geraint.
I Fair y diolchaf fi,
A Duw, Ion y daioni,
Am fagu Iesu oesir,
Bronwyn Gun, Brenin y gwir;
A brynawdd â gwaed breiniawl
I deulu fo; dylai fawl.[5]

of the Latin and the Celtic in their source, show that the severed streams have at some period been again partially re-united. While the etymons of *trannoeth* and *tradwy* are purely Celtic—*traws nos* and *traws dydd*—their forms are more easily derived from the Latin *trans noctem* and *trans diem*, especially when we bear in mind that the *ct* of the Latin makes *th* in the Welsh.

[5] While the poet's meaning in this line is tolerably clear, its expression, to say the least, is clumsy. The poem. however, as a whole, is less burdened with difficulties than most of Iolo Goch's effusions.

VIII.

CYWYDD I'R OFFEREN.

O Dduw, am yr hyn oedd dda
I ddyn, pawb a'i hadduna;
I wneuthur Awdur ydwyd[1]
Tra fai a minnau tra fwyd;
Gwir-ddal y ffydd a gerddodd
Gatholig, fonheddig fodd;
A bod, gwae ef oni bydd
Gair ofn, yn gywir ufydd.
Oed bydd o bob rhith i ben,
Oreu ffair,[2] yw 'r Offeren.
Dechreu mau godych-wrych.[3]
Iawn waith yw cyffesu 'n wych.
Offeren dan nen i ni,
Air da iawn, yw 'r daioni;
A'i *hoffis* aml ddewiso[4]
I bawb o'r deunydd y bo;
Ai o'r Drindawd ddoethwawd ddwyn,
Ai o Fair, wirion Forwyn;

[1] With a text unintelligible in some parts of the poem, it is still impossible to exclude an effusion of Iolo Goch that contains such distinctive characteristics of his faith as the present. In Roman Catholic worship the sacrifice of the *Mass* (Offeren) holds the most prominent place.

Ydwyf. MS. — rhyming with *fwyf* in the next line.

[2] *Ffair*, 'market', 'fair'. Here it must be taken in the sense of 'profit'.

[3] The third, fourth, ninth, and this line are so corrupt as not to be deciphered in the present day.

[4] *Hoffis*, 'office', or Roman Catholic 'Service'. There are the Offices of 'the Trinity', of 'the Virgin', and others.

Ai o'r Yspryd, glendyd glân:
A'i o'r dydd[5] mae air diddan;
Ai o'r Grog oediog ydiw;
Mawr yw'r gwyrth, ai o'r meirw gwiw;
Ai o lafer,[6] rhwydd-der rhad,
Modd arall, meddai uriad.[7]
Llawer ar yr Offeren
Rhinwedd, medd Mair ddiwair wen:
Dyn wrthi Duw a'i nertho;
Ni hena, ni fwygla[8] fo.
A gyrch, drwy orhoff goffa,
Offeren, daw i ben da.
Angel da a fydd yngod,[9]
Yn rhifo, cludeirio[1] clod,
Pob cam, mydr[2] ddi ddammeg,
O'i dŷ hyd ei Eglwys deg.
Os marw, chwedl garw i gyd,
O'i sefyll yn ddisyfyd;[3]
Os cyfraith, loywfaith heb lid,
Dduw yn ol dda a wnelid,
Annodd i arglwydd yna
Ddwyn un geiniogwerth o'i dda.
Y bara Offeren ennyd,[4]
Da fu 'r gost, a'r dwfr i gyd.
A'n pair[5] cyspell[6] yw felly
Yn gymmunol freiniol fry.

[5] *Dydd*, the office of 'the day', such as saints' days.

[6] *Lafer*, 'laver', the baptismal font. One MS. has *lawer*.

[7] *Uriad*, 'elder', and probably a corruption of *henuriad*.

[8] *Ni fwygla;* 'he will not grow lukewarm'.

[9] *Yngod*, '*juxta*', 'close by'.

[1] *Cludeirio*, 'to heap up', 'to gather together'.

[2] *Mydr*, 'a metre' in poetry. Here, perhaps, it represents 'a saying'.

[3] *Yn ddisyfyd*, 'suddenly', as in our Litany.

[4] *Offeren ennyd;* the form is properly *ynyd*. *Sul ynyd*, 'Shrove

Fe wnai 'r Offeren—Fair fwyn—
O ddwfr gorph ei Mab addfwyn.
O waith *Prelad* a'i *Ladin*,
A'i waed bendigaid o win;
Teiriaith hybarch ddiwarchae
Ym mewn Offeren y mae:
Y *Lading* berffaith loywdeg,
Y *Gryw, Ebryw*, a *Gröeg*.[7]
Rhaid yw tân wrth ei chanu;
Rho Duw dilwfr a dwfr du.
Mi awn pam ond damunaw,
Y mae 'n rhaid tân[8] cwyraid caw.[9]
Wybren oedd ar gyhoedd gynt
I dduo byd a ddeuynt;
Rhaid yw felly gwedy gwad
Arglywais[1] gael goleuad;
Llyma 'r modd pam y rhoddir,
Da frawd, yn y gwin dwfr ir:
Dwfr o fron Iesu wiwsain,
A ddoeth gyda 'i waed oedd ddain.

Sunday'; *Mawrth ynyd*, 'Shrove Tuesday'.

[5] *Pair*, 'a cauldron'. No amount of search has enabled us to elucidate the poet's meaning.

[6] *Cyspell*, 'propinquity', 'compactness'.

[7] It would almost appear that, instead of three, as mentioned by the poet, four languages are found in the Mass; but *Y Gryw* and *Gröeg* are the same. We suspect that the exigencies of his *cynghanedd* demanded the duplication: Iolo Morganwg has a note on this line:—"Y mae yma ryw wall mawr neu anwybodaeth."

[8] *Tân*, here in the sense of 'light'.

[9] *Cwyraid caw*. The term *caw* is used for so many purposes that we need not fear to employ it, in conjunction with *cwyraid*, as denoting 'wax lights'.

[1] *Arglwais*. The difficulty of this line is great. Some emendation of the *cynghanedd* will be:—

Arglywais gair goleuad.

But a better way of meeting the difficulty will, perhaps, be to re-

Pa ham y codir wir waith
I fynu modd fau fwyniaith.
Ym mhob lle, pan ddarllëer
Fyngial[2] pwyll Efengyl pêr?
Er ein bod yn barod berwyl
I ymladd ryw radd yr wyl,
A'r neb diwyneb uniawn.
A ffalsai *nill nai*[3] a wnawn.
Pell i rym, pan nid pwyll raid,
Pen dewin, pan y dywaid
Yr offeiriad ei *bader*,[4]
Yn ol dyrcha corph ein Ner,[5]
Er dysgu a ffynnu 'r ffydd
Ini efo yn ufydd.
Aro pam yr ai eraill
O'r llu i 'Fengyl i'r llaill,
Yn ol *Agnus* ni rusia
Dei, Cytolus,[6] *Deus* da.
Arwydd tangnefedd eirian,
A maddeu, mwygl eiriau mân.
Ucha ystâd, nis gwad gwŷr,
Ar y Pab, eiriau pybyr,
Eillio tröell[7] wellwell wiw
Ar ei siad, eres ydiw.

gard the verb *arglywais*, 'I have heard', as parenthetical.

[2] *Fyngial*, 'a muttering'.

[3] *Nill nai*. There is no deciphering of these words.

[4] *Bader*. The term is taken from the Latin 'Pater' at the commencement of the Lord's prayer.

[5] The elevation of the Host, the bard tells us, is for our teaching and the strengthening of our faith.

[6] *Cytolus*, 'Catholic' literally. It is here used for 'the Catholic Church'.

[7] *Eillio troell*. The poet refers to the 'tonsure'. Roman Catholic priests of certain orders have a round patch shaven on the crown of the head. This the bard calls here 'a wheel'.

[8] *Wyth rym meddyginiaeth*. The

O son am bêr Offeren,
Pur ei bwyll â'n pair i ben;
Wyth rym meddyginiaeth[8] raid
Yw ar unwaith i'r enaid,[9]
Arwydd-der a gwarder gwiw,
Gywir ffawd, i'r corph ydiw.[1]

determinate number is used for an undeterminate or multitudinous one.

[9] The Sacrifice of the Mass, he considers as a medicine for internal and external evils—a healing both of body and soul.

[1] A re-examination of the poem, even after the pains that have been taken with it, is in no way satisfactory. Errors of transcription, added to the use of obsolete terms, render the work of deciphering the poet's meaning more than usually difficult. It may be asked, Why deal with such poems? Would it not be wiser to allow them, like the crumbling ruins of our old Welsh castles, to perish altogether, seeing that they are beyond restoration? We reply, No. They still retain gems of thought of an exquisite kind for the poet. They present interesting ground into which the philologist may dig and delve. And they contain invaluable fragments of undeveloped history. We would not for these reasons, leaving others unmentioned, discard one of them.

IX.

AWDL MAIR.

Mair edrych arnaf, ymerodres;
Morwyn bennaf wyd, Mair unbennes,
Mair diornair,[1] Mair dëyrnes,
Mair oleudrem, Mair lywodres;
Miserere mei,[2] moes eryres;
Prydlyfr[3] gweryddon[4] wyt a'u priodles,
A ffenestr wydrin nef a'i phennes,
A mam i Dduw yn ymorddiwes,[5]
A nerth un-brawd, briffawd[6] broffes,
A chwaer i'th un-mab wyd a chares;
Ys agos o beth, dywysoges,
Y deiryd dy Fab yt nid eres.
Ysta[7] dorllwyth fu ystad iarlles,
F' enaid yw 'r angel a anfones
Yr Yspryd attad, gennad gynnes,
Efo a chwegair[8] a'th feichioges;

[1] *Diornair*, literally 'unchallenging'. May not the term be an allusion to the Virgin's meek acquiescence in the high honour, with its accompanying trials, which God conferred upon her? *Diornair* may here, also, signify 'irreproachable'; without reproach in her apparently dubious position.

[2] 'Have mercy on me', a sentence in frequent use in Roman Catholic prayer books.

[3] *Pryd-lyfr*, 'a book for meditation', 'a mirror for virgins, for example or pattern'.

[4] *Gweryddon*, 'maidens', or rather 'virgins'.

[5] *Yn ymorddiwes*, 'advancing thyself to an equality'.

[6] *Briffawd*, 'highest happiness'.

[7] *Ysta; ys* and *da*, a common compound in the old poets.

[8] *Chwegair*. These were probably the words of the 'salutation'.

Duw o fewn aeth yn dy fynwes,
Mal yr â drwy 'r gwydr y terydr[9] tes
Megis bagad[1] o rad rhodres.
Tair cneuen wisgi tri y tröes:
Yn Dad trwy gariad y rhagores,
Yn Fab rhwydd arab, araf cynnes,
Yn Ysprvd gleinyd[2] Glân ymddiwes.[3]
Gwedi geni ei Mab gwyn y digones
Diareb rhwydd a dieres:
"Heb groen yn esgor Por perffeithles,
Heb friw o'i arwain, nef briores;[4]
Heb ddim godineb i neb o nes,
Neu ogan awr nid oes neges,"
Ef a orug nef, faerdref feurdres;
Ef a orug uffern, nef gair cyffes;
Seren gron gyson ymddangoses
I'r tri brenin gwyn, hyn fu 'r hanes,
I ddwyn rhwydd gyflwyn[5] yt rhag afles,
Aur, thus, a myrr, ni syrr[6] Santes.
Sioseb o'r preseb, gwir fu 'r proffes,
Cof ydyw cennyf, a'i cyfodes.
Ieuan Fedyddiwr, gŵr a'n gwares,
Tad bedydd dibech, trech y tröes
Yn nwfr Eurdonnen;[7] yno y nofies.
Cref y megaist Ef, megis Dwyfes,[8]

[9] *Terydr*, 'swift', 'rapid', 'ardent'.

[1] *Bagad o rad rhodres*, 'a multitude of exceedingly beautiful gifts'.

[2] *Gleinyd*, 'hallowing'.

[3] *Ymddiwes*, 'she produced'.

[4] *Briores*, 'prioress'.

[5] *Gyflwyn*, 'gift'.

[6] *Syrr* for *sorra*, from *sorri*, 'to displease' or 'offend'.

[7] *Eurdonnen*. The conversion into this beautiful word of the name Jordan, is a happy effort of the bard. He makes it 'the golden rippled'.

[8] *Dwyfes*, 'goddess', from the root *dwyf*, *Duw* or 'God'.

Ar dy fron hygu, fry frenhines,
Oddi yno y buost, y ddewines,
Ti a ffoest ac Ef tua ffeles[9]
I'r Aifft, rhag angraifft[1] a rhag ingoes.
Rhyfedd fu 'r gallu, fawr gyfeilles,
Ymddwyn yn forwyn, Fair f' arglwyddes:
Morwyn cyn ymddwyn, fwyn fanaches;[2]
Morwyn yn ymddwyn, gorllwyn geirlles;
Morwynaidd etto a meiriones,[3]
Byw ydwyd yn nef fal abades.[4]
Yn dy gorpholaeth, hoywgorph haules,
Gyda 'r gŵr brawdwr a'th briodes.
A theilwng ag iawn i'th etholes
Iddo i'w lywio yn gywelyes.[5]

[9] *Tua ffeles.* The corrupt text here renders it impossible to get at the right meaning.

[1] *Angraifft*, 'correction', here 'hurt'.

[2] *Fanaches*, 'nun'.

[3] *Meiriones*, 'a superintendent', 'one at the head'.

[4] *Abades*, 'abbess' or 'superior over the heavenly host'.

[5] *Gywelyes*, 'consort'.

HISTORICAL POEMS.

CYWYDD MOLIANT SYR ROSIER MORTIMER,[1] IARLL Y MARS.

Syr Rosier, asur aesawr,[2]
Fab Rosier[3] Mortimer mawr;
Rosier ieuangc, planc[4] plymlwyd,[5]
Sarph aer o hil Syr Raff[6] wyd.

[1] Syr Roger Mortimer was the fourth Earl of March, and twelfth Lord of Wigmore, being the eldest son of Edmund, the third Earl and eleventh Lord, who died at Cork in 1381. Richard II made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in virtue of his descent from the Duke of Clarence (see page 49, line 2) he was declared heir to the throne. His military service was confined entirely to Ireland, where he was slain. He was succeeded by his son Edmund, who died in 1425, aged 24 years. With him ended the male line of the Mortimers of Wigmore. It will be well to note that Roger Mortimer, the eighth Lord of Wigmore, was created Earl of March in 1328.

[2] *Asur aesawr*, 'the bearer of an azure shield'.

[3] *Fab Rosier*. He was the grandson of Rosier, or Roger, Mortimer. *Mab* here, therefore, must signify 'grandson', or 'descendant'. The names of Roger and Edmund occur alternately for some generations in the pedigree of the Mortimers of Wigmore.

[4] *Planc*, 'a young steed'. The epithet is here used to denote the youthful ardour and powers of the poet's hero.

[5] *Plymlwyd*, for *plymnwyd*, say the lexicographers, means 'conflict'. It is congenital with, if not derived from, the Greek *polemos* and the Latin *bellum*.

[6] *Syr Raff*, or Ralph Mortimer, flourished about the middle of the

Ros arglwydd, Rosier eurglaer,
Rhyswr,[7] cwncwerwr can caer;
Colon[8] engylion[9] Englont,
A'i phen, cynheiliad, a'i phont;
Perbren[1] dawn, pair[2] obry[3] 'n da,
Por gwyn, blaguryn Buga;[4]
Edling-walch[5] o deilyngwaed,
Eryr trin oreuraid traed;[6]
Arwraidd dy luniaidd law,
Wyr burffrwyth[7] ior Aberffraw.[8]
Draig ynysoedd yr eigiawn,
Dragwn aer, darogan iawn.

12th century. He was the first lord of Wigmore. The fifth lord, who died in 1246, bore the same Christian name.

[7] *Rhyswr*, 'champion', 'combatant'.

[8] *Colon*, for colofyn.

[9] *Engylion*. Could the bard have been conversant with the quaint saying of 'Non Angli, sed angeli'? It is not at all improbable. The term, however, here must be used in the sense of 'ambassadors' as well.

[1] *Perbren*, 'pear-tree'.

[2] *Pair* 'cause' or 'instrumentality'.

[3] *Obry*, 'beneath'; here, perhaps, 'secret' or 'underlying'.

[4] *Buga*. It is impossible now to make out whom the poet meant by *Buga*. It could scarcely have been 'Boadicea', as Mortimer—his very name implies it—seems to have been of Norman extraction.

[5] *Edling-walch* for edlin-walch, in reference, probably, to Roger Mortimer being heir-apparent to the English throne.

[6] *Oreuraid traed*. Many of the allusions in this poem are to the armorial bearings of the Mortimers. The golden-legged eagle may have been the crest on his banner.

[7] *Wyr burffrwyth*, 'the lawful grandson'. It must, however, be noted that the term *wyr* is constantly used in the *Mabinogion* and the *Seint Greal*, as well as in later centuries, to signify 'descendant'. *Burffrwyth*, it is probable, stands here in opposition to *bastardd*.

[8] *Ior Aberffraw*, 'the lord of Aberffraw'. Inasmuch as this town was in ancient times the residence of the Princes of Wales and had its royal palace, we must give the designation of our hero here used a wider scope than simply 'lord of that place'. It seems to convey the idea of 'the lord of the territory of Aberffraw'.

Ydd wyf madws[9] yt ddyfod,
I Gymry rhyglyddy[1] glod.
Mab fuost, daethost i dir;[2]
Gŵr bellach a grybwyllir;[3]
Gŵr grym, myn gwyar y grog,[4]
Balc[5] arnad, bual corniog![6]
Nid arf, ond eisiau arfer[7]
O arfau prydferth nerth Ner.
Gwisgo arfau, o gwesgir,[8]
A'u cynnydd fal corn hydd hir;[9]
A thorri myn di mewn dur
Paladr[1] soccedgadr[2] cadgur.[3]
Arwain hëyrn[4] yn chwyrn chwerw,
A marchogaeth meirch agerw.[5]

[9] *Madws*, 'high time'. We apprehend, however, that the word bears another meaning here,—'pleased'. 'gratified'. Deriving it from *mad*, we may venture to give it this signification.

[1] *Rhyglyddy* for *rhyglyddi*, 'to Wales thou wilt bring renown'.

[2] *Daethost i dir*. It is difficult to arrive at the poet's true meaning. The phrase may be a poetical mode of saying, 'Thou hast arrived at maturity'; or, perhaps, it is a simple statement of his having landed in Ireland.

[3] 'One whose deeds shall henceforth be deemed worthy of commemoration'.

[4] *Gwyar*, 'gore'; the blood of the cross.

[5] *Balc*, 'balk'; hence, 'prominency' or 'eminency'.

[6] *Bual*, 'wild ox', 'buffalo'.

[7] The poet plays on the words *arf* and *arfer*—a rare thing in our literature at this early time.

[8] *O gwesgir*, 'if pressed', by being compelled to put on armour.

[9] *Corn hydd hir*. The horn, especially in Holy Writ, is an emblem of strength, and thence of prosperity.

[1] *Paladr*, 'shaft'.

[2] *Socced-gadr*, 'firm in its socket'.

[3] *Cadgur*, 'the throe of battle'.

[4] *Arwain heyrn*, 'directing weapons'. *Arwain arfau* also signifies 'to bear arms', as in the *Mabinogion*, "Arwain cleddyf ar ei ystlys".

[5] *Meirch agerw*, 'steeds with steaming nostrils', 'foaming steeds'. We can hardly suppose that the *vis poetica* was so strong in the bard as to predict the steam engine.

Ymwan[6] ag ieill diammhwynt,
Ymwrdd, ymgyfwrdd ag hwynt.
A'th yswain[7] a'th lain o'th flaen,
Pennaeth wyd—pwy ni 'th adwaen ?
A'th hengsmen[8] hoyw a'th loyw laif
Ar gwrser a ragor-saif;
A'th helm lwys a thalm o lu
I'th ol ar feirch, a theulu.[9]
A cherdd o'th flaen, o raen rwyf,[1]
A chrydr[2] a'r pelydr palwyf.[3]
Mawr ystâd Iarll y Mars doeth;
Mawr y cyfenw, mwy yw 'r cyfoeth.
Mawr o fraint wyt, myn Mair fry,
Mawr dy deitl; mwy roed ytty!
Iarll Mars, gorau Iarll ym myd,
Iarll Llwdlo,[4] ior llaw waedlyd;[5]
Iarll Caerllëon,[6] dragon drud,
Iyrl o Wlster,[7] ior lwys-drud.

[6] *Ymwan*, 'to combat'.

[7] *Yswain*, 'armour-bearer'.

[8] *Hengsmen*, 'henchmen', 'pages', 'attendants'.

[9] *Theulu*, 'retinue' here; although the word generally signifies 'family' or 'tribe'.

[1] *Rwyf*, 'commander', 'ruler'.

[2] *Chrydr*, 'armour'; *arfau am wr*, says Richards.

[3] *Palwyf*, for *palalwyf*, 'the linden tree'.

[4] *Iarll Llwdlo*. This was Roger the tenth Lord of Wigmore—the grandfather of the subject of the present poem. He served Edward III in France; recovered much of the Welsh property, and added to it Ludlow, another estate, which came to him through his grandmother, the heiress of Genville. He died in 1360, being at the time commander of the English forces in Burgundy. *Arch. Camb.*, 4*th Series*, *vol.* v, *page* 102.

[5] *Ior llaw waedlyd*, 'the lord of the red hand'. The red or bloody hand was oftentimes the crest of Welsh chieftains, the emblem of blood shedding; it has furnished an expressive term for murder—*llawruddiaeth*, 'red-handedness'.

[6] *Iarll Caerllëon*. From the time of Henry III, when the series of earls descended from Hugh Lupus terminated, the earldom of Chester has been vested in the Crown, or in the hands of members of the

Henw arall o hyn orau,
O Ffrens Dug o Clarens clau;
Henw da, gŵr hen a'i dieingl,
Wyr Syr Leiwnel,[8] angel Eingl.
Dragon yw a draig i ni
A lunia 'r gwaith yleni.
O ben y llew,[9] glew ei gledd,
Coronir carw o Wynedd.
Pam mae 'r llew crafang-dew, cryf,
Mwy nog arth? myneg wrthyf.
Yn awr gwaisg ar dy fraisg fraich,
Wyr[1] brenhin Lloegr a'r Brynaich.[2]
Pen arglwydd wyd, paun eur-glew,[3]
O eginin a llin llew.
Pennaf fyddi gwedi gwart,
Ail rhyswr ar ol Rhisiart.[4]

royal family. Roger Mortimer, as heir apparent, might therefore be considered potential, if not actual, Earl of Chester—*Iarll Caerlleon.*

[7] *Iyrl o Wlster.* Lionel, grandfather of Roger Mortimer, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Burgh, Earl of Ulster; hence the allusions here and elsewhere to that title.

[8] *Syr Leiwnel.* Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was the third son of Edward III. His only daughter, Philippa, married Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, father of the hero of the poem, who was therefore *ŵyr* or grandson of Sir Lionel.

[9] *O ben y llew.* The allusion is to our hero's coat of arms.

[1] *Wyr*, here, 'great grandson'.

[2] *Brynaich*, was that portion of Scotland that lies between the river Tyne and the Firth of Forth.

The Rev. D. Ellis, in his transcription of the poem in *Y Piser Hir*, calls the inhabitants of Brynaich 'Cymry 'r Gogledd'; and he was in a measure right. But that people included not only the men of the East of Scotland, but those of the West as well, on the banks of the Clyde, and whose chief city was 'Dun-briton' or 'Dumbarton'. The Latin form of the word, and perhaps the English, is 'Bernicia'.

[3] *Gwart*, 'guard'.

[4] *Rhisiart* — the first Richard, doubtless; Cœur-de-lion.

[5] *Erllogrwydd*, a corrupted form, probably, of *haerllugrwydd.*

Gwnaed ieirll Lloegr gnwd erllogrwydd,[5]
A fynnon' o son i'w swydd ;
Teilwng oedd yt' gael talaith
Aberffraw, ymandaw[6] maith.
Amserawl mi sy herod[7]
Yt ddeffroi i gloi[8] dy glod.
Pa ryw ystyr,[9] par osteg,
Y rhoed i'r arfau tau teg ?
Pedwar-lliw[1] pedair iarlleth
Sy dau, pwy piau pob peth.
Asur sydd yn dy aesawr,
Iarll Mars, gyda 'r eur-lliw mawr ;[2]
Sinobl ac arian glân gloyw
Im' yw 'r ysgwyd amrosgoyw.[3]
Pedair cenedl di edliw
A ddeiryd yt' Gwyndyd[4] gwiw :
Ffrancod, Saeson, wychion weilch,
Gwyddyl, meib cynfyl[5] cein-feilch,
Gwaed Ffraingc, gwiw a da ei ffrwyth,
Ydyw eurlliw diweir-llwyth ;

[6] *Ymandaw*. This word is translated by Pughe, 'the keeping one's self in an attitude of listening'. One MS. gives *ymadaw*. It is difficult to extract a meaning from either.

[7] *Herod*, for *herodyr*, 'a herald'.

[8] *Gloi*, here, 'to complete'.

[9] *Pa ryw ystyr?* 'of what are thine arms emblematical?'

[1] *Pedwar-lliw*, the four colours represented the four earldoms in the possession of our hero, as mentioned above: viz., those of March, Ludlow, Chester, and Ulster.

[2] The prevailing colours in the banner of the Earl of March were azure and gold, with gules argent.

[3] *Ysgwyd amrosgoyw*, 'the fluttering in various directions' of the silver and vermilion banner. The bard seems to have been well versed in heraldic devices.

[4] *Gwyndyd* usually represents the people—Venedotians; and *Gwyndud*, the country—Gwynedd or Venedotia. Here, however, we opine that the term is used in its etymological meaning : 'Four nations ungrudgingly bestow on thee a beautiful territory'.

[5] *Cynfyl*, 'strife'.

Urddedig arwydd ydiw
Brenin yn ngwlad y gwin[6] gwiw;
A chwbl o'r Gien,[7] pen pant,
Fyddi mwy fydd dy foddiant;
Tau hyd ymylau Maeloegr,[8]
A bid tau 'r lle gorau 'n Lloegr.
Yn achen y Ddraig wen wiw,
Rawnllaes, y mae 'r arian-lliw.
Bw[9] i Loegr a mablygad,[1]
Anwyl iawn wyd yn y wlad.
Ion o Wigmor[2] enwog-mawr,
A Iyrl y Mars, arlwy mawr.
Gwawdrydd[3] cerdd, gwaed y Ddraig goch
Yw 'r sinobl y sy ynoch.[4]
Am hynny bydd hy, baedd hoyw,
Aro[5] etto, aur ottoyw.[6]
Cael dâr[7] yw coel dy arwydd.
Cael gorfod rhagod poed rhwydd.
Gras Arthur a'i groes wrthyd,
A'i lŷs, a'i gadlys i gyd.

[6] *Yn ngwlad y gwin*, 'France', or more particularly, perhaps, 'Burgundy'.

[7] *Gien*, Guienne, in France.

[8] *Maeloegr*. It is now impossible to say what region is meant by this name. In form it approaches *Maelor*. Can it signify—from *Mael* and *Lloegr*—the parts of England more especially devoted to merchandise?

[9] *Bw*, 'terror', 'dread'.

[1] *Mablygad*, 'the pupil of the eye'. Mortimer was in fact their terror and their darling. They both feared and loved him. He was 'the apple of their eye'.

[2] *Wigmor*, 'Wigmore', a castle in Herefordshire.

[3] *Gwawdrydd*. We can give this word its meaning only by a paraphrase: 'Thou idol of the flowing muse'.

[4] We cannot but choose to notice the beauty of these lines: 'The blood of the Red Dragon is the vermilion that flows in thy veins.'

[5] *Aro* is an adverb of entreaty; such as 'pray do'.

[6] *Ottoyw*, 'spur'. He addresses his hero: 'Thou of the golden spur'.

[7] *Dâr*, 'the oak'.

Gorau lle, ail Gaerllïon,[8]
Y sydd iwch' o'r ynys hon.
Rhyw Gwyddyl, rhywiog[9] addas,
Yw 'r asur, lliw gloyw ddur glas.
Glewaf grwndwal go galed
Yw 'r dur glas-lym, grym i gred;
Glewach wyd nag ail Galath;[1]
A'th hychwayw[2] hoyw, loyw lath,
O hyder o uchder iach,
Hy goresgynny Gonach.[3]
Dos drwy 'r môr a distryw 'r Mydd[4]
O flaen y wlad aflonydd.
Tref tad i tithau yw Trum,[5]
Tau gastell teg ei ystum.
Tegwch gwlad Fatholwch[6] fu
Calon y Werddon oerddu.
Dyrchaf dy stondardd, hardd hwyl,
Di-archar[7] yw dy orchwyl;
Gwna fwysmant,[8] bid trychant trwch,
Maccwy mawr, a Mac Morwch.[9]
Tor, rhwyg, a brath tu rag bron
Draw a Galys[1] drwy 'i galon.

[8] *Gaerllëon*, the seat of Arthur's palace and court.

[9] *Rhyw Gwyddyl rhywiog*, 'of a fine Irish kind'. *Gwyddyl* is said by Dr. Owen Pughe to be derived from *Gwydd*. Its meaning is 'of the woods'.

[1] *Galath*, one of the Knights of the Round Table. See the '*Seint Greal*' *passim*.

[2] *Hychwayw*, 'a pushing or driving spear'; the spear used in the wild boar hunt.

[3] *Gonach*, 'Connaught', an Irish province.

[4] *Mydd*, 'Meath'.

[5] *Trum*, 'Trim', an Irish town and county.

[6] *Gwlad Fatholwch*, 'Ireland'. See *Mabinogion* iii, 81, *Bronwen Verch Llyr*.

[7] *Di-archar*, 'unrebukable', 'dauntless', 'daring'.

[8] *Fwysmant*, 'ambushment', 'ambuscade'.

[9] *Mac Morwch*, 'an Irish prince'.

Brysia a chleimia âch lân
Gwlad Wlster, glod Elystan;[2]
Llyngca gyfoeth llawn gen-falc,
Myn di yn dau min Dwn Dalc;[3]
Yn ol dâl Grednel,[4] fy ner;
Ci ffalst yw—cyff o Wlster.
Ti a leddy, clochdy clod,
Bobl Wlster bob ail ystod.[5]

[1] *Galys*, 'Galway'.

[2] *Elystan*, a Welsh prince of renown. He ruled over the territory lying between the Severn and the Wye.

[3] *Dwn Dalc*, 'Dundalk' in Ireland.

[4] *Grednel*, an Irish foe, doubtless of note; but we can trace no record of him.

[5] Sir Roger Mortimer, the subject of the poem, was slain in 1398. Iolo Goch must, consequently, have written the poem before the close of the 14th century.

At the end of one MS. copy of this poem, Iolo Morganwg has the following quaint remark: "Iolo Goch a'i cânt. Pei 'r Diawl a'i cânt, ni allasai ganu yn fwy gwaedgar, yn fwy lladdgar, yn fwy rhyfelgar, nac yn fwy anrhaithgar."

CYWYDD I SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL[1] YR HWN OEDD YN NGHASTELL CRUCCIAITH YN EIFIONYDD.

A WELAI 'r neb[2] a welaf
Yn y nos pand iawn a wnaf?
Pan fum mwyaf poen a fu[3]
Yn huno anian henu.
Cyntaf y gwelaf mewn gwir
Caer fawrdeg acw ar fordir,[4]
A chastell gwych gorchestawl,[5]
A gwŷr ar fyrddau, a gwawl,
A glas-for wrth fur glwys-faen,[6]
Garw am groth twr gwrwm[7] graen;

[1] SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL, 'Sir Howel of the Battle-axe', a son of Einion ab Gruffydd ab Hywel, a native of Eifionydd, was a hero celebrated for his prowess in the battle of Poitiers, whither he had followed the Black Prince. He is said to have dismounted the French King, having cut off his horse's head at a blow. He was knighted on the field of battle, and made Constable of the Castles of Crucciaith and Chester.

[2] *A welai 'r neb.* 'A welai neb.' —MS.

[3] Pan fu 'n fwya poen a fu.—MS.

[4] The castle of Crucciaith stands on the sea coast between Pwllheli and Portmadoc. Its ruins may still be seen crowning a lofty mound. One MS. has:—

'Cadair fawrder acw ar fordir.'

[5] One MS. has the ninth and tenth line placed before the seventh and eighth—a better arrangement, we think.

[6] The same MS. has:—

'A glas for wrth fur-glwys faen
Garw o amgylch tir grwmgaen.'

The picture drawn by Iolo Goch of the castle, washed by the blue waves, is remarkably graphic. Nor less so, and even more interesting, are the scenes within, enlivened as they are by music and the presence of fair ladies, who are engaged in the weaving of silk.

[7] *Gwrwm*, 'bending'; hence *twr*

A cherdd chwibenygl[8] a chod,
Gwawr hoenus, a gŵr hynod;
Rhianedd, nid rhai anhoyw,[9]
Yn gwau y sidan[1] glân gloyw;
Gwŷr beilch yn chwareu gar barth[2]
Tawlbwrdd[3] a secr[4] uwch tal-barth;[5]
A'r gwynllwyd wr, treiglwr trin[6]
Nawswyllt yn rhoi Verneiswin,[7]
Mewn gorflwch[8] aur goraurya,
O'i law yn fy llaw yn llyn;
Ac ystondardd hardd hir-ddu
Yn nhal twr[9] da filwr fu;
A thri blodeuyn[1] gwyn gwiw,
O'r un-llun ddail[2] arian-lliw.
Eres[3] nad oes henuriad
Ar lawr Gwynedd, wledd-fawr wlad![4]

gwrwm may mean 'round tower'. The bard describes the waves as washing the rough walls that surrounded the lower portions of the castle.

[8] *Chwibenygl*, plural of *chwibanogl*, 'a flute' or 'flageolet'; the addition of *a chod* would point to 'the bagpipes'.

[9] *Anhoyw*. The double negative gives great force to the affirmative 'sprightly'.

[1] Yn y sidan glân gloyw.—MS. We can scarcely think they would be weaving silk at that early period. If *gwau*, however, is used, we must give it the meaning of 'to net'.

[2] *Gar barth*, 'near the fireplace'.

[3] *Tawlbwrdd*, 'a gaming table'.

[4] *Secr* 'chequered', as for chess.

[5] This and the previous lines are thus given in one MS.:—

'Gwŷr beilch yn gware ar barth
Tawlbwrdd a duon talbarth'.

[6] A gŵr gwnllwyd trwchlwyd trin.—MS.

Treiglwr trin, 'the hero that rolls back the tide of battle'.

[7] *Verneiswin* or Berneiswin, 'Vernacia, Vernago, a kind of Italian wine. See *Du Cange* under *Vernachia*, *Vernacia*.

One MS. gives these lines thus:

'A gŵr gwynllwyth, twrch trwyth trin
Nowswyllt yn rhoi Barneiswin.'

[8] *Gorflwch*, 'a goblet', 'a bowl'.

[9] *Yn nhal twr*, 'on the height and front of the tower'.

[1] Probably three silver *fleurs-de-lys*.

[2] Ddail. Dail—MS.

[3] *Eres*, 'strange', 'wonderful'.

Oes eb yr un syberwyd
Breuddwydio obry ydd wyd.[5]
Y wal deg a wely di,
Da dyddyn ydoedd iddi;
O'r Gaer eglur a'r grog-lofft,[6]
A'r garreg rudd ar gwr grofft,[7]
Hon yw Crucciaith â'i gwaith gwiw,
Hen adail honno ydiw;
A'r gŵr llwyd cadr, paladr-ddellt,[8]
Yw Syr Hywel, mangddel[9] mellt.
A gwraig Syr gwregys euraid
Hywel, ion rhyfel,[1] i'n rhaid;
A'i llaw-forwynion, ton teg,[2]
Ydd oeddynt hwy bob ddeuddeg,
Yn gwau sidan o'r glan-liw
Wrth haul belydr drwy 'r gwydr gwiw.
Tau olwg ti a welud[3]
Ystondardd ys hardd o sud,[4]

[4] Some MSS. have the following lines inserted here:—

'O gwbl a fetro gwybod
Pettwn lle mynnwn fy mod.'

But neither the Peniarth MS. nor that of the *Piser Hir* recognise them.

[5] The *Piser Hir* gives these lines thus:—

'Oes heb yr un syberw wyd
Breuddwydio obry ddydwyd.'

[6] *Grog-lofft* was the gallery or platform over the screen at the entrance of the chancel. But we must give it a different meaning here. The crown of the tower hung over its shaft, hence its upper room would bear this appropriate name. In our day the term has degenerated, and signifies 'any kind of attic'.

[7] *Grofft*, probably the English 'croft', a small meadow near a residence.

[8] *Paladr-ddellt*, 'shaft of cloven wood'.

[9] *Mangddel*, *mangnel*, 'battering ram'.

[1] *Ion rhyfel*, 'god of war'.

[2] *Ton teg*, 'of fair skin'.

[3] One MS. has:—

'Tafolwc ti a weiyd
Ystondardd ys hardd o hyd.'

[4] *Sud*, 'form', 'shape'.

[5] *Pensel* was the grand standard, says Dr. Owen Pughe; Halliwell,

Pensel[5] Syr Hywel yw hwn;
Myn Beuno,[6] mae 'n ei bennwn
Tri fflwr-de-lis,[7] oris erw,
Yn y sabl nid ansyberw.
Anian Mab Gruffudd, rudd ron,[8]
Ymlaen am ei elynion;
Yn enneiniaw gwayw mewn gwaed,
Anniweir-drefn ion eur-draed,
Ysgythrwr cad ail Syr Goethrudd,[1]
Esgud ei droed, esgid rudd.
Ysgithredd baedd ysgethring,
Asgwrn hen yn angen ing.
Pan rodded trawsged rhwys-gaingc[2]
Y ffrwyn yn mhen Brenin Ffraingc,[3]
Barbwr[4] fu fal mab Erbin,[5]
A gwayw a chledd tromwedd trin.[6]

on the contrary, describes it as 'a small banner'. Looking at the etymology of the word, which is purely Celtic, it is impossible not to agree with the former.

[6] *Beuno*, a saint of the seventh century who, assuming the monastic habit, retired to Clynnog in Caernarvonshire, where he built a church and founded a college.

[7] *Fflwr-de-lis.* Sir Howel assumed the *fleurs-de-lys*, as the conqueror of the King of France, whom he is said to have dismounted in battle.

[8] *Rôn*, 'spear'.

[9] 'The spirit of the son of Gruffydd, of the red spear, is to rush forward on his foes.' Without some such paraphrase, it would be impossible to give effect to the strong compressed language of the bard.

[1] *Syr Goethrudd*, one of the Knights of the Round Table.

[2] *Rhwys-gaingc*, an epithet of *trawsged*, but scarcely intelligible now.

[3] John, King of France, was made prisoner, and continued a captive for some five years.

[4] *Barbwr*, 'a tonsor', not of beards like Rhitta Gawr, but of heads.

[5] *Mab Erbin*, Geraint, a chieftain or prince of Dyfnaint, or Devon, in the fifth century. The story of Geraint ab Erbin will be found in the *Mabinogion*.

[6] *Tromwedd trin*, 'the heavy weapons of battle'.

[7] Bennau a barfau y bu.—MS.

Eillio, o'i nerth a'i allu,
Pennau a barfau[7] y bu;
A gollwng, gynta' gallai,
Y gwaed tros draed trist i rai.[8]
Anwyl fydd gan wyl Einiort,
Aml ei feirdd a mawl ei fort.
Cadw 'r bobl mewn cadair bybyr,[9]
Cedwi 'r castell gwell na 'r gwŷr.
Cadw dwy lirs,[1] ceidwad loensiamp,[2]
Cadw 'r ddwywlad, cadw 'r gad, cadw 'r gamp;
Cadw 'r môr-darw cyd a'r mor-dir,
Cadw 'r môrdrai, cadw 'r tai, cadw 'r tir;
Cadw 'r gwledydd oll, cadw 'r glewdwr,
A chadw 'r gaer—iechyd i'r gŵr!

[8] After this line the following couplet appears in one MS.:—

'Gwarden yw, garw deunaw-osgl,
A maer yn y drwsgaen drosgl.'

[9] *Cadair bybyr*, 'firm throne'.

[1] *Cadw dwy lirs.* In a note, *Lewis Glyn Cothi*, VII, iv, 59, *lir* is translated 'livery'. That, probably, is its meaning here.

[2] *Loensiamp* or *lorsiamp*, 'a coat of mail'; from *lorica* and *campus*. See Glossary to Dafydd ab Gwilym's Works, page 545.

In concluding our wearisome lucubrations on this poem to *Syr Hywel y Fwyall*, we cannot help expressing our deep regret at the unsatisfactory result. The transcripts of the poem are so various—no two MSS. being alike—and they have been so carelessly wrought, that a correct text cannot now be made. We have deemed it a more honest, if not a wiser course, to allow passages to remain unravelled, than to hazard conjectures—oftentimes proved by new elucidations to be wide of the mark—which might mislead and disappoint.

CYWYDD MOLIANT I EDWARD III, BRENIN LLOEGR, WEDI AERFA CRESSI.[1]

Edwart ap Edwart, gwart gwŷr,
Ab Edwart anian Bedwyr;[2]
Edwart ŵyr[3] Edwart ydwyd,
Trydydd Edwart, llewpart llwyd;
Ar awr dda,[4] arwraidd ior,
Aur gwnsallt,[5] eryr Gwinsor,[6]
Y'th aned o'th ddaioni;
Na fetho turn[7] fyth i ti!
Cael a wnaethost, post peisdew,[8]
Calon a llawfron y llew.
A ffriw[9] lygliw,[1] olyg-loyw,[2]
A phryd dawn,[3] a phriod hoyw,

[1] *Aerfa Cressi.* Edward invaded France to make good his claim to the Crown. He defeated the foe at Crecy. and took Calais. He died at Richmond in 1377.

[2] *Bedwyr* was one of the bravest knights of King Arthur's court, and was the *pentrulliad*, 'chief butler'.

[3] *Wyr* is here literally 'grandson'. The term, however, is more generally used by the poets of this age, to signify 'descendant'.

[4] *Ar awr dda.* In other words —'His star was in the ascendant'.

[5] *Gwnsallt*, 'a military garment', 'a general's robe'.

[6] *Eryr Gwinsor.* Edward III was surnamed 'of Windsor'. It was the place of his birth.

[7] *Turn.* We could almost fancy this word to be a corrupted form of *teyrn*, 'sovereignty'. We must, however, in deference to high authority, strip it of the dignity, and give it the humbler signification of 'a good turn'.

[8] *Post peisdew.* Pais is 'coat'; pais-ddur, 'a coat of mail'. It must be regarded here as a robe of distinction.

[9] *Ffriw*, 'mien', 'countenance'.

[1] *Lygliw*, 'dusky', 'dark'.

[2] *Olyg-loyw*, 'bright-eyed'. The

A phob iaith, cydymaith cadr;
Engylaidd wyd, fy ngwaladr.[4]
Cefais gost, cefaist gysteg,[5]
Yn nechreu d' oes yn wychr[6] deg;
Yn ostwng pawb anystwyth,
Lloegr a Ffraingc, lle gorau ffrwyth.
Cof cyfedliw[7] heddiw hyn—
Bob ail brwydr gan bobl Brydyn.[8]
Difa eu llu lle bu 'r baich,
Dâl brenin, dileu Brynaich,[9]
Dolurio rhai, dâl eraill,
Llusgo 'r ieirll oll, llosgi 'r llaill.
Curaist â blif,[1] ddylif ddelw,[2]
Cerrig Caer Ferwig[3] fur-welw.[4]

portrait our poet draws of Edward is graphic in the extreme. The dark countenance animated by a clear, brilliant eye; the body apparelled in a coat of heavy mail, and enclosing the heart and courage of a lion; together form a no mean picture of combined heroism and royalty. As he proceeds, the bard seems to warm towards the English monarch, until at last he makes him something more than human, and invokes him as his lord. And to a certain extent he was right. Edward III was "every inch a king".

[3] *A phryd daw.*—MS.

[4] *Fy ngwaladr*, 'my sovereign', 'my leader'.

[5] *Gysteg*, 'affliction', 'painful labour'. The early years of Edward had been tempestuous. The shock he must have felt at the execution of his uncle, the conduct of his mother, who cohabited openly with the Earl of March, his own gallant arrest of Mortimer and the bringing him to trial and execution, were severe incidents in so young a life. All occurred before he reached his majority.

[6] *Wychr*, 'stout', 'cheerful', 'resolute'.

[7] *Cof cyfedliw*, 'a memorial of reproach', 'a disgrace'.

[8] *Brydyn.* The allusion is to the king's wars in Scotland.

[9] *Brynaich.* See note 2, p. 49.

[1] *Blif*, 'a kind of catapult for throwing large stones.

[2] *Ddylif ddelw*, 'in the manner of a deluge or torrent'.

[3] *Caer Ferwig.* 'Berwick-on-Tweed'. From the taking of the town by Edward it has remained in the possession of the English to the present time.

Rhoist ar gythlwng, rhwystr gwythlawn,[5]
Ar for Udd aerfa fawr iawn.
Gelyn fuost i'r Galais,[6]
O gael y dref, goleu drais.
Perygl fu i byrth Paris,[7]
Trwst y gâd lle 'i t'rewaist gis.[8]
Grasus dy hynt yn Gressi;[9]
Gras teg a rydd Grist i ti!
Llithiodd dy fyddin, lin lem,
Frain byw ar frenin Böem;[1]
Ehedaist, mor hy ydwyd,
Hyd y nef; ehedyn wyd.
Weithian ni 'th ddi-gywoethir,
Ni thyn dyn derfyn dy dir.
Gwna dithau—doniau dy daid—[2]
Doethineb da i'th enaid;
Cymmod â Duw, nid cam-oes,
Cymmer yn dy gryfder groes.[3]

[4] *Fur-wchr*, 'of decaying or crumbling walls'.

[5] *Môr Udd*, 'the English Channel'.

[6] *Galais* is the name, or rather the form of it, which is generally found in ancient MSS.

[7] Edward led his army on toward Paris, and the city was thrown into a panic. It was saved only by the most strenuous exertions and the help of German knights.

[8] *Gis*, 'a blow', 'a stripe'.

[9] *Gressi*. This battle was virtually fought by the Black Prince, who was at one time so hardly pressed, as to be deemed in peril by his followers. When Edward was appealed to by a messenger for help, he refused with the words:—"Let the boy win his spurs." The King stood on an eminence whence he could survey the whole field, and was aware, doubtless, that the Prince was in no inextricable difficulty.

[1] *Böem*, 'Bohemia'. The language of the Bard in this passage is highly poetical:—"Thine army, a fierce brood, enticed the ravens on the King of Bohemia."

[2] *Dy daid*. The first Edward.

[3] *Groes*. We must not suppose that Iolo would have his hero take up the cross in the sense that our Divine Master used the words. As the context shows, he calls on him

Od ai i Roeg, mae darogan,
Darw glew, y ceffi dîr glân,
A'r Iuddew-dref arw ddidrist,
A theimlo grog a theml Grist;
A goresgyn a'r grwys-gaith[4]
Gaerusalem, Fethle'm faith.
Tarw gwych, ceffi 'r tir a'r gwŷr;
Torr fanwaith tai Rhufeinwyr;
Cyrch hyd yn min Constinobl;
Cer bron Caer Bab'lon cur bobl.
Cyn dy farw y cai arwain
Y tair coron cywair cain,
A ddygwyd gynt ar hynt rhwydd;
Ar deir-gwlad er Duw Arglwydd;
Tirion-rhwydd a'r tair anrheg
A'th wedd, frenin teyrnedd teg.
Teilwng rhwng y tair talaith
Frenin Cwlen[5] fawr-wen faith.
I wen-wlad nef ef a fedd,
Y doi yno 'n y diwedd.

to join the Crusades, describing the state in which he would find Greece, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and so on. Edward's prowess in Scotland and France led the Bard to expect great results in the East also from his achievements.

[4] *Grwys-gaith.* Gaith, says Richards, is the same as *caeth.* These words must then be translated:—'With the captive cross'—the cross that was then in the power of the Saracens.

[5] *Cwlen*, 'Cologne'.

CYWYDD I BEDWAR MAB TUDUR LLWYD[1] O BENMYNYDD MON.

MYN'D yr wyf i dîr Mon[2] draw—
Mynych im' ei ddymunaw—
I ymwybod[3] â meibion
Tudur fy naf,[4] Mordaf[5] Mon:
Gronwy, Rhys, ynys hynaif,[6]
Ednyfed, Gwilym lym laif.[7]
Rhys, Ednyfed rodd-ged rwy,[8]
Gwaywlym graen[9] Gwilym Gronwy:[1]

[1] *Tudur Llwyd* was of the stock whence descended Owen Tudur, the founder of the Tudor dynasty in England.

[2] *Iolo Goch* was a native of the county of Denbigh. His home was thus a considerable distance from Anglesey.

[3] *Ymwybod.* Independently of the exigencies of the *cynghanedd*, the use of this term is very appropriate here. While *ymweled*—the word that usually denotes 'to visit'—in its etymological meaning, simply implies 'to see and to be seen', *ymwybod* conveys the idea of 'to know and to be known, as from intercourse', 'to become personally acquainted'.

[4] *Naf*, 'lord'.

[5] *Mordaf* was one of the three generous chieftains of the Isle of Britain. It is not unusual with the Welsh bards to make the name of a renowned chieftain or lady an epithet of the person of whom he is then singing. Nor is this practice confined to them. The name Mecænas, for instance, is given frequently to a patron of poets and *literati*. In his beautiful verses on the marriage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, John Blackwell compliments the bride with the name of *Nest*:—

"Ystanley sy Nest hoenlon
Iddo, a merch newydd Mon."

[6] *Hynaif*, 'ancestors'; here, perhaps, 'patriarchs' or 'rulers'.

[7] *Llaif*, *glaif*, 'sharp weapon', 'a glaive'.

[8] *Rwy*, 'excess'; here, probably its meaning is 'abundant'.

[9] *Graen*, 'asperity', 'boldness'.

[1] The bard, to avoid giving un-

Ednyfed, Gronwy rhwy Rhun,[2]
Rhys, Gwilym ail rwysg Alun.[3]
Gwilym Gronwy yw 'n gwaladr,[4]
Ednyfed, rhoes ged Rhys gadr;
Pedwar eglur pedroglion[5]
Angelystôr[6] gar môr Mon.
Pedwar Nudd[7]—Pedr i'w noddi—
Poed ar awr dda mawr i mi!
Pedwar-maib—pwy a'u dirmyg?
Plaid ni âd im ddim plyg[8]
Iaith o figion, iaith fyged,
Gwynedd pedwar cydwedd ced.
Plant Tudyr, fy eryr fu,
Peunod haelion pen teulu;
Aerfa[9] 'r llu ar for lliant,
Aur dorllwyth yw 'r blaenffrwyth blant;
Teirw ergryd[1] haerllyd eurllin,
Terydr[2] aer taer ar y drin.[3]

due prominence to any particular one, mingles the names of the four sons promiscuously.

[2] *Rhun.* There were several distinguished men of this name. The principal were *Rhun*, a son of *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, who succeeded his father; *Rhun*, the son of *Peredur*, who was restored to the sovereignty on the death of Idwal; and *Rhun Baladr Bras* (of the thick shaft), who succeeded his father, *Lleon Gawr*.

[3] *Alun*, here 'the river Alun'. The rush of *Gwilym* was like that of the stream or torrent.

[4] *Gwaladr*, 'a disposer'; hence, 'the head' or 'leader of a people'.

[5] *Pedroglion*, 'men to form a quadrature', or 'square', as for battle.

[6] *Angelystor*, 'evangelist', of whom there were four, as there were here four sons.

[7] *Pedwar Nudd.* See note 5 of the preceding page.

[8] This and the following line are manifestly corrupt. It is impossible to understand them as they are written.

[9] *Aerfa*, 'battle-field'. 'The battle-field of the host on ocean's flood'.

[1] *Ergryd*, for ergrydr, 'causing to tremble'.

[2] *Terydr*, 'ardent workers'.

[3] *Drin*, 'Battle'.